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ARABI PASHA, PHOTOGRAPHED IN PRISON AT CAIRO

Topics of the Week

THE CLOSURE.—The Conservative leaders in the House of Commons have been blamed by some of their followers for not fighting against the first of the proposed Rules of Procedure with greater determination. Before the question is disposed of, however, the majority of Englishmen are likely to be of opinion that they have had considerably more than enough of it. In the speeches of Mr. Gibson and Mr. Gladstone on Tuesday it was practically exhausted, yet we are still a long way from the close of the discussion. Mr. Gibson, although arguing for a two-thirds' majority, did not conceal that he was opposed to the Closure in any form. This latter position is intelligible; but to impartial observers it seems hardly worth while to make so loud an outcry about the difference between one kind of majority and another. If the theory of the Government be correct, the Closure will never be demanded except when the House generally thinks that the time has come for arriving at a decision. But the Chairman of Committees, it is asserted, is a mere party man; and under the new system the Speaker is sure to become a party man too. It is not, however, pretended that the Chairman of Committees has hitherto been in the habit of unduly favouring members of his own way of thinking; and the probability appears to be that a new responsibility of great importance would make him less disposed than ever to act unfairly. What is true of the Chairman of Committees is true, if possible, in a higher degree of the Speaker, impartiality being obviously of the very essence of the duties of his office. Whether or not, however, the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees would be likely to decide justly regarding the evident sense of the House, it may be contended that freedom of discussion would be better secured by a bare majority than by a majority of two-thirds. If the latter system were adopted, the "moderate" men of both sides would be very apt to combine against troublesome minorities; and English Radicals would certainly not suffer less from such combinations than Irish Obstructionists.

FLOODS AND WEATHER FORECASTS.—Most people have very short memories about the weather, and this sometimes makes them grumble rather unreasonably. For example, it is but fair to remember that for several years past, although the summers have been more or less chilly and wet, there has been a remarkable absence of rain during the autumns, winters, and springs. A pessimist may retort, "That may be very true; still we don't want the wet all at once." Such, however, is Nature's way. She is wont to make up for a long-continued deficiency by a sudden superfluity, and, knowing this, we ought to provide against such emergencies. If our rivers, instead of being allowed to silt up with the deposit of centuries, were deepened and embanked, the scanty water supply which a few weeks of drought always causes in rural districts would be avoided, and on the other hand, excessive falls of rain would produce little or no ill effect. As for the Thames, in which as Londoners we are chiefly interested, the autumnal floods may possibly, as a correspondent suggests, be aggravated in the upper reaches of the river by the mills on the stream artificially holding the water back, but in the lower reaches, winds and high tides are the chief agents of mischief. It is a disgrace to London that whenever there is a very high tide the Surrey side should be in danger of flood, and that men should be running about with boards and sandbags to check the invading element. The narrowing of the river about Waterloo Bridge by the construction of the Embankment on the Middlesex shore has naturally aggravated the tendency to overflow, and the least we can do for the unfortunate Surrey-siders would be to provide them with a substantial stone wall. Lastly, a word concerning the official weather prophecies. They have been very unlucky of late; they have been wrong nearly every day. It is true that the Meteorological Office have not much money, nor have they, like the New Yorkers, a great continent to the westward (the storm-breeding quarter) studded with observatories. This latter difficulty, which cannot be got over, suggests that perhaps our forecasts are too dogmatic and ambitious. Would it not suffice to note the phenomena, such as the approach of a deep depression, and so forth, and allow farmers, sailors, and others to draw their own conclusions? One thing is certain. Since the official weather-propheying began we have had an extraordinary series of ungenial seasons. We do not say there is any connexion between the two.

MR. SPENCER IN AMERICA.—There is a story about a statesman, Mr. X., with a quenchless thirst for information, who once visited America. "Did you know Mr. X.?" some English friend asked a Yankee. "Wall, an inquiring snipe of that name did alight on our shores," was the reply. Mr. Herbert Spencer has alit on the same coasts, and has been beleaguered by "inquiring snipes" in the shape of reporters. He is more pleasant to interview than Mr. Oscar Wilde or Mrs. Langtry. It seems that Mrs. Langtry refused to give an opinion about affairs in Egypt, and Mr. Wilde did not take his reporters in a serious spirit when he told them he was disappointed with the Atlantic. Now, there is no flippancy about Mr. Spencer. He was asked if America had exceeded

his expectations, and he at least admitted that he had not been disappointed. America, in the simple language of her own game of poker, "had seen" Mr. Spencer, "and gone ten dollars more." The philosopher's spoken language was like that of his own printed books, and he confided to the reporters that no books "had given him an adequate idea of the immense developments of material civilisation which he everywhere found." After pondering on "the street cars, and elevated railways, and gigantic hotels," Mr. Spencer "was suddenly reminded of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages." The free Italian States are not associated in most minds with elevated railways, and street cars, and gigantic hotels. The reporter must have felt like the American bard who was so puzzled when the Falls of Niagara gave Mr. Dickens a sensation of perfect peace. Mr. Spencer concludes that we "have not grown up to the Republican form of Government." We ought to try to live up to this sort of blue china.

EGYPT.—It may be assumed that the task of reorganising the system of government in Egypt is now about to be seriously undertaken. It is easier to say what the ultimate settlement will not be than what it will be. We may be sure that, whatever M. Gambetta may think, the Joint Control will not be re-established; but how far British control is to extend, and in what measure the Egyptian people are to be made independent, are points about which even Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are probably still undecided. Fortunately, they will have in Lord Dufferin an agent of remarkable tact and discretion, and we may confidently anticipate that his wide experience and liberal sympathies will enable him to offer many important suggestions for the disentangling of the mass of complicated relations which it will be his duty to study. In the mean time it is to be feared that the English Government have not produced a good impression by the manner in which they have acted towards Arabi. According to the Cairo correspondent of *The Times*, there is a general belief among the native population that we have been playing a very deep game indeed. Our aim, they say, has been, while nominally supporting the Khedive, to give effective proof that he is in reality a puppet, the true centre of authority being not in Cairo, but in London. Englishmen know, of course, that Mr. Gladstone has had no such Machiavellian designs; but it must be admitted that the Egyptians have some excuse for misunderstanding him. The truth is that in regard to this matter the Government have blundered from the beginning. Arabi was our prisoner, and it would have been both safer and more dignified had England herself determined what was to be done with him. It is too late to draw back now, but there ought at least to be no further mistakes. England is morally bound to see that Arabi receives fair treatment, and in order to secure this she must insist that the utmost possible publicity shall be given to the proceedings at his trial.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.—At first sight it seems rather absurd that the Australian Colonies, considering their modernness and their complete identity of origin, should affect to be as foreign to each other as are the States of Europe. But though mankind are gregarious, they are also very clannish, and colonists soon learn to rally round a local banner. The cities of mediæval Italy exhibited to perfection this kind of narrow-minded patriotism, and the same sort of rivalry exists in a modified degree nowadays between many large towns. London is too big and too isolated to have any jealous neighbour, but the feeling undoubtedly exists between such towns as Liverpool and Manchester, Edinburgh and Glasgow, New York and Boston. The antipathetic sentiment becomes all the stronger when the rival cities are respectively the capitals of two practically independent communities, as are Sydney and Melbourne. The question of Federation was discussed some eighteen months ago at an Intercolonial Conference. No agreement could then be arrived at, but the subject has lately been revived in the Victorian Parliament, confessedly from fear that the Egyptian troubles might involve the mother country in a European war. It may be humiliating to have to say so, but no motive is so likely to stimulate Australian Federation as the fear of being attacked. War was the solder which joined together the revolted American Colonies. Still, with the example of Canada before them, the Federationists of the Antipodes need not despair. The two main difficulties are the adjustment of tariffs and the granting of money for local improvements. Merely to arrange a Customs Union, Victoria must perforce abandon some of her Protectionism, or New South Wales some of her Free Trade. Improvements defrayed out of the public treasury have been always an abundant source of Colonial jealousy and heart-burning. Victoria and Queensland were successively carved out of the territory of the mother colony, New South Wales, because the inhabitants thought they did not get their fair share of the contents of the public purse; and the graziers of the Riverina district have before now threatened secession for similar reasons. Altogether, it would seem that the Australians might be satisfied at present with an Intercolonial League for defensive purposes only, leaving other matters to arrange themselves as time goes on.

A LITERARY "CORNER."—Most of us who are not City men have a somewhat vague idea of what a "corner" may be. The earliest historical "corner" is that mentioned by Aristotle in the "Politics." He is defending philosophers

from the charge of acquiring only useless knowledge. There was, for instance, Thales, says Aristotle, who perceived by his meteorological science that there was to be a great olive harvest. He, therefore, bought up all the oil mills in advance, and when the people got in their fruit they had to come to Thales for machinery. Naturally he made them pay stiff prices, and this, says Aristotle, proves that a philosopher could do very well in the City if he chose, but his heart is set on other things. We have been reminded of this primitive "corner" by a reported literary "corner" in America. It is said, and with some truth, that a few American writers, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, are in very great demand. No periodical is in request which does not contain their articles, and people fight for their novels. Observing this, an astute American publisher has made a "corner" in fiction. He has bought up Brown, Jones, and Robinson at a great price. Everything they write is to go to the contriver of the "corner." When any other publisher goes to Brown and says, "I want a story of yours," Brown now replies that he has a business partner, "Mr. Jorkins," through whom alone he can be approached. The publisher must have some of Brown's work. The public expects it, and he has to buy it from the maker of the "corner," who naturally makes him pay enormous prices. Many English men of letters would only be too thankful to be in a "corner" of this sort.

CONSERVATIVE DISCONTENT.—We have heard a great deal lately about the disorganisation of the Conservative party. Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, if we may believe some of their critics, are merely the nominal leaders of a mob of discontented politicians; and the Conservatives are warned that if they do not make a closer approach to unity of sentiment and action they will altogether lose their influence over the conduct of public affairs. There seems to be much exaggeration in these censures. It is true that Lord Randolph Churchill and some other vehement Tories break away occasionally from their chief in the House of Commons; but on the whole the Conservatives hold together at least as well as their opponents. The great majority of the Conservative party, if they are sometimes inclined to condemn Sir Stafford Northcote for a want of "go," recognise that on important occasions he can be firm enough; and probably there are few of his followers who would prefer a violent and obstructive policy to his uniform moderation and courtesy. What the Conservatives really need is not more rigid organisation, but a body of ideas capable of exciting popular enthusiasm. During Lord Beaconsfield's administration they represented principles in foreign policy which, whether true or not, found adherents among men of all parties. The questions of foreign policy with which we have now to deal are different from those of Lord Beaconsfield's time; and Mr. Gladstone has been able to treat them in a manner which does not give serious offence to any considerable section either of Liberals or Conservatives. For the present, therefore, the Conservatives must trust mainly to home policy for the means of impressing the nation in their favour; and it cannot be said that in this department they have been able to strike out successfully a path of their own. They resist Mr. Gladstone's proposals, but they do not suggest alternative schemes; and they must be aware that it has always been difficult for a political party to command public confidence by mere negations.

TUNIS AND ITS RULERS.—The Chinese have often been blamed for their exclusiveness and jealousy of foreigners. But according to their lights their statesmen were probably right. They perceived that where the Western man got in his little finger his body was wont to follow, and then farewell to Chinese independence. Experience tells the same tale concerning other non-European civilisations. Within the memory of persons still living, the Barbary States, as the African coast-region from Morocco to the borders of Egypt was generically named, were not merely independent of any European control, but were a terror to Christian traders in the Mediterranean on account of their piratical raids. At length, when the natives of Europe had fought out their own quarrels, they resolved to extirpate these robbers' nests. England simply executed her share of the work, and retired, but the Mediterranean nations of Europe cast covetous eyes on the opposite shores, remembering that North Africa was once a flourishing province of the Roman Empire. France seized Algeria, and held it by main force. In Tunis the Frank presented himself in a more plausible guise—a guise that has done more to weaken Mahomedan supremacy in the countries west of Arabia than any number of pitched battles. In Tunis, as also in Turkey and in Egypt, the Frank came like the disguised magician in *Aladdin*, offering to exchange old lamps for new ones. He was prepared to make telegraph-lines, to improve the water supply, to lend money to a liberal extent. To the leading men, whom he astutely permitted to share in the spoil, he seemed a most delightful personage; till one day the Tunisians awoke from their dream, and found they had bartered away their independence. The Bey just deceased has been succeeded by another Bey, but nevertheless Tunis is practically as fully annexed to France as is Algeria. Not many years hence, perhaps, we may see Spain in possession of Morocco, and grumbling Italy soothed with Tripoli, England—for the most highly-moral and disinterested reasons, of course—taking charge of Egypt. Europe will then have completely

reasserted her sway over Barbary, and Russia and the two German Powers may be left to squabble over that portion of the spoil which lies in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. By the way, this arrangement very much resembles the plan of the Emperor Nicholas for settling the Eastern Question in 1853. His proposition was howled at then as being highly immoral; now, after shedding torrents of blood and spending millions of treasure, European opinion seems to be coming round to his views.

A BAD OLD WOMAN.—Mr. Peter Taylor is the natural friend of partridges and peasants. When he is not inveighing against preserving the former he is doing his best to preserve the latter from the brutal cruelty of the great. His last client is an old woman, nearly eighty years of age, named Mary Cole, who was sentenced, at Durham Quarter Sessions, to ten years' penal servitude for stealing articles valued at fifteen pence. If Mary Cole had been an able-bodied rough, she might have kicked to death one wife, knocked four citizens into incipient paralysis, and maimed three policemen, without incurring a severer sentence. Mr. Taylor thought it too severe, but Sir W. Harcourt explained in Parliament that it is no more than the old woman deserves. First, she is not nearly eighty; she is only a child of seventy-seven. Next, she is convicted on an average more than once a year; twenty-seven times in the last twenty years of her ill-spent life. Thirdly, she robbed a poor woman, who kindly entertained her, of all her worldly goods. Certainly Mary Cole is a very bad old woman, and we can entertain little hope that she will ever "lead the precise life," like the Goddess Diana. But it is a pity that there is not some moral hospital for hopeless cases like that of Mary Cole. She is so very old that, bad as she is, one cannot but pity her in her ten years of penal servitude.

ANARCHISTS ON THE CONTINENT.—The French have been very much frightened by the recent manifestations of vitality among the anarchical party; and their alarm is perfectly natural. At the time of the Commune it was shown clearly enough that the anarchists are not merely a body of feeble malcontents, and no one can say with confidence that the effort which they then made for supremacy will never be repeated. But it is not only in France that the danger exists. There is not a country in Continental Europe which does not include a powerful Socialistic party; and in some countries—Russia and Germany, for instance—the Socialists are prevented from revolutionary action only by stringent laws, rigidly enforced. Now, we may be convinced that the Socialists are on an altogether wrong track; but surely an agitation which commands so much sympathy deserves more attentive study than it has hitherto received from the ruling classes in any part of the civilised world. It is incredible that a vast number of persons should devote themselves with passionate enthusiasm to a cause of this kind from no better motive than a love of disorder and delight in vague theorising. The constantly renewed demand for Social reorganisation must be due in some measure to real grievances; and there can be little doubt that they may be summed up in one word—"poverty." If every man were sufficiently well off to secure tolerable comfort for himself and his family, Socialism would have very few adherents. It may be said that the recognition of this fact would be of no avail, since poverty cannot be suddenly abolished; but might it not within a reasonable period be greatly diminished? What if every prominent statesman were to make it one of the leading objects of his life to remove the conditions which lead to war, and to rid mankind of those enormous military and naval forces which do so much to discourage and crush industry and enterprise? That would be a direct and practical way of meeting the evil far more likely to be successful than repressive legislation; but unfortunately the virtues of this method do not seem to commend themselves to any important class of politicians. In France especially there is a steady call for larger and more costly military preparations.

THE PULLMAN CAR DISASTER.—To our fathers, accustomed to be jolted over rough roads, cramped up in slowly-moving coaches, the Pullman Car would have seemed such a quintessence of travelling luxury as to be attainable only in Utopia. Even with us moderns, familiar with railways as we are, something of the same feeling exists regarding the Pullman Cars, for in a country so small as this, and where journeys are, comparatively speaking, short, they are used only by a small percentage of travellers. To most of us there is a greater sense of novelty in deliberately going to bed in a railway train than on board a steamer, and on this account the tragical fate which overtook Dr. Arthur, and from which his fellow-passengers in the car, and, indeed, in the whole train, had a narrow escape, seems all the more startling and appalling. According to the evidence given thus far at the inquest it appears to be doubtful whether the accident was due to any carelessness on the part of the passengers as regards smoking or reading lamps, or to some defect in the stove flues. It will be prudent to suspend judgment on this point till the inquiry is completed. But it will be well for the railway company to consider whether their rules for stopping trains when passengers pull the alarm cord do not need some modification. Had the driver in this case at once brought his train to a standstill no life need have been

lost. But, as at that moment he perceived nothing serious, he acted in accordance with the strict letter of his instructions in travelling at least a mile further. By that time the fire had got beyond all control, and, if there had been a gale of wind blowing, the entire train might have shared the fate of the Pullman Car.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, by MR. H. H. S. PEARSE, with numerous Illustrations.



LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45, Benedick, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at 2 o'clock, and Saturdays, Nov. 11, 18, and Dec. 2. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Daily, 10 to 5.

GLOBE THEATRE.—This Theatre will RE-OPEN for the SEASON on SATURDAY, November 11, under the management of Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE, with a New Rustic Drama in three acts (in prose) by ALFRED PENNYSON (Poet Laureate) entitled THE PROMISE OF MAY, in which Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. E. Cameron, Mr. E. H. Russell, Mr. March, Mr. Medwin, Mr. Halley, and Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Emmeline Ormsby (by permission of Mr. Wilson Barrett), Miss Alexis Leighton, Miss Maggie Hunt, and Mrs. Bernard-Beere will appear. Scenery by Messrs. Hamm, Spong, and Perkins. Musical Conductor, Mr. Hamilton Clarke. Country Dance by D'Auban. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. Charles Kelly. Seats may now be secured at the Box Office. Acting Manager, C. J. Abud.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 7 (Wednesday and Thursday excepted), LOST IN LONDON. INCIDENTALS. The Zanzibar, Walton's Whimsicality Company, Tom Westmore. Concluding Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, with THE BOTTLE, and Monday and Saturday with GUY FAWKES, Terminating with a Grand Display of Fireworks. Mesdames Eversleigh, Lewis, Howe, Newham; Messrs. Reynolds, Steadman, Lewis, Drayton, Newbound, Henry Bigwood, Forsyth.—Wednesday, Benefit of Mr. W. Steadman, and Thursday, of Order of Druids.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL (Twelfth Season) at ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent Street and Piccadilly, MONDAY, November 6, at half-past three o'clock. The programme will consist of original compositions of Franz Liszt. Vocalists, Mr. Arthur Oswald. Stalls (numbered) original compositions of Franz Liszt. 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission 1s.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

AMSTERDAM INTERNATIONAL COLONIAL AND GENERAL EXHIBITION, 1883. All Applications from INTENDING EXHIBITORS in the UNITED KINGDOM must be sent in to the undersigned before the 15th of November. P. L. SIMMONDS, British Commissioner, 35, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT (Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN), ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—The "TURQUOISE RING," by G. W. Godfrey and Lionel Benson. Followed by an entirely new Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "EN ROUTE." MORNING PERFORMANCES Thursday and Saturday at Three. Evenings, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight.—Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office Now Open from 10 to 6. No fees.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH CLASS PICTURES BY ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL ARTISTS IS NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (Opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission ONE SHILLING, including Catalogue.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is now OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.—NOW ON VIEW. "Besieged," Painted by F. Holl, Etched by Wainey, "What are the Wild Waves Saying," Painted by C. W. Nichols, Engraved by G. H. Every. All the Modern Publications On View.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST MATING JERUSALEM," and a his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton, Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday. From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.25 a.m. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts. A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants, From Victoria to Brighton, at 11.15 a.m. every Weekday.

BRIGHTON.—The NEW PULLMAN LIMITED EXPRESS, Lighted by Electricity, and fitted with the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, now runs between Victoria and Brighton. From Brighton, Weekdays, at 1.00 p.m., and 3.50 p.m. From Victoria, Weekdays, at 1.20 p.m., and 5.45 p.m. This New Train, specially constructed and elegantly fitted up by the Pullman Car Company, consists of four Cars, each over 58 feet in length. The Car "Beatrice" (Drawing-Room) contains also a Ladies' Boudoir and Dressing Room. The Car "Louise" (Parlour) contains also a separate apartment for a private party. The Car "Victoria" contains a Buffet for Tea, Coffee, and other Light Refreshments, also a Newspaper Counter. The Car "Maod" is appropriated for Smoking. The whole Train is lighted by Electricity, the system being that of Edison's incandescent Lamps in connection with Faure's system of Accumulators. Lavatories are provided in each Car, and a separate compartment for Servants is also provided in one of the Cars. The Staff attached to this Train consist of a Chief Conductor, Assistant Conductor, a Page Boy, and two Guards. There is Electrical communication between the several Cars and the Conductors; a passenger travelling in any one of the Cars can therefore call the attention of the Conductor by pressing one of the small Electric discs. There is a covered gangway communication between each Car, thereby enabling the Conductors to pass from Car to Car.

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ARABI IN PRISON AT CAIRO

OUR engraving is from a photograph by M. P. Sébah, of Cairo, and represents the leader of the late rebellion in durance ville in the capital where for two months he has reigned as master. For some time after his surrender to General Drury-Lowe, Arabi Pasha remained in British hands, and appears to have in no way complained of his treatment, being attended by an English doctor through an attack of dysentery. Ultimately, however, he was transferred to the custody of the Egyptian Government, and taken from his comparatively comfortable quarters to his present prison—a building once used as the costume workshop of Ismail Pasha's Opera House. Here he seems at first to have been somewhat harshly treated, and various stories are abroad of his gaolers spitting upon him and otherwise showing their contempt for a man before whom, six weeks back, they would have grovelled in the dust. Now, however, he seems to be better cared for, and delighted at being allowed to employ Englishmen as his counsel during his approaching trial, has been busily concerting measures for his defence with Mr. Broadley and the Hon. Mark Napier, who will appear for him and seven of his colleagues. He appears very hopeful, and declares that he has lost all belief in the National party of Egypt and in the Sultan, respecting whose policy some pretty revelations are expected to be made, as Mr. Broadley is stated to have discovered a packet of correspondence which somewhat compromises the powers that be at Stamboul.

"TOMMY ATKINS" AND THE SPHINX

DURING their stay at Cairo our troops were taken to see the various sights in and about the Egyptian capital. Parties were formed to scale the Pyramids and interview the Sphinx, before whose august countenance our artist has represented a small detachment of soldiers, to whom an energetic Arab is descending upon the beauties of the great propounder of conundrums. These beauties one "Tommy Atkins," at least, to judge from his air of boredom, does not properly appreciate, and we are afraid that he does not wholly realise the Napoleonic apophthegm, that "forty centuries are looking down upon him."

THE WELLS OF MOSES

THE Wells of Moses (Ain Moosa), situated on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez, near the town of that name, are a sort of oasis formed by a collection of springs, surrounded with tamarisk bushes and palm trees. Before the late troubles in Egypt, it was a favourite picknicking place for the inhabitants of Suez. There are two so-called hotels there, and gardens with fruit-trees and vegetables. The water from the springs has a brackish taste. Most of them are simply holes dug in the soil, but one is built up of massive masonry of great age. Though not mentioned in the Bible, the position has always caused it to be associated with the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, and tradition has fixed upon it as the spot where Moses and Miriam and the children of Israel sang their song of triumph. The present interest of the Wells of Moses is that it was at this place that Messrs. Palmer, Gill, and Charrington parted with their friends on starting for their ill-fated expedition into Syria.

THE PALMER EXPEDITION

ON Monday last some searching questions were asked in the House of Commons concerning these unfortunate men. For example, whether one of their objects was the cutting of the telegraph-wires between Egypt and Turkey, and if so, considering that they were the bearers of a large sum of money, and that they were engaged in an enterprise which, even according to the laws of civilised warfare, is punishable with death, why the Government did not provide them with a sufficient escort.

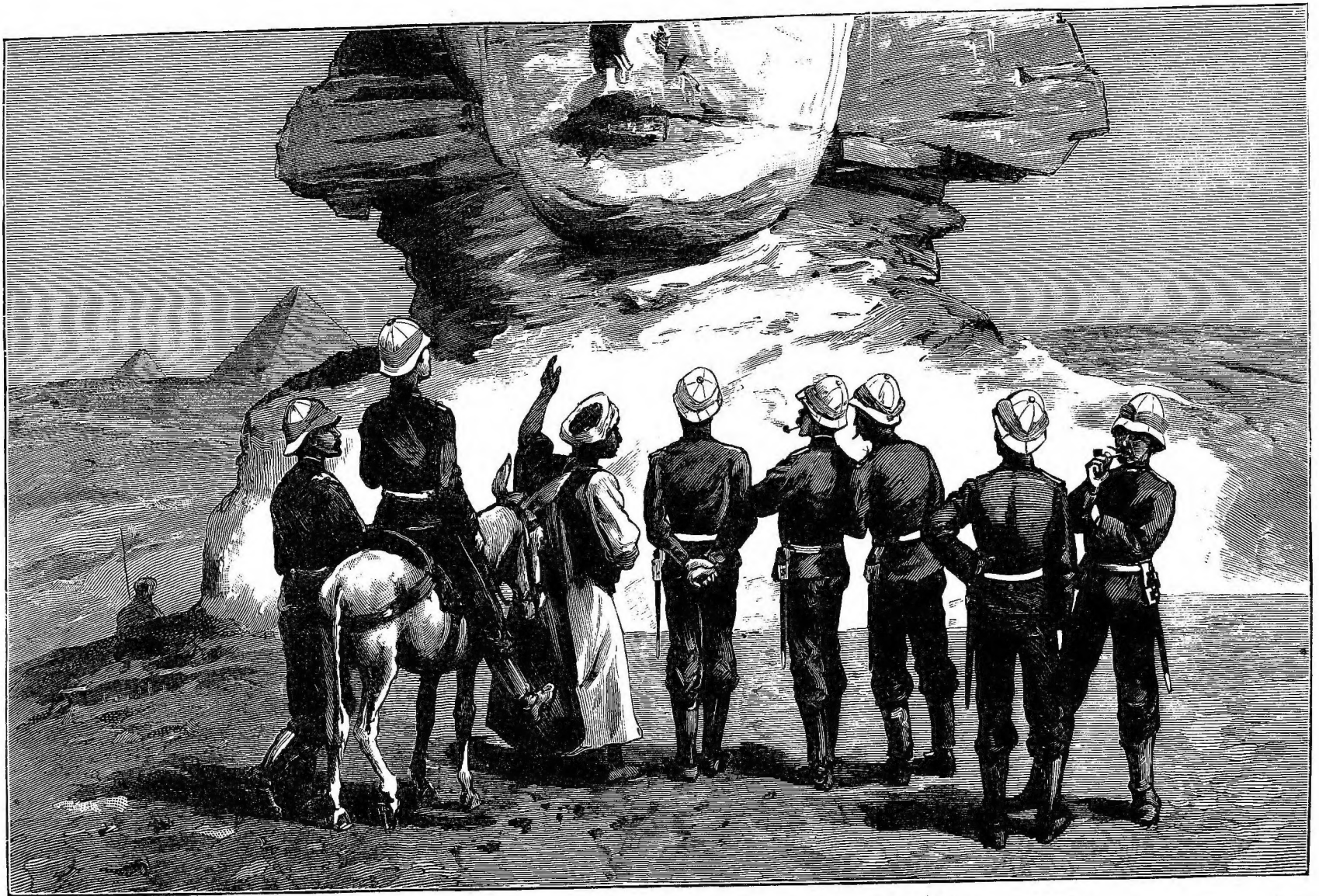
Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's official reply was to the following effect. Professor Palmer, a distinguished Arabic scholar and well-known explorer of the Peninsula of Sinai, furnished the Government with some valuable information about the Bedouins of the Peninsula, and volunteered to ascertain the disposition of these tribes more completely by travelling from Gaza to Suez. This mission he accomplished successfully, returning to Suez on August 1st. A week later he again left Suez, with the intention of proceeding to Nakhl, in the Desert, to procure camels for the Indian contingent, which was then on its way to Suez. He took with him 3,000l. in gold. Lieutenant Charrington, R.N., flag-lieutenant to Sir W. Hewett, accompanied Professor Palmer by his suggestion, "in order," to use his own words, "to guarantee that he was acting on behalf of the British Government." Captain Gill, R.E., a high-spirited and accomplished officer and distinguished traveller, who held an appointment in the Intelligence Department under Admiral Hoskins, who had been sent out to the Suez Canal, accompanied the party. He, however, intended to leave it shortly, and, turning to the north, cut the telegraph wire between Kantara and El Arish, in accordance with orders he had received.

Disquieting rumours were heard from time to time regarding the party, and these rumours were rendered more alarming by the fact that the telegraph wires had not been cut as intended. Colonel Warren was sent to make inquiries, and on October 24th he reported that Capt. Gill and Charrington had certainly been killed in an attack made upon them on August 18th, but that the evidence concerning the fate of Professor Palmer was not absolutely conclusive. It is said that the three Englishmen were offered the choice of leaping from a precipice or being shot, and that Mr. Palmer accepted the former alternative. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman did not mention the names of any of the supposed perpetrators of these atrocities, preferring to wait for fuller information.

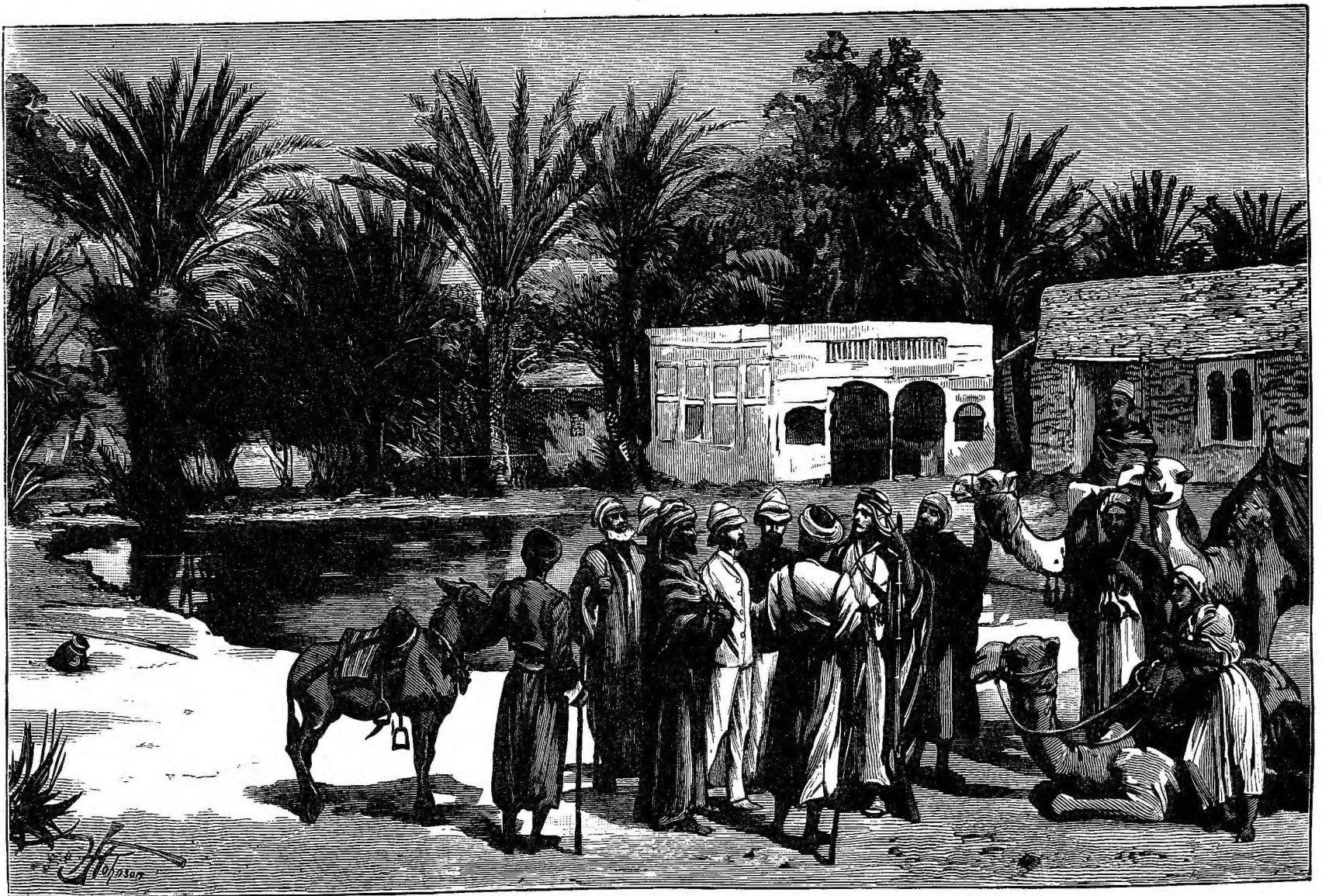
It is pretty clear from what was said, and still more from what was left unsaid, by the mouthpiece of the Government, that the above-mentioned camels were something like the Kroumins in Tunis last year, that the real aim of the enterprise was twofold. First, to prevent the Bedouins of the Desert, by golden arguments or otherwise, from falling upon Sir Garnet's rear after his arrival at Ismailia; and secondly, to cut the wires which enabled Arabi to converse with our faithful ally the Sultan of Turkey. Men engaged on such a mission must have felt that they carried their lives in their hands.

PROFESSOR PALMER was born at Cambridge. At an early age he evinced a marked aptitude for acquiring Oriental languages. Indeed the passion for Eastern studies led him to London, where he was fortunate enough to meet with the well-known Native Professor Syed Abdoolah, then in the zenith of his fame as the greatest teacher of his time. Under his careful guidance the young student soon attained a wonderful proficiency in Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani, and the gifted master was wont to point with pride to his still more gifted pupil. After a while the necessity of obtaining a livelihood led Mr. Palmer to undertake the task of sending a weekly letter in Hindustani to a native newspaper, and few, if any, ever discovered that the paragraph of "Foreign" news was the work of a "Faringi;" but it must be added a "Faringi of Faringis," for few of his fellow-countrymen ever have attained such complete familiarity with the idioms and nuances of the language of Hindustan.

Returning in due course to his native town, Mr. Palmer entered



THE RECENT WAR IN EGYPT—THE SPHINX AND "TOMMY ATKINS"
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



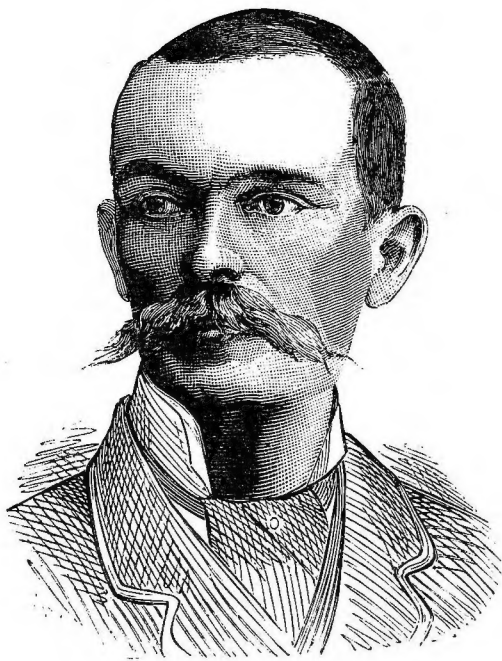
THE MURDER OF PROFESSOR PALMER, CAPTAIN WILLIAM GILL, R.E., AND LIEUTENANT HAROLD CHARRINGTON, R.N.—THE
WELLS OF MOSES, NEAR SUEZ, THE STARTING-POINT OF THE ILL-FATED EXPEDITION
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN, MR. HERBERT JOHNSON



LIEUTENANT HAROLD CHARRINGTON, R.N.

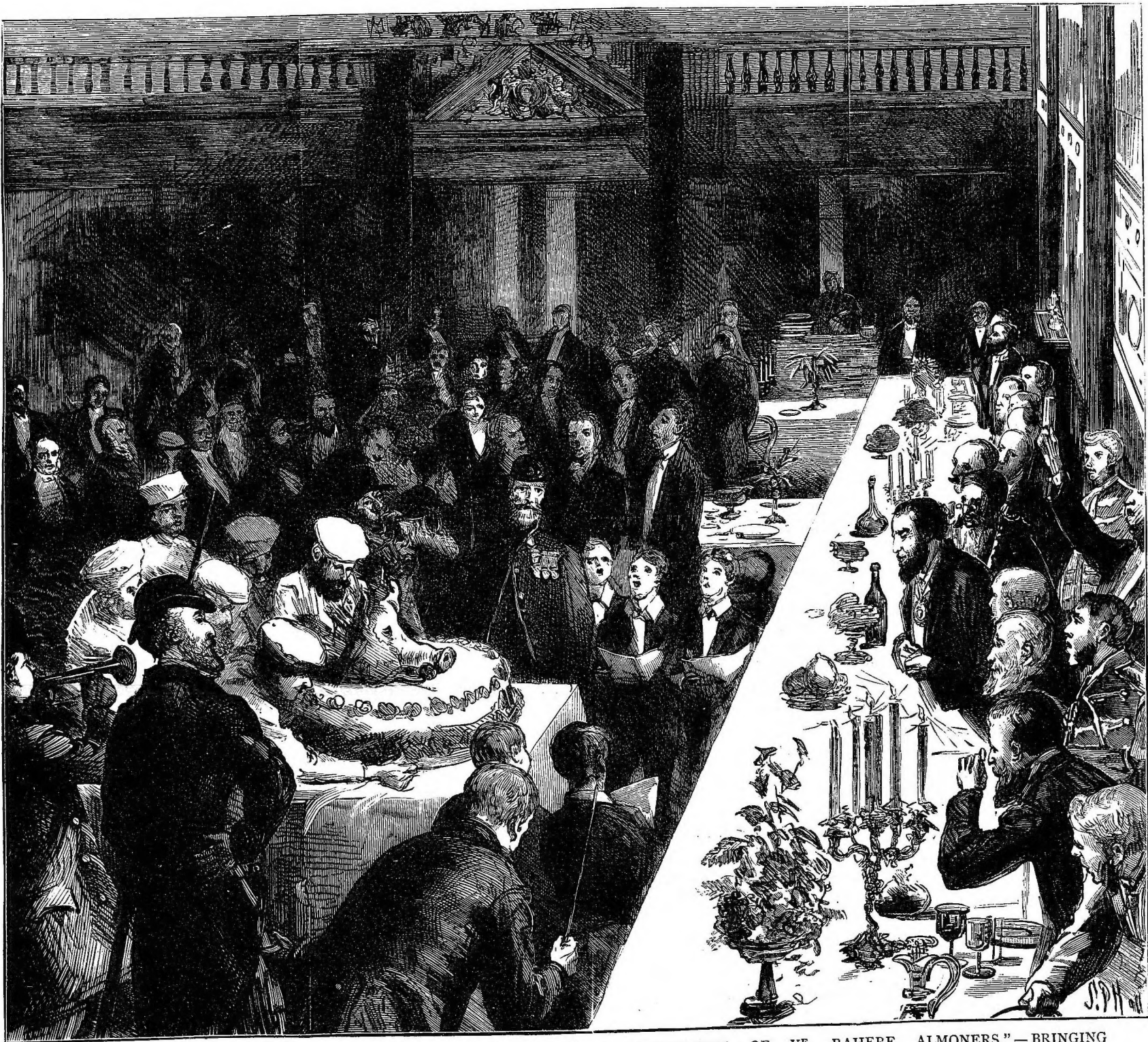


PROFESSOR EDWARD PALMER



CAPTAIN WILLIAM GILL, R.E.

THE PALMER EXPEDITION



THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL BANQUET OF "YE ANTIENTE FRATERNITIE OF YE RAHERE ALMONERS" — BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD

his name on the books of St. John's College, of which after a while he was elected a fellow in consideration of his eminent Oriental attainments. After receiving his degree he betook himself to the metropolis, where his widespread fame, coupled with the powers of his pen, soon gained him an entrance into the literary circle of which in after years he was so brilliant an ornament.

So time went on till in 1871 he reached the coveted position of Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at the Cambridge University. From that period few names have been more familiar than that of Professor Palmer. Space would not permit us to sketch his career in detail, indeed his wanderings in Arabia and the East are sufficiently recent to be in the memory of the public at large. Regarding the ill-fated expedition which has terminated so disastrously, but few words are necessary. No more heroic deed of daring has been performed by any of our brave warriors than when Edward Palmer ventured with but two solitary comrades to undertake a dangerous and almost forlorn enterprise, carrying his life in his hands at every moment; and mingled feelings of horror and pride rush uppermost as we read that the bold "shaikh" from England ultimately, blinding his eyes with his hands, rushed headlong over a precipice to his eternal doom! Honour, all honour, to such a hero, to such a noble soul, to such an intrepid son of England.

LIEUTENANT HAROLD CHARRINGTON belonged to the family of that name so familiar in the metropolis as one of the princely brewers of the day. Born on December 15th, 1855, he entered the Royal Navy at the usual age of fourteen. After serving for six years he became, on the 20th November, 1875, sub-lieutenant, attaining the rank of full lieutenant on June 23rd, 1880. He was then attached successively to the *Hercules* and *Valorous*, and finally was appointed Flag Lieutenant to Sir W. Hewett, Commander-in-Chief on the East Indian Station. When Professor Palmer was about to start for his ill-fated expedition to Arabia, he selected Lieutenant Charrington to accompany him, on the ground that the presence of a British officer in uniform would lend weight and dignity to the mission. The result is well known: the unfortunate Professor and his companions were captured and plundered by an Arab Shaikh, who offered them the alternative of a leap over a precipice, or death by shooting. Lieutenant Charrington elected the latter alternative, and was savagely murdered.

CAPTAIN GILL, born in 1843 at Bangalore, was educated at Brighton College, and subsequently joined the Royal Military

Academy, passing thence to the Royal Engineers in 1864. His early service was passed in the land of his birth; but travel and adventure being the predominant passions of the young soldier, when the death of a distant relative in 1870 left him in affluent circumstances, he at once commenced those series of travels which have made his name so familiar to the world at large.

His first journey was undertaken, in 1873, to Persia, in company with Colonel Valentine Baker. The surveys he made during this period, though admittedly rough, were valuable, and added considerably to the stock of geographical knowledge of the regions which had been visited.

After more than one unsuccessful attempt to enter Parliament, Captain Gill directed his steps towards China, and published to the world the results of his wanderings under the title, "The River of Golden Sand," a work which obtained a fair success. The merits of his enterprise were not, as may be supposed, overlooked by the Royal Geographical Society, who on May 26th, 1879, awarded him a gold medal for the admirable geographical work he had performed; while, in the following year, the Paris Geographical Society also bestowed upon him a like distinction. After a bold attempt to reach Merv from the Persian frontier, and an unsuccessful effort to penetrate the interior of Tripoli, Captain Gill returned home, and rejoined the Intelligence Department of the War Office, to which he had been nominally attached during the entire period of his travels. Hardly had he reached this country, than he was directed to proceed to Egypt on special service. The rest of his career is well known. He accompanied Professor Palmer, in company with whom he met that death which was none the less glorious because it was not on the field of battle, but in a wild, dreary desert, with none others by his side but two solitary comrades, the sharers of his melancholy fate.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Professor Palmer, by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street; Lieutenant Charrington, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street; and Captain Gill, by Richard Ellis, Valletta.

BANQUET OF THE RAHERE ALMONERS

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL was founded in the year 1123, by Rahere, minstrel to Henry I., as part of the Priory of the Black Canons. The founder styled it "a house for cases of sickness and midwifery." The Hospital was repaired and enlarged by Lord Mayor Whittington. The adjacent Priory was dissolved at the

Reformation, but the Hospital was subsequently refounded by Henry VIII., who endowed it with an annual income of five hundred marks on condition of the City paying a like sum, which was agreed to.

The Order of Rahere Almoners was resuscitated during the severe winter of 1880-81, when, as elsewhere, a great deal of distress prevailed in the parish of St. Bartholomew. The Fraternity was established for the purpose of affording assistance and relief to deserving and necessitous persons residing in, or otherwise connected with, the Parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, and its immediately surrounding neighbourhoods, without distinction of persons or creed, and an annual dinner is now held to commemorate the good deeds of the mediæval minstrel.

The recent anniversary banquet was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, on Monday, the 23rd ult. Lord Mayor Ellis took the Chair, supported by the Sheriffs and the Members of the Court of Common Council for the Ward of Farringdon Without. Our engraving represents the procession of the "Bringing in of the Boar's Head."

RETURN OF THE MARINES, A SIESTA ON THE IRONCLAD TRAIN, MAJOR-GENERAL DRURY-LOWE, AND

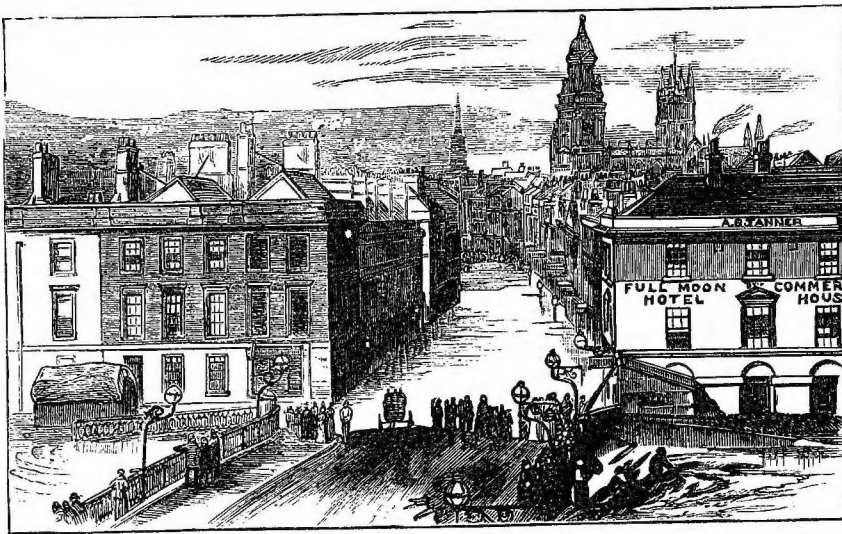
THE COMET FROM THE PYRAMIDS,
See page 477

"KIT—A MEMORY"

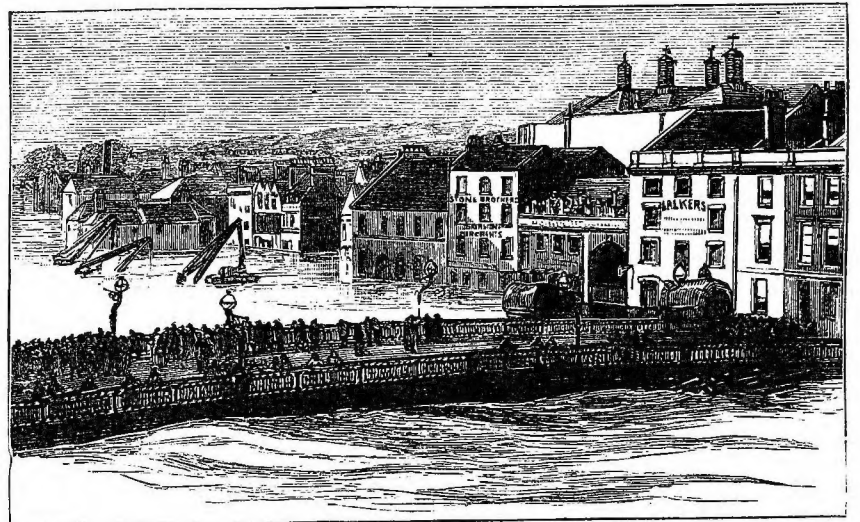
MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 481.

THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOODS

MOST low-lying towns have suffered severe damage during the disastrous floods and gales of last week, but Bath has suffered more perhaps than any other place. The floods there have been unprecedented since the year 1841, and one of our engravings shows the River Avon swollen to an alarming extent. Another shows the state of Southgate Street, which was flooded from end to end. The shops were flooded, the Post Office was closed, and several



VIEW LOOKING DOWN SOUTHGATE STREET, BATH



THE STATE OF THE RIVER AVON AT BATH

THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOODS

businesses were suspended while the shop-keepers cleared out the dirt and water, and cleansed and removed their goods.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. W. G. Lewis, Bath.

THE BANQUET TO THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE

WEDNESDAY week, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the famous Charge of Balaklava, was a most appropriate date for the hospitable denizens of Knightsbridge to choose for a banquet to the heroes of the charges of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. The banquet was given in a large iron building known as Humphrey's Hall, and situated opposite the barracks—the interior being tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags and banners inscribed with the names of old campaigns in which the regiment had taken part, such as "Waterloo" and "Peninsula," and with those of new victories, such as Kassassin, Tel-el-Kebir, and Cairo. The troops who were entertained numbered 330, and on being marched into the hall were received by the Committee, represented by Mr. Cowley, Mr. Birch, and Mr. Barnes. Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., presided, and later in the evening the Duke of Teck, Lord Rodney, the Marquis of Ormond, Colonel Keith Fraser, the late, and Colonel Talbot, the present, commanding officer of the regiment, arrived. The toast of the evening, proposed by the chairman, was "The Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Men of the First Life Guards," to whom he gave a warm welcome as neighbours and friends. He was replied to by Colonel Talbot, who expressed the surprise of the troops at the hearty welcome which they had received, and defended his regiment from the taunt which has frequently been thrown at it, that it was a regiment merely to be "looked at." Colonel Keith Fraser also made a short speech, expressing his pride in his old regiment, and his regret at not having been with it in Egypt. Amongst other speakers was the Duke of Teck, who humorously remarked that, now "he had turned up like a bad shilling in Egypt, he trusted the Army would allow him to regard himself as a comrade."

SCENES IN BATAVIA

"THE vegetation of the Island of Java," says our correspondent, Mr. A. J. Boyd, "is most luxuriant, abounding in cocoa-nut, durian, and several other beautiful shade trees. The town of Batavia is chiefly peopled, as regards the European element, by Dutch. The natives of the island are very numerous, and are assembled in groups all along the streets, apparently doing nothing. The tramcar which is shown in the picture is drawn by two small ponies, which go at a rapid pace. It runs from the place of embarkation almost to the centre of the town, a distance of three miles. The little cart, drawn by a similar little pony to those in the tram, corresponds with the cab of our English towns, and is driven by a Javanese sitting cross-legged in front. The hotels in the town are well kept, and some of them very elaborate in their decorations. The second scene represents the courtyard of the 'Hotel der Niederlander.' The dining-saloons are most magnificent, with marble walls and floors, suited, of course, to the warm

climate; the sleeping-rooms are all round the courtyard, with verandahs in front, shaded by beautiful shade-trees. Outside each apartment is a little table and chairs, where the Dutch in their loose white robe and slippers have their morning meal, which consists of a cup of coffee only. The indefatigable Chinese is to be seen disposing of his goods and curios. The officer on his pony is taking his evening ride, and the natives are enjoying their evening meal in the street, as that is the coolest place. The bay abounds in fish of all descriptions, and from the hundreds of boats that lay along the canal as we went from the ship to the town, the natives appeared to take advantage of this apparently their only mode of employment."

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY

See pages 485 et seqq.

INDIAN LEPERS

THERE are said to be 135,000 lepers in India. This represents a mass of human suffering which happily does not fall to the lot of ordinary mortals to have to bear, and of which no one can form any conception who has not seen it.

In many parts of India asylums have been established for lepers, in order to relieve their wants, and in some measure to alleviate their bitter lot.

"The Mission to Lepers in India" has been organised to provide for the maintenance of lepers, men, women, and children; to give them all the remedies possible to relieve their suffering, but more especially to have them taught the word of God. As a class they are found to be very accessible to Scripture teaching.

Our illustration No. 1 shows the Subathu Leper Asylum and Mission Premises, situated in the Himalayas. Subathu is a military station, about twenty miles from Simla, the hills of which may be seen in the distance. At this station laboured, for many years, the devoted Missionary, the late Rev. John Newton, M.D., well known for his efforts on behalf of the lepers. In the forefront of the picture may be seen the Asylum "Bihishti," or water-carrier.

No. 2 is a group of lepers with two Missionaries, Mr. Wellesley C. Bailey, the originator of "The Mission to Lepers in India," on the left hand side, and the lamented Dr. Newton on the right.

No. 3 is a back view of the Subathu Asylum, looking towards Simla.

Any one wishing to obtain any information about the lepers of India can do so by applying to "The Hon. Secretary, Mission to Lepers in India, Alma Monkstown, Dublin."

SCHOOL OF MILITARY ENGINEERING, CHATHAM

THIS seems a very practical sort of teaching-place. There is a good library of about 9,000 volumes, maintained by the officers of the corps; a Photograph School, where plans, maps, and drawings are copied, and photographs of all kinds taken for record and experimental purposes; a Museum, at present in an embryo state; a Construction School, where officers go through a six months' course of engineering construction, and pioneer classes are taught

the building trades; there is a Printing School, a Survey School, a Lithograph School, a Chemical Laboratory, and a Telegraph School. With regard to the latter it may be observed that the instruction of the officers comprises more theory than that of the men, and is intended to fit them to take charge of the ordinary electrical work of the corps, and to exercise an intelligent supervision over it. In the Signalling School officers and men are instructed in the art of army signalling, the pattern of flags, lamps, and heliographs employed being the same throughout the service.

Our engravings represent some of the operations which took place on the occasion of the President's visit last summer.

FIELD-FIRING AT PESHAWUR

THESE engravings may be interesting now that the subject of musketry is being so warmly discussed. They are taken from notes jotted down during the two days' recent field-firing at Peshawur, in which the whole Division took part, composed as under:—

RIGHT BRIGADE.	LEFT BRIGADE.
Colonel ROWCROFT, 35th N.I.	Colonel WEYMESSE, C.B., 31st Punjab Native Infantry.
Bullock Battery, 68-pounders H.	0-5 Royal Artillery.
Elephant Battery, 48-pounders.	9th Bengal Cavalry.
16th Bengal Cavalry.	2nd Batt. "The Queen's."
2nd Batt. "The Cheshire" Regt. (22nd Foot).	31st P.N.I.
35th N.I.	41st N.I.
38th N.I.	1 Company Bengal Sappers.
7 Company Bengal Sappers.	

The whole force was under the command of Brigadier-General Gordon, C.I.E. On the first day only the British regiments and Bengal Cavalry fired ball, the former at ranges from 1,300 to 1,200 yards; the remainder of the Division firing "blank." On the second day only the Native Infantry regiments fired ball, commencing at about 600 yards, and firing up to within about 200 yards of the position.

On the whole the practice was considered good, especially as the "dummies" were almost invisible at the long ranges, and all the surrounding country was of one uniform brown colour. The artillery fired "blank" on both days.—Our engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant Francis J. Pink, 2nd Battalion, "The Queen's."

NOTE.—Our engraving of Sir Garnet, Lady Wolseley, and their daughter at home, is from a photograph by Mr. J. Thomson, 78, Buckingham Palace Road.

THE FUNERAL OF A NEWSPAPER has just taken place in Japan. The *Hochi Shimbun*, one of the ablest native papers, was suppressed owing to its Radical tendencies, and the editor at once sent out invitations to the subscribers to attend the obsequies of the defunct paper. Some thousands collected at the office of the *Hochi Shimbun* at the given hour, when the editorial staff appeared supporting a bier, on which the suppressed number was laid. The funeral cortege proceeded outside the town, where a grave had been dug, and there the paper was laid to rest with all the honours that usually attend the interment of a high functionary of State.



THE EXTRAORDINARY RAINFALL of the last few weeks has everywhere left its traces in slowly-subsiding floods. Between Oxford and London the waters reached a most unusual height, putting out the fires at Richmond Station, and compelling postmen at Reading to deliver letters through the first-floor windows. From Bristol it is reported that several small tradesmen have been ruined, and 3,000 persons rendered nearly destitute. In Somersetshire large tracts of moorland have been inundated through the bursting of the banks of the River Tone, and much danger has been done in Kent and Yorkshire—Sheerness and Bridlington being especial sufferers. On Saturday there was another heavy gale along the Eastern coast, and at Lowestoft there was a most distressing scene, the beach on either side of the harbour being fairly lined with vessels which had run aground in the unsuccessful attempt to make the port. Most of the crews, whose cries of distress could be distinctly heard in the well-lighted shops and lodging-houses of the sea-front of the town, were saved by the rocket apparatus; but three men from the *Isis*, of Hartlepool, and twelve from the steamer *Secret* were drowned, the remaining seventeen being saved by the Lowestoft lifeboat, which went out then for the first time. An indignation meeting has since been held in the town to demand full inquiry into the alleged remissness of the lifeboat crews on this occasion, and the refusal of the harbour steam-tugs to put to sea when signalled to give assistance.

EACH DAY now witnesses the welcome back of some fresh regiment from the seat of war. On Monday the *Caspian* arrived at Portsmouth with a wing of the Seaforth Highlanders on board, followed on Tuesday morning, to the great delight of the townsfolk, who look on the Marines as friends and neighbours, by the *Bolivar* with the Royal Marine Artillery, a fourth less strong, through killed, sick, and wounded, than it had gone out. The *Lusitania* will bring back in a few days the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and the *France* some 800 of the Brigade of Foot Guards. Among other passengers in the *Lusitania* will be the deputation representing the Indian Contingent lately serving in Egypt. It will be composed of fourteen native officers, seven non-commissioned officers, and ten privates, and will stay in England for about a fortnight. A meeting to arrange a banquet to the Foot Guards in the Aquarium was held on Tuesday at the Westminster Palace Hotel, under the presidency of Lord Algernon Percy. Last week, at an important conference at the Mansion House, it was resolved that the Lord Mayor be requested to communicate with the Mayors of the principal provincial towns with a view to subscription lists being opened in aid of a fund for disabled soldiers. The fund in question is to be a permanent one, and will not clash with that formed by Lady Taylor for the relief of sufferers in the late campaign. To this latter fund the Court of Common Council has contributed the sum of 200 guineas.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT, the cause of which is still a mystery, occasioned on Saturday last the death of one first-class passenger in the Midland night express for Scotland, and seriously imperilled the lives of three others. The Pullman sleeping car, in which the four were, caught fire, and before the train was brought to a standstill, for the rule apparently is not to stop between stations even in answer to the alarm signal, unless the driver actually sees a car on fire, or something equally serious, the whole compartment was a mass of flames. On search being made one of the passengers, Dr. Arthur, of the Government Medical Service in Ceylon—a son of the Rev. Dr. Arthur, of the Free Church, Aberdeen—was found in his berth a charred corpse. The deceased gentleman was returning home after ten years' continuous absence in the East.

AT MARGATE, early on the morning of the same day, a fire which broke out shortly after midnight caused the destruction of the famous old Assembly Rooms—once a well-known resort of George IV.—the adjoining Royal Hotel, and all the other houses, including the Vicarage, on the south side of Cecil Square. The gale which was blowing rendered the efforts of the fire brigade almost useless, and it was ultimately found necessary partially to blow up and pull down a house to prevent the flames spreading into Queen Street. The damage done is estimated at from sixty to seventy thousand pounds, of which about two-thirds are covered by insurances.

THE THREATENED STRIKE in the coal trade may now be considered no longer imminent. At an adjourned meeting of delegates at Manchester on Friday last, it was resolved that "wherever owners make an offer of a 10 per cent. advance, the same be accepted as a compromise in order to avoid a strike." This has at last been offered to "the underground men" even by the owners in South Yorkshire, the only district in which the dispute had become at all embittered; and, the offer having been accepted by the Union representatives, all fear of a strike is for the present at an end.

IRISH ANNALS FOR THE WEEK are almost blank. Mr. Mooney, President of the Land League of America, has telegraphed to Mr. Patrick Egan his unabated confidence in "the integrity and wisdom of the Irish leaders. No British slanders shall destroy the trust of American sympathisers;" and Mr. Parnell has brought an action of ejectment at Wicklow Quarter Sessions against three tenants who have paid no rent for four years. In Dublin a movement has been started to make up for the discourtesy of the Town Council by a testimonial and a banquet to Sir Garnet Wolseley. Disaffection among the Limerick tenant farmers has again displayed itself, in a determination to stop all hunting for the coming season. From some parts of Clare and from Tory Island come new complaints of utter destitution in consequence partly of the recent storms. An application to carry over the trial of the alleged murderers of the Joyce family to the next Commission has been refused, though an adjournment was granted till the 13th. Meanwhile, the agitation dying out in Ireland has been blazing up fitfully in the North of Scotland. At Aberdeen Mr. Davitt has been addressing a tumultuous audience on the old theme of "the Nationalisation of the Land." At Wick, 1,100 Calthness crofters have been protesting against the encroachments of the larger farmers, who secure for themselves all the arable land, driving the smaller tenants to the hill-sides and the coast. In Skye, where military intervention was apprehended, a wealthy Highlander has come to the rescue of the islanders with a round sum of 1,000*l.*, to be paid over to Lord Macdonald in settlement of the disputed claims.

THE BUSTS OF MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD BEACONSFIELD, which have been placed by vote of the Common Council in the vestibule of the Guildhall, were unveiled on Tuesday by the Lord Mayor, with a neatly-worded eulogy of the two statesmen. The marble for the bust of Mr. Gladstone came from the neighbourhood of Athens, and was the gift of a number of Greek admirers. The sculptors were Mr. Woolner, R.A., for Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Belt for the late Lord Beaconsfield.

MR. FAWCETT has declined to accede to the request of the Shop Hours' Labour League that sub-postmasters may be permitted to close their shops at five o'clock on Thursdays. The public desire, according to the Postmaster-General, is rather for an extension of the time during which these offices shall remain open.

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL COMMITTEE met on Wednesday for the first time, under the presidency of Lord Bray, when it was proposed and carried on the motion of Canon Rowsell that a bust

be placed in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, in honour of the poet. A public meeting will be convened as soon as possible in the Lyceum Theatre, the use of which has been granted by Mr. Henry Irving.



THE Autumn Session has thus far proceeded with a decorum closely verging upon the dull. It was anticipated that the practitioners of disorder, making the most of their last opportunity, would keep matters pretty lively, and even the approach of business was not looked for before an interlude of a week or ten days of obstruction. That anticipation was falsified, and on the same quiet lines that the House commenced it has proceeded with its work. The Irish members, from whom much was expected, have astonished everybody by their self-restraint. Occasionally the voice of Mr. Biggar breaks the unwonted silence that broods over the Irish Quarter, and a shrill "Hear, hear," or a vindictive "Oh, oh," reminds the House of things that were. Mr. Gladstone, as the man who has done more to satisfy national aspiration in Ireland than any one else, is the particular object of Mr. Biggar's antipathy. Thus, on Tuesday night, the member for Cavan broke in upon one of the Premier's most elaborate sentences with his mocking laugh. A man of less commanding genius than Mr. Gladstone would no more have noticed this than any one walking across a house lawn stops to remonstrate with a crow that caws from the tree-top. Mr. Gladstone, however, immediately arrested by the unmusical note, turned and remonstrated with Mr. Biggar, thus of course gratifying that gentleman, and encouraging him to repeat his manifestation. This, to common minds, seems marvellous, and not less marvellous was the remarkable grasp which the Premier shows he has upon his sentences. Having administered a severe rebuke to Mr. Biggar, who received it with broadest grin, the right hon. gentleman went back and took up his sentence at the very word where he had left it, concluding it precisely as if nothing had happened in the meanwhile.

Mr. Parnell's quietude is the subject of much bitter remark on the part of the members of his party, who remember that they obtained their position of notoriety by making a noise in season and out of season, and are afraid that if they are quiet the world will willingly forget them. The Irish leader is accused of various crimes, including the indictment, familiar in Irish political history, of having sold himself to the Government. There is talk of a new "compact," a rumour started from Ireland with an evident purpose, and which would have had a more prosperous career if the inventors had not embarked upon particulars. But as they set forth that the price Mr. Gladstone has agreed to pay for twenty Irish votes is the devotion of next Session to Irish Questions, their own ignorance of the possibilities of politics is so patent that they lose all chance of being accepted as trustworthy informants. It is probable that these taunts may presently drive Mr. Parnell into an attitude of more determined belligerency. At present he is quiet, for which the House is thankful without too narrowly inquiring into motives.

The disturbing influence continues to come from below the gangway, where Lord Randolph is still rampant. The close of last week was marked by an escapade painful to all Conservatives, and seriously damaging to the party. By pressing to a division a foolish and impracticable amendment he placed leaders on the front bench in a humiliating position, as they were compelled to vote either against a member of their own party, or to walk out of the House. Sir Stafford Northcote, several of his colleagues, and more than half of the Conservatives present took this latter course. When, a day or two later, Sir Stafford Northcote suddenly summoned a meeting of the party without assigning on the circular of invitation the particular object of the meeting, there was a rumour about that matters had come to a crisis, and that the long-suffering Leader of the Opposition had arrived at the conclusion that he could no longer endure his position, and that the Conservative party must choose whom they would serve. This uneasy apprehension, which filled the Conservative ranks on Monday night, was dispelled on Tuesday, when the meeting was held at the Carlton Club, and nothing more dreadful happened than a discussion on the Closure Rules. But it seems clear that the catastrophe then feared cannot be indefinitely delayed unless Lord Randolph turns over a new leaf, which, after his speech of Wednesday afternoon, appears of all things the least likely.

In the mean time the debate on the Closure Resolutions slowly advances. The House is still engaged in discussing the First Resolution, and there is some talk of carrying it over next week. By the time these lines are in print the division on Mr. Gibson's amendment will have taken place, and unless the general anticipation is falsified the Government will have triumphed by a substantial majority. Mr. Gibson's proposal, as every one should know by this time, is to substitute the two-thirds majority for the bare majority proposed by the Resolution itself. This was moved on Tuesday night, when the Premier contributed to the debate one of those splendid feats of oratory which to him seem always possible. There was certainly nothing that had gone before to give promise of such an intellectual treat. The consideration of the rules of debate in a business assembly is not a subject which naturally lends itself to the graces of oratory. Partly from the nature of the amendments that have succeeded each other, and have been mere variations on the main line of opposition, but largely from the nature of the subject, and from the conviction that everything useful to say has been already uttered, the debate had dragged its way along under most depressing circumstances.

There has been, as divisions show, and as the appearance of the House whilst Mr. Gladstone was speaking testified, a very large muster of members. Yet it is probable from first to last the average audience that has encouraged speakers in the debate has not exceeded fifty. Mr. Gibson, who immediately preceded the Premier, was exceptionally favoured. He spoke immediately after Questions, and was in charge of an important and critical amendment. Yet not more than a hundred members remained to hear him, and, small as the chamber is, a hundred members do not suffice to give a lively appearance to the House of Commons. Later still in the same evening, whilst Sir Richard Cross, a favourite orator on Conservative Benches, was addressing himself to the subject, he had not more than half a hundred members to listen to his arguments. The Premier, speaking between six and seven o'clock, had the inspiring surroundings of a crowded House. No seat was empty on the benches, whilst a double row of members leaned over from the gallery facing the Treasury Bench, and followed the glowing words of the orator. It was clear that the Premier had made this a personal question, and whilst disclaiming for the second time any intention of treating defeat in the Division Lobby as a declaration of want of confidence in the Ministry, he on his own part, with all the weight of his high position and long Parliamentary experience, besought the House not to outrage "that sound principle which sense and prudence alike dictate—that the majority and not the minority shall prevail."

The Premier's fervour ran like an electric shock through the thronged House. With the exception of vocal manifestations of the irrepressible spirit of Mr. Biggar silence reigned on the Conservative benches. But cheer after cheer broke forth from the host of Liberals, and when, after speaking for an hour and a quarter, Mr. Gladstone sat down, there was a prolonged burst of cheering which has scarcely been excelled on the occasion of his historic speeches.

One thing that doubtless accounted for the enthusiastic gratification on the Liberal benches was the certainty with which this speech defined the situation. In some remarks offered by him on the day the House met some people were able to discover traces of indecision with respect to the First Resolution, and even manifestation of a desire to build a golden bridge for retreat. The speech of Tuesday left no room for indecision or doubt. It was an uncompromising vindication of the First Resolution as it stands, and amid the cheers that applauded the Premier ere he resumed his seat, Liberals and Conservatives alike heard the decision that the Closure by a bare majority was already indubitably decreed.



THE PICTURESQUE LITTLE VILLAGE of GRINDELWALD has been almost entirely destroyed by a hurricane.

M. DE BRAZZA, Mr. Stanley's rival on the Congo, has been decorated with a gold medal by the Geographical Society of Paris.

THE MAJOR PART OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON'S COLLECTION OF MANUSCRIPTS has been privately purchased by the Prussian Government.

MR. FREDERICK VILLIERS, one of our special artists in the Egyptian campaign, has been decorated by the Khédive with the Order of the Osmanieh.

THE POPE, the *American Register* informs us, amuses himself with bird-catching in the Vatican gardens, and sends all his victims to the convents in Rome.

THE JUVENILE "ROBINSON CRUSOE," by Joachim Heinrich Campe, first appeared in Hamburg nearly 100 years ago, and a commemorative tablet is accordingly to be placed on Campe's house on the Hammerdeich, where he kept an educational institute, the pupils of which he introduced into his book.

FRUIT CULTURE in CALIFORNIA is reaching enormous proportions. At the beginning of the present year there were 6,000,000 fruit trees in the State, and orange, fig, almond, and lemon trees flourish side by side. The season for strawberries lasts from March to January, and they can be had all the year round. Perishable fruit is exported in refrigerator cars, and large firms send their men to pick the apples, and dry them in moveable ovens. The tinned fruit exported to Europe competes successfully with that of France and Spain.

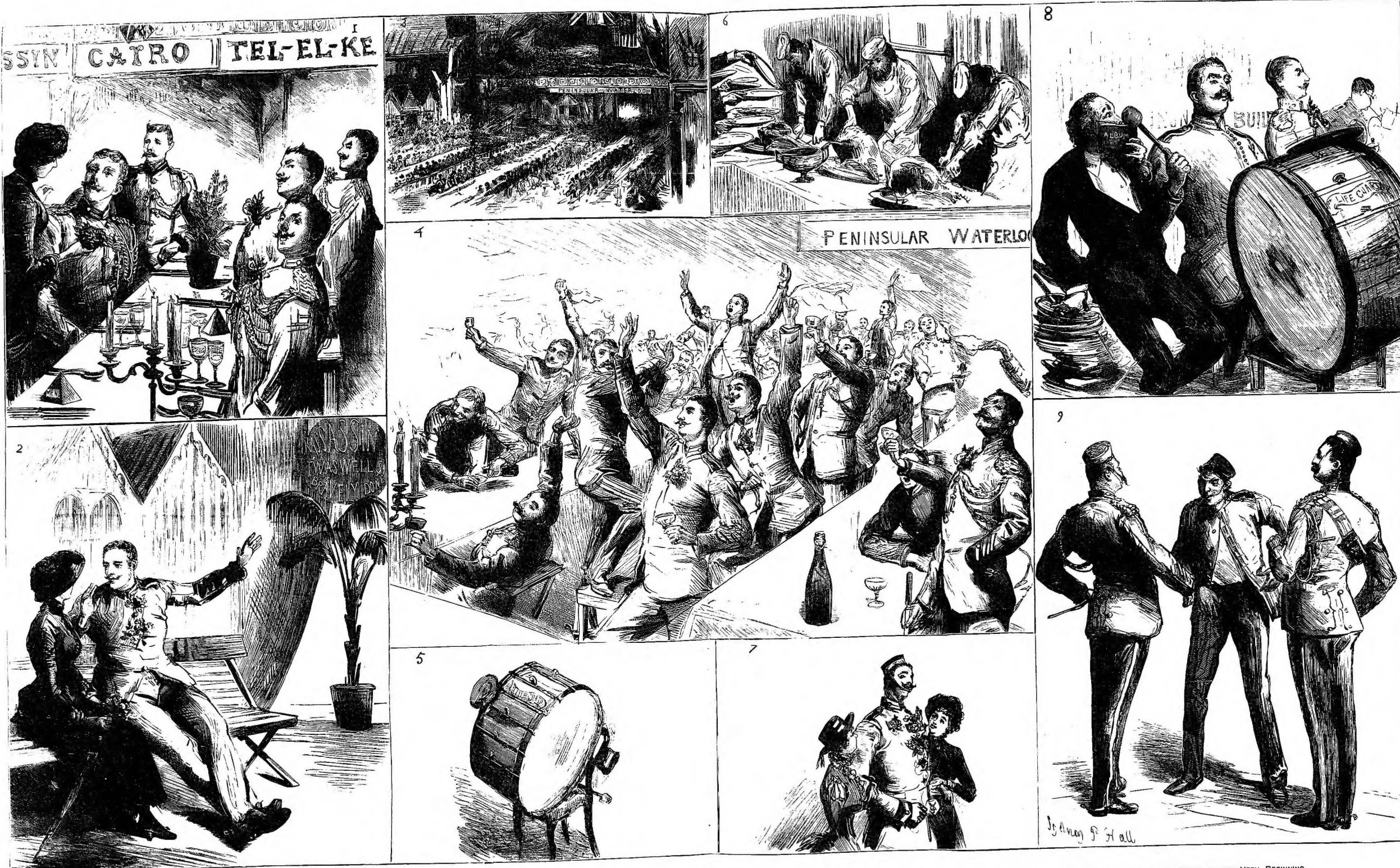
THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT STOCKHOLM is about to sell upwards of about 3,000 duplicate copies of rare and costly books, chiefly German, many of which were sent to Stockholm by Swedish Generals during the Thirty Years' War. Another sale, that of the classical library of Professor Dr. Von Ritter, of Prague, will shortly take place. This library contains a remarkable collection of over 170 editions of "Horace," including those published at Venice in 1505 and 1520, at Milan in 1512 and 1514, at Bâle in 1527, at Padua in 1529, and in Paris in 1544.

A PRISON SALE, which annually takes place in Paris, is now being carried on at a storehouse in the Rue des Ecoles. The objects offered for sale consist of the clothes of murdered people, the instruments with which the crimes have been committed, the effects which have belonged to deceased prisoners, and articles which have been taken to the Prefecture of Police and have not been claimed. The proceeds are for the good of the Paris almshouses. Unclaimed jewellery is usually purchased by the ordinary brokers, but the articles belonging to notorious criminals are more generally bought by the English, who are always numerous represented, and bid higher prices. At least, so the French papers say.

"HAVE YOU SEEN THE COMET?" has been a frequent question of late, and numbers of the curious have risen at very matutinal hours indeed to obtain a glimpse of this latest visitor to our spheres, with the result of finding a misty atmosphere, or a drenching rain, or a moon so bright as to eclipse the most brilliant of comets. Perhaps, also, their house may not altogether be suited for cometary observation—like that of the French poet, Gérard de Nerval. Some years since, when a large comet was announced to be visible, Nerval gave notice to his landlord. The latter, anxious to keep a tenant who paid his rent regularly, asked his reason for leaving. "Do you want any repairs?" "No," was the answer. "Are your neighbours obnoxious?" "No." "Then why do you want to leave?" "My dear fellow," replied the erratic poet, "I could not possibly live in a house whence I cannot even see a comet."

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and 1,466 deaths were registered, against 1,444 during the previous seven days, a rise of 22, being 117 below the average, and at the rate of 19.6 per 1,000. There were 67 deaths from scarlet fever (a decrease of 21), 3 from small-pox, 45 from measles, 9 from diphtheria (a decline of 19), 18 from whooping-cough (a fall of 6), 32 from enteric fever, 3 from ill-defined forms of fever (an increase of 2), and 25 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 7). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 355 (an increase of 95, but 12 below the average) of which 210 were attributed to bronchitis and 94 to pneumonia. -Different forms of violence caused 48 deaths; 40 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 17 from fractures, and 8 from drowning. There were 2,570 births registered, against 2,358 during the previous week, being 101 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 45.9 deg., and 3.2 deg. below the average.

IT IS JUST AS WELL TO "SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US," even from a Chinese point of view. *The Times of India* tells us that Huang Mao-sai, a Chinese official, who has lately been travelling in India, has published four volumes of critical notes, which are somewhat instructive. He was impressed, in the first place, by the way in which the English "stealthily beguiled," "encroached by degrees," and finally "swallowed up" all frontier tribes. As a neighbour, he objects to our foreign policy, but he appreciates the manner in which the subject races are treated by Anglo-Indian officials. "There are," he says, "in India no idle officers; each has his sphere, into which no other intrudes. The will of each high functionary is contracted by the advice of a Council. Salaries are sufficiently liberal to prevent extortion. All are animated by a regard for their own good name. The law is faithfully executed, and public spirit prompts to efforts for the general good." Moreover, strange to say, the people are contented in spite of the universal taxation:—"The ground is taxed, houses are taxed, shop-signs are taxed, all manner of beasts are taxed, all handicrafts are taxed, and even fire and water are taxed. There are other taxes more than I can mention; yet you do not hear one murmuring word from the people! Why is this? It is owing to two causes. Firstly, they regard the humane Government of the English as a great improvement on the oppressive cruelty of their native rulers; and secondly, they are aware that the revenue thus collected is expended for the good of their country—in making roads, founding schools, and so on." On learning, however, that begging is forbidden in Calcutta, he exclaims, "Alas! the legislation of the English is not in favour of the poor." Mr. Huang should visit England, and his remarks upon our purely British institutions would be yet more interesting.



1, DECORATED.—2, "SHE LOVED HIM FOR THE DANGERS HE HAD PASSED, AND HE LOVED HER THAT SHE DID PITY THEM."—3, INTERIOR OF HUMPHREY'S HALL.—4, HOW THEY CHEERED COLONEL TALBOT AND COLONEL FRASER.—5, "THIS OBJECT WAS TIGHT AT THE VERY BEGINNING OF THE DINNER," DISGRACEFUL!—6, "OH THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND!"—7, "HE BORE HIS BLUSHING HONOURS THICK UPON HIM."—8, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IS WOUNDED IN THE FRONT.—9, SERGEANT (top), "CORPORAL FLYNN, SEE THAT MAN INTO BARRACKS." "THAT MAN!" SEE ME INTO BARRACKS! WHY I OUGHT TO SEE HIM INTO BARRACKS!"

THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS—PUBLIC BANQUET TO THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS AT HUMPHREY'S HALL, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, OCTOBER 23
(THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHARGE OF BALACLAVA)



A DEFINITIVE step towards the ultimate settlement of affairs in EGYPT has been taken by the despatch of Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, to Cairo, to assume the superintendence of political matters. A double reason is advanced for this. Sir E. Malet's ill-health, and the fact that as political questions of a most complicated nature are involved, it would be unfair to leave the whole responsibility of the settlement to him alone. In announcing this determination, however, Lord Granville is careful to declare that the British Government completely approves Sir E. Malet's action throughout the recent events in Egypt. The news caused the usual flutter amongst the Ministerial and Palace circles at Constantinople, and Lord Dufferin having duly informed the Porte of his departure, was immediately summoned to the Palace, and had interviews with the Premier and Foreign Minister, while on Wednesday he was to have an audience of the Sultan. Great apprehension is felt by the Porte that this step infers England's determination definitely to establish her authority in Egypt, and that even the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan will henceforward be a dead letter. Indeed, the Porte is in a far from happy state of mind just now, for Germany, upon whose advice and support the Sultan had so greatly reckoned to restore his old prestige and authority in northern Africa, has completely withdrawn in the background since the British occupation of Egypt, and has tacitly fallen back on the old policy of her Chancellor, *Beati possidentes*.

Nor is Turkey the only country which betrays uneasiness at the policy of England, for in France M. Gambetta's organ ironically terms Lord Dufferin Lord Bréard, in allusion to the general who forced the Bardo Treaty upon the late Bey of Tunis at the sword's point. French susceptibilities have been still further aroused by the inaction of the British Controller, Sir Auckland Colvin, who has declared to the Egyptian Ministry that he cannot attend the Cabinet Councils. As the Control is a dual institution, the Egyptian Government in consequence do not invite M. Bréard, the French Controller, and accordingly the French complain that England intends the Control to collapse from sheer inaction. Equal mistrust is evinced in Baker Pasha's scheme for reorganising the Egyptian army by means of British officers; though it we are to believe a *Times* leader, Mr. Gladstone's Government by no means approves of the plan, which "does not come up to the Government's conception of its duty towards Egypt and the world at large. The material of the army does not inspire confidence, nor does the Government choose that English officers should be put in so equivocal a position." Meanwhile, Baker Pasha's scheme has been accepted by the Egyptian Ministry, though Lord Dufferin's arrival will probably bring about a speedy change of opinion.

That some species of army is necessary, and that immediately, is manifest by the condition of affairs in the Soudan, which, though scarcely as serious as reported last week, is nevertheless exceedingly alarming, for the "False Prophet" continues to make a victorious advance. Some authorities urge that a detachment of British troops should be sent forward, while Ismail Eyoub Pasha, the former Governor of the Soudan, estimates that a force of 20,000 Egyptians at least will be necessary to put down the insurrection. This dignity is now the President of the Court of Inquiry which has been formed to try Arabi Pasha and his fellow-leaders of the late rebellion. These latter are busily preparing for their defence, and in addition to Arabi, Ali Fahmy, and Abdellal Pashas, Mr. Broadley has now consented to plead the cause of Toulba, Yakoob, Sami Pashas, the Sheikh Mahmoud, and Kadri and Ahmed Rifaat Beys, thus making a total of eight. The Ministers who at first opposed the appointment of British Counsel for the prisoners, have now written a complimentary letter expressing their satisfaction, but there is a widespread opinion that neither the Khédive nor the Sultan will care to face the ultimate disclosures. Mahmoud Sami is to be defended by a young Egyptian counsel. There is a general feeling that the trial should take place without further loss of time, as our prestige is suffering from the delay, the news from the interior of the country, where the troops did not penetrate, is far from encouraging, and European life and property is by no means secure in the outlying districts. Mr. Hills has now been appointed the British Judge at the Court of Appeal, in place of Mr. Scott, and Mr. Wallis Judge in the Court of First Instance. Nearly the whole of the troops have now left—save, of course, the Army of Occupation, which will number 11,000 men. The Duke of Connaught has been staying a few days at Alexandria, and has visited Aboukir and the forts along the coast in H.M.S. *Salamis*, in which he left for Brindisi on Monday.

The Revolutionary or Socialist agitation continues to monopolise the attention of all circles in FRANCE. There being no great landed proprietors whose tyranny to protest, the Socialists are now directing their operations against manufacturers and employers of labour. It is no longer the poor peasant who is their client, but the workman, who they argue, is most unfairly paid, for daily producing an article which is probably worth as much or more than his week's wages. The panic, however, caused by the explosion in the Café Assommoir and the Recruiting School at Lyons is subsiding, though threatening letters continue to be sent, informing their recipients that they have been condemned to death, and that thenceforward they may look forward to being burnt or blown up without any further warning. The Government has issued an official notice, which, while admitting the existence of an "organised association whose principal leaders are abroad, and which has unfortunately been allowed to develop itself in France during the past few years," declares that the Government is firmly resolved to "repress with energy all offences against the law, and to maintain public order in all parts of the country," significantly adding, "It has the means of doing so." These assurances have been followed by various arrests, by the establishment of a permanent garrison at Montceau-les-Mines, by the adoption of elaborate precautions at Lyons, and by the most stringent regulations for the sale of dynamite. According to the *Gambettist Paris*, the organised association in question is called the "Anarchie," whose aim is to overthrow every systematic Government. The Central Committee is in Switzerland, and Italy, England, and Switzerland each contribute associates, while correspondents are distributed throughout the Old and New World. It is now announced that a body of German, Russian, and Swiss Socialists have purchased the old Château of Winterthur for a printing-office, whence they can launch their revolutionary manifestos un molested, for, owing to a Swiss being one of the purchasers, the Helvetic Government cannot interfere without infringing the Constitution.

It is only fair to the French Radicals to say that they energetically repudiate any sympathy with these dynamite iconoclasts, and that the Lyons Radical Committee declares such outrages to be unpardonable, and to deserve the reprobation of all Republicans worthy of the name. M. Clemenceau, also, in a speech to his constituents on Sunday, spoke in a similar strain. This speech, by the way, has attracted considerable attention, from the fact that even this Radical leader who, a year since, was looked upon as indescribably ultra, when compared with M. Gambetta, is now beginning to be regarded as

Conservative by a large body of his followers. These latter elected a chairman at the meeting whose views were more in accordance with their own than of M. Clemenceau, whereupon a most disorderly tumult arose, and a free fight ensued, until finally the chairman was duly installed, and M. Clemenceau began his speech. This was undoubtedly an able oratorical effort, being a denunciation of the existing Ministry and of "wars of conquest" on the one hand, and on the other of inflammatory speeches, which may lead "weak and fanatical minds to resort to violence." He was followed by a highly ultra speaker, who once more excited the audience to disorder, and the meeting finally broke up in confusion. There have been also various meetings of sympathisers with the arrested Revolutionaries, but it is worthy of note that at a meeting of the cabinet-makers to discuss the strike in their trade and the terms of their masters, a man who attempted to talk Socialism was quickly put down—a proof that the more respectable portion of workmen have no sympathy with the dynamite faction.

There has been considerable excitement in PARIS regarding an article, by M. Mirbeau, in the *Figaro*, abusing the members of the theatrical profession in the most unmeasured terms, and terming the actor's art, as now pursued, "horrible and disgraceful." A deputation from the chief theatres at once remonstrated with the editor, who repudiated all sympathy with the writer, and inserted a demi-semi apology. M. Mirbeau, however, declared that the article had the full approbation of the editor, M. Magnard, and, resigning his post, challenged his former chief and any actor who might be chosen to represent his colleagues on the field.—There are few other Parisian topics, save that the typhoid fever epidemic has now sensibly decreased, the appointment of M. Oustry, a good working Republican, to the Prefecture of the Seine, and the production of a new and gloomy, though undoubtedly clever, five-act piece, by M. Octave Feuillet, at the Gymnase, entitled *Un Roman Parisien*. To turn to the provinces, there have been terrible floods, particularly in the South, where the railway traffic has been stopped. At Nice, the Promenade des Anglais has been damaged to the extent of 6,000*l*. From the northern provinces come reports of terrible disasters at sea. Eight boats belonging to Dieppe alone have been lost.

The attacks on England and her Egyptian policy for which the popular Press in GERMANY have chiefly been distinguished of late have formed the subject of a severe reproof from the *North German Gazette*, which directly disavows all responsibility for the tone of these effusions, and declares that "Prince Bismarck is not a man to shape his foreign policy by ephemeral likes and dislikes, but by abiding interests alone. These interests, moreover, induce him to live in peace and friendship with England, there being no reason for Germany to quarrel with her." This has produced a reaction amongst the various journals, and the general theme is now the identity of interests between England and Germany. Nothing succeeds like success, and it is evident that Mr. Gladstone, hitherto regarded as an adversary to Germany and her interests, has won as great a moral victory over Prince Bismarck by the battle of Tel-el-Kebir as his General achieved a physical victory over Arabi Pasha. The result of the Prussian elections is after all a success for Prince Bismarck and the Conservatives, who have wrested a number of seats from the Liberals. The parties are now estimated as follows:—Conservatives 136, Free Conservatives 47, Centre 100, Poles 18, National Liberals 67, Secessionists 22, Progressists 38, Colourless Deputies 5. The absolute majority of the House is 217; and as the Centre and the Conservatives number 236, Prince Bismarck may be said to have a fair majority in hand.

The result of the general elections in ITALY, the first which have been held under the system of *scrutin de liste*, has not materially changed the position of parties save for a slight Radical accession of strength. Considerable astonishment has been created by the election for Rome of Signor Coccapieller, the editor of a scurrilous journal, *Exio II*, who is now undergoing sentence for assaulting a man in a *café*. Utterly unknown a year ago, when he started his journal, he has sprung into notoriety through the most libellous attacks on politicians and all parties. After he had been officially declared elected he was released from prison, receiving an ovation from his partisans, who lined the streets leading to his house. The election of such a man is felt by all parties to be a disgrace to the Roman people, who in this instance are considered to have uttered something very different from the *Vox Dei* with which they are generally credited.

There have been renewed floods in AUSTRIA, and the Tyrol has suffered terribly. In many districts the population is irretrievably ruined, while the distress is increased by the utter destruction of railways and high roads. Moreover, for some reason or other, the appeal for funds has not been very successful, the total contributions barely equalling the donation of the Emperor—10,000*l*. Turning to politics, the deliberations of the Delegations at Pesth have formed the chief topic. In his speech the Emperor laid great stress on the principal labours of his Government having been the maintenance of peace, while the same strain was pursued by the various Ministers. With regard to Egyptian affairs Herr von Kallay told his hearers that although he was ignorant of England's plans, that country had given an assurance not to undertake any definitive settlement without European intervention. As to the much-rumoured return visit of the Emperor to the King of Italy there was some difficulty in finding a suitable meeting place, and no little danger of the persons of the Sovereigns being made the object of embarrassing political demonstrations, consequently it had been postponed.

OF MISCELLANEOUS NEWS we hear from TUNIS of the death of the Bey, Mahomed ed Sadok. He is succeeded by his brother, Ali Bey, who in every way is as great a puppet in the hands of the French as the late Tunisian ruler. The French Government have issued a note expressing their regret at the loss of "their faithful friend."—In SPAIN the political agitation is on the increase, and Marshal Serrano's scheme for a Democratic Monarchy is gaining more and more favour. He has received a large number of adherents, but the Republicans at present are fighting somewhat shy of him. His programme has now been definitively drawn up; it demands the re-establishment of the Constitution of 1869 with certain modifications.—In TURKEY the Sultan has been seized with another burst of energy for reform, and has ordered the formation of three Commissions—one to examine into the finances, a second to consider the means for developing public works, and a third for reforming the administration of Justice.—From the UNITED STATES the chief items are that immigration is now decreasing, and that the Park Theatre, New York, where Mrs. Langtry had been announced to appear, has been burnt down. Her demeanour, the *Standard* correspondent wired, "was beyond praise under this misfortune," but as he goes on to say that "she lost nothing," the fact is scarcely surprising, though it is greatly to her credit that she has generously arranged a benefit for the families of the killed and wounded. Oscar Wilde visited her during the conflagration, which she watched from her window, and exclaimed, "It is a beautiful fire."—INDIA is still occupied with *firing* her troops who have returned from Europe, and to whom a grand banquet was given at Bombay on Saturday, and with the doings of the Salvationists. The seven members of the army who were arrested for marching through the Mahomedan quarters of Bombay have been discharged with a caution. The arrangements for the projected International Exhibition at Calcutta are progressing favourably.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to Braemar and Glen Cluny at the close of last week. On Saturday Her Majesty drove out with the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice. On Sunday the Queen, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at the Castle, and service was conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. Milligan, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, who subsequently dined with Her Majesty. On Monday Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Balmoral, and had an audience of the Queen, and in the evening the Hallow-e'en festival was celebrated in the usual manner. A procession, carrying torches, walked up to the Castle, where the bonfire was lighted, and reels were danced, the Queen, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice being present. On Tuesday the Queen paid her annual visit to Mrs. George Clark, widow of the late Mr. George Clark, factor to the Earl of Fife at Allanaquich House, Braemar. The Queen returns to Windsor on the 16th inst., and will shortly hold a review of the troops which have taken part in the Egyptian campaign. At Her Majesty's desire, the men will be dressed in the uniforms they wore during the expedition. Her Majesty will open the New Law Courts during the third week in November.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to leave Marlborough House next week for Sandringham. Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, Equerry in Waiting to the Prince of Wales, met Sir Garnet Wolseley on his arrival at Charing Cross on Saturday afternoon, and in the name of the Prince and Princess congratulated him on his safe return from Egypt. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, with their daughters, were present at Divine Service. On Monday morning the Prince went out shooting in Windsor Great Park. The Duke of Albany lunched with the Princess. In the evening the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Hereditary Grand Duke, and the Princess Alice of Hesse dined with the Prince and Princesses; after which the Prince accompanied the Grand Duke and family to Victoria Station on their departure for Germany. In the evening the Prince went to the Criterion Theatre. On Tuesday evening the Prince and Princess visited the Olympic Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess received Sir Garnet Wolseley and Major-General Drury-Lowe, and in the evening were present at the performance of M. Gounod's *Redemption* at the Royal Albert Hall. The Prince will go to Norfolk on November 16th to inaugurate the Agricultural Hall at Norwich.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who arrived at Sheerness on Sunday morning on a visit to Vice-Admiral Rice, left the Admiralty House on Monday morning, and returned to Eastwell Park. On Tuesday the Duke again went to Sheerness and inspected the Coastguards stationed in the Isle of Sheppey district.—Prince and Princess Christian will pay a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham at the end of November.—The Duchess of Connaught left Balmoral on Tuesday afternoon, and returned to town. The Duke is expected to arrive in England from Egypt on the 8th or 9th inst.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY can now sit up, and is making steady progress towards convalescence. At a consultation on Monday, between Sir W. Jenner, Sir W. Gull, and Dr. Carpenter, it was considered that a change from Addington Park would eventually be desirable, but that removal at present would involve too great a risk. The opinion was expressed that, after a period of continued repose, his Grace would be able to resume his official duties.

THE SEQUESTATOR appointed by the Bishop of Manchester has given notice to the churchwardens of St. John's, Miles Platting, that the benefice has become void by the statutory deprivation of the Rev. Sydney Faithorne Green, and that the fees or moneys received by them during the vacancy of the said benefice must be paid over to the sequesterator and receiver. A similar notice has been affixed to the church doors by the officials of the Diocesan Registry. Since then Mr. Green has written to the patron of St. John's, tendering his resignation of the benefice; and the Rev. Ruthven Pym, curate of Lytham, has consented to Bishop Fraser's request to take charge of the parish, and will enter on his duties on Sunday next. Notice of intention to apply before Lord Penance on Saturday for the release of Mr. Green from Lancaster Gaol has been served by the Bishop on the proctors in the suit of "Dean and Others v Green."

HER MAJESTY has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Samuel Rolles Driver, M.A., of New College, Oxford, to the Regius Professorship of Hebrew, and the Canonry of Christ Church annexed thereto, in succession to Dr. Pusey. Mr. Driver took a first-class in Classics in Moderations and again in the final schools, in 1869; and obtained in succession the Pusey and Ellerton and the Kennicott Hebrew Scholarships and the Syriac Prize in 1872. He was also appointed some time since a member of the Company for the Revision of the Authorised Version of the Old Testament.

THE SALVATION ARMY this week have again been more militant than becometh saints. At Yeovil four have been fined for causing an obstruction in the streets, to the annoyance of the public. At Salisbury a fine of 2*l*. has been inflicted on the captain of the local contingent for publicly insulting a citizen named Adams, on whose evidence he had once before been convicted of an assault. At Honiton on Sunday the Army had a free fight with the mob, succeeding finally in parading the streets, until they reached the hall in which they proposed to hold their service.

MEETINGS IN SUPPORT OF THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE continue to be held in various Dioceses under the patronage of high dignitaries of the Church. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has placed himself at the head of a movement for canvassing all the householders of Somerset to ascertain their opinions as to a Sunday Closing Bill. At a Conference of the Church of England Temperance Society at Oxford, at which the Bishop of Exeter took the chair, resolutions in favour of licensing reform were carried unanimously. Nothing, Bishop Temple held, had more promoted intoxication than the multiplication of beerhouses by the legislation of a few years back. At Canterbury the Dean, Dr. Payne Smith, has publicly announced his intention to become a total abstainer; and it is further stated that the Bishop of Dover and all his parochial clergy, with one exception, have joined the Blue Ribbon Army.

VICTORIA COLLEGE, MANCHESTER, held its first degree day in the Town Hall on Wednesday. A large number of degrees were conferred by the Vice-Chancellor, who was supported by the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Manchester, the Vicar of Leeds, and Sir Edward Baines, members of the University Court.

AT A MEETING AT NEWBURY in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Lord Carnarvon eloquently condemned the reasoning which would proscribe missions to the heathen abroad on the pretence that there are heathen more than enough at home. The Colonial Church, he held, was fast becoming to the mother Church what the Empire is already to the mother country, and the bond of a common religion will hold the English-speaking races together when much, perhaps, of our insular greatness has passed away.

THE EXCITEMENT in connection with St. Matthew's, Sheffield, was again renewed this week, in consequence of an address in the school-room by a well-known anti-Ritualist, the Rev. Dr. Potter, who warmly denounced the doctrines and practices of the new Vicar, and read aloud, amidst much agitation, a threatening letter which he had just received, presumably from a Roman Catholic. A strong body of police was present during the proceedings, which brought High Churchmen and Low Churchmen together in great numbers, and the tumult lasted until nearly midnight, though, fortunately, without actual violence.

CARDINAL MANNING, according to the Parisian *Monde*, is the prime mover in the proposed "Beatification" of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. The Congregation of Rites will shortly be consulted on the matter, and should they decide that there is no objection to the introduction of the cause the two martyrs will be raised at once to the rank of "Venerable."



CRYSTAL PALACE.—At each of the three concerts already held a novelty was produced. The first was a pianoforte concerto in B flat, No. 2, by Johannes Brahms, played by that dexterous pianist, Mr. Oscar Beringer, to whom difficulties—and they are many in this work—seem to be unknown. We all remember the first pianoforte concerto of Brahms, and also the violin concerto composed by him for Joseph Joachim. In a word, then, we may place the second pianoforte concerto in the same category, and strengthen a conviction that this great musician is by no means as much at ease in the concerto form as in that of the orchestral symphony. How much of good it embodies, and how many fine imaginings, may readily be guessed; but that it is diffuse and unwontedly spun out appears to be generally admitted. Strong, therefore, as our faith may be in the author, weariness steals on us long before the end is reached, and this in no way lessened by the fact that Brahms has added another movement to the traditional three, to which we have been accustomed, an *allegro appassionato*, which takes the place of the symphonic *cherzo*, having a trio, in the major key, to carry out the resemblance. At the second concert the hitherto unknown piece was Joachim Raff's symphony in D minor and major (No. 6), in many respects deserving to rank with the most striking and effective productions of this increasingly productive master. It is marked "Op. 189" in the list of his published works; and, with such rapidity of thought and pen, how much further his extensive catalogue might have been carried on who can say? The symphony exhibits all the qualities that confer upon Raff a place apart from the common throng. It is full of really beautiful things that immediately attract attention; it displays a wonderful command of orchestral devices and a free mastery of contrapuntal resources; but, somehow, it does not "hang together," and its extreme diffuseness occasionally palls upon the ear. At the third concert the new thing was the orchestral prelude to Wagner's *Parsifal*, about which our contemporaries have spoken for the most part to such good purpose as to leave us not another word to say. Among known and accepted pieces we have had Beethoven's Symphony in A and Schumann's in D minor, Beethoven's Overture to *Leonora* (*Fidelio*), No. 1, Wagner's "Forest Scene" from *Siegfried* (which apart from the stage loses half its significance), Sterndale Bennett's always thrice-welcome concert-overture, *The Wood Nymph*, which Schumann extolled so highly, and a movement ("Romance") from Mozart's *Serenade* for stringed instruments only. The solo performers, besides Mr. Oscar Beringer, have been Madame Ida Bloch, who played Mendelssohn's first pianoforte concerto and Beethoven's "Thirty-two Variations on an Original Theme in C minor," in such a manner as to win general acceptance; and Mr. Clinton, in the absence of Mr. Carrodus, through illness, worthily replacing our great English violinist, by a performance of Weber's clarinet concerto in F minor, which showed him to be a thorough master of the instrument of his predilection. Mr. Manns is happy to number in the ranks of his orchestra players capable, at an emergency, of occupying with distinction positions of manifest importance. The singer at the first concert was Mr. Edward Lloyd, who has recently, on various occasions, shown his proficiency in the "advanced" school, as exhibited on the present occasion through the media of a hymn from the *Lelio* of Berlioz, and Walther's Prize-song from *Die Meistersinger*. At the second concert Mlle. Ella Lemmens represented the vocal department; at the third Mlle. Carlotta Badia. Both ladies were well received, and both have good voices, which the former showed in Handel's "From mighty Kings," and the latter especially, in a charming *chanson*, by L. Badia, entitled "La Nuit sur le Lac." We have also had ballet-music, including some tuneful and enlivening dances from Bizet's *Carmen*, and some of a very opposite kind from Goldmark's *Die Königin von Saba*. How the great orchestral pieces were executed need not be said. Enough that there was Mr. Manns, with his superb orchestra obeying the behests of their experienced chief with more assiduous care and unanimity than ever.

THE PHILHARMONIC PRIZE.—Sir Michael Costa and Sir Julius Benedict have, it is said, agreed to act as adjudicators of the honorarium offered by the Philharmonic Society for the best orchestral overture submitted for performance during the forthcoming series of concerts. Let us hope that in these essays there may not be too many "Leit-motives," and that adherence to the "classical" form—justly so termed, as being the form that can never change without bringing music back to chaos—will be a distinguishing mark. Give us melody, ye aspirants to Philharmonic honours—ay, and plenty of it! Think not of the purse of ten guineas, but of the eminent musicians who have to weigh your claims in the balance.

WATERS.—The Emperor of Austria has conferred on Pauline Lucca the Gold Cross of Merit, with the Crown, in recognition of the many times she has gratuitously enriched by her talent the programmes of operatic and other performances got up for charitable objects. Such high distinction could not have been more worthily bestowed.—Madame Adelina Patti left Liverpool for New York, in the *Servia* (Cunard), as expected. She was accompanied on board by many of her friends.—The "new symphony," by Brahms, *Im Walde*, reported to have been played at the first Gewandhaus concert, at Leipzig, turns out to be the *Im Walde* of the late Joachim Raff—his "No. 3."—The celebrated Russian pianist, Madame Annette Essipoff, is about to make a lengthened professional tour in Germany, Poland, Wallachia, Russia, Italy, and Spain.—At Königsberg some members of the School of Music are organising a series of "International Folk-Songs Concerts," in the course of which no fewer than forty different nations will be represented—whether in their original tongues is not stated.—

During her recent visit to Berlin, the phenomenal girl-violinist, Teresina Tua, received from Joseph Joachim a photograph of himself, with the following superscription: "A Madlle. Teresina Tua. Souvenir amical d'un admirateur sincère de son grand talent."—Joseph Joachim—a compliment from such a quarter not to be over-estimated.—Mozart's *Don Juan* has been produced at the Leipzig Stadttheater, with a new version of the text and new stage arrangements.—Angelo Neumann (of the *Ring des Nibelungen*) is appointed, by the Senate, Director of the Stadttheater at Bremen.—The Italian operatic season at Constantinople was opened recently with *Lucrezia Borgia*.—M. Vaucorbell, of the Paris Grand Opera, is in treaty with Mr. Gye's *prima donna*, Madame Sembrich. Business is by no means flourishing here, while the Opéra Comique, with the old masterpieces, thrives more and more. M. Carvalho thoroughly knows his public. The *Parsifal* prelude of Wagner has also been given by Lamoureux, at his "Popular Concerts;" so that by this time the Parisian public must have had enough of it and to spare.—At Brussels the ancient Société des Musiques has been dissolved.—Gounod declines, it is reported, to allow of his Birmingham oratorio, *The Redemption*, being performed at the Vienna Imperial Opera. His reasons are not stated.—The Teatro Español is now lighted by electricity.—Madame Etelka Gerster is now singing at the Winter Garden of the Central Hotel, Berlin.—It is declared, on tolerably good authority, that Richard Wagner is writing his autobiography. Bad news for the Philistines.—On the 22nd ult., at Weimar, the Abbé Franz Liszt celebrated his seventy-second birthday, amid great rejoicings and display.—The casting of the great bronze statue of Goldoni, the Italian Molière, has been accomplished with entire success at the Arquati Foundry in Venice. The modeller is Signor Del Zotto.—Five theatres are about to be demolished—the Circo Nazionale, Varietà, Follie Dramatiche, Arena Napolitana, and San Carlino, the last named of which has existed for more than a century.—Madame Sarah Bernhardt is just now in Paris, not at Buenos Ayres, as currently reported.



MR. PINERO'S new comedy at TOOLE'S Theatre is one of the most eccentric pieces which have been produced on our stage for some time. Unfortunately we are compelled to add that it is also one of the most absurd and uninteresting. At times the story of *Girls and Boys* presents the appearance of one of those burlesque parodies in which Mr. Toole has often offered abundant amusement. But just when the audience are beginning to make up their minds that things are not to be taken seriously, some incident or passage of dialogue of a decidedly serious kind admonishes them that ludicrous unreality is by no means the object of the author. Given a bald-headed old schoolmaster and cobbler who has never married, and is a hardened railer at the softer sex, the last thing, perhaps, that would be expected of him would be that he should suddenly make an offer of marriage to a young lady whom up to that very moment he had been denouncing as a flirt and a dangerous person in the village. Still more unlikely would it be if the young lady was known to have already an engagement with the adopted son of the Squire. Nor do the circumstances that she is by profession a circus rider, and that her manners are habitually abrupt and domineering, make the case any more simple. Yet the cobbler-schoolmaster in the person of Mr. Toole is represented as suddenly determining to make this person his wife at an instant's notice. If any one asks why, the answer is that the Squire is the cobbler's landlord, and that, deeming this the best way of rescuing his son from the hands of an adventuress, the Squire coolly requires this service at the hands of his tenant, under pain of expelling him from his cobbler's shop and cottage. This is landlord tyranny with a vengeance. Solomon Protheroe, however, feels apparently no resentment, but enters upon the scheme then and there with a jocular observation. Still more strange it is that Gillian West should coolly accept this repulsive alliance, to the great disgust, naturally, of her youthful lover. To attempt to resuscitate the sentiment of the play—and there is a good deal of sentiment in the earlier scenes between the young couple—would seem after this to be perfectly hopeless, but Mr. Pinero has apparently felt himself equal to the task. The young gentleman has gone away, vowing to make a fortune, but, although he is unsuccessful, and returns a shabby, penniless wanderer, he revisits the cobbler's shop on the very morning fixed for the wedding. More than this, the cobbler-bridgroom happening to be absent at the moment, the visitor makes known his distresses to Gillian, who is attired for the ceremony in muslin and orange blossoms, and allows the latter to appease his hunger with hunches of the cobbler's wedding cake. This touching incident serves to awaken remorse and bring the twain together again, with the customary forgiveness of the irascible guardian. And what of the cobbler, it may be asked? The answer is that this obliging person resigns his matrimonial prize in the same light-hearted way in which he had won it, and, forgetting that he is a confirmed despiser of womankind and of the marriage state, instantly offers his hand to a pretty little damsel, who, though she looks like his grandchild, is supposed to have been pining away with a secret love for her bald-headed and tardy admirer. Such folly as this, and much more of the kind, could hardly, one would think, have been patiently endured by any audience; but Mr. Toole is a very popular personage, and an absolute break down at his elegant little house is a thing unknown. Nevertheless, *Girls and Boys* can hardly escape the speedy oblivion which it undoubtedly deserves. In a case of this kind it is hardly fair to criticise the performers; and certainly no blame can well attach to Miss Myra Holme for the disagreeable impression which the character of Gillian creates. Something similar may be said of the performance of the testy guardian by Mr. Billington, of his adopted son by Mr. Ward, and of the incidental performances by Miss Eliza Johnstone, Mr. Garden, and Miss Ely Kempster, the latter a pretty and a pleasing young actress, who made her first appearance here on this occasion. Apart from Mr. Toole's performance, perhaps, the heartiest laughter was awakened by Mr. Shelton's acting in the part of a confidential servant of lugubrious aspect and of abrupt and peremptory manners. The single set scene in which the action is supposed to take place, representing the village cobbler's shop and school-room, is elaborately picturesque.

A sort of burlesque parody, by Mr. Arthur Matthison, entitled *More than Ever*, brought out at the Gaiety Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, proved to be a very diverting piece of its kind. The object of Mr. Matthison's satire is obviously the "Man-Monkey" drama by Messrs. Meritt and Conquest, now performing at the Surrey Theatre—a piece hardly, perhaps, worth parodying; but the author contrives to give to his trifle a more general application. The way in which incidents upon incidents of a tremendous kind are accumulated in this "concentrated tragedy in one horror" is very ingenious; and the exaggerations in which the various personages indulge—from the hero, Sir Crimson Fluid, Baronet, and his guilty accomplice, the Lady Acqua Toffana, down to Shambles, the venerable but equally wicked steward—provoked great merriment. Mr. Monkhouse, an actor better known, we believe, in the suburbs than he is at the West End, played the part

of Sir Crimson with a grave earnestness that is irresistible, and Miss Bella Howard's Lady Acqua, and Mr. Squire's Shambles, were no less distinctly in the true spirit of burlesque. The part of Kangy, the "Man-Kangaroo," fell to Mr. Wyatt, an actor of remarkable energy and agility; and Mr. Henley played amusingly, in the melodramatic heavy style, the part of "Arsenico Della Morte," an Italian adventurer. The little piece received at the hands of a crowded audience a very genuine welcome.

Betsy, Mr. F. C. Burnand's clever adaptation from the French, has been revived at the CRITERION, and bids fair again to run its merry course for some time. Mr. W. J. Hill is as humorous as ever as the easy-going father, immersed in politics, and Miss E. Bufton delineated with great effectiveness the fond mother wrapped up in her hopeful son "Dolly" (Mr. Lytton Sothern). It is to be hoped that Mr. Dawson (Mr. A. Maltby) is not an average specimen of the private tutor of this "so-called nineteenth century." Betsy would be more interesting if she were not such a hard, mercenary, unlovable creature. Such, however, was the dramatists' intention, and the conception is excellently carried out by Miss Nelly Bromley.

A new comedy, entitled *Comrades*, written by Mr. C. Stephenson and Mr. Brandon Thomas, is in preparation at the COURT Theatre. It will not, however, be produced just yet. *The Parvenu* will be revived on the reopening of this house, which is expected to take place this day week.

The production of Mr. Tennyson's rustic drama in prose at the GLOBE Theatre is definitively fixed for Saturday, Nov. 11.

The American papers of this week are stated to contain voluminous details both of the burning down of the Park Theatre and of the disappointments of Mrs. Langtry and her admirers. The fact that this very prominent actress saved her wardrobe is regarded as a special blessing. Altogether the untoward occurrence seems to have stimulated the curiosity of the New York playgoers.

The Silver King is the title of the new romantic drama in preparation at the PRINCESS'S. It is the joint work of Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. H. Herman.

A vast theatre, after the suburban fashion, is to be built on the site of the comparatively diminutive Philharmonic, at Islington, lately destroyed by fire. It is to be called "THE GRAND," and is expected to be opened by Easter next.

AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE will be given by the "Wandering Comedians," under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, &c., at the Imperial Theatre, on Saturday evening, the 11th inst., on behalf of the Samaritan Fund of the Middlesex Hospital. The object of the fund is to send poor sufferers recovering from illness to convalescent homes. Tickets can be obtained from the Chaplain at the Hospital, or from G. Becher, Esq., 5, Endsleigh Street, Tavistock Square.



THE TURF.—Looking back for a moment at the Houghton Meeting at Newmarket last week, it may be fairly said that better racing has hardly ever been seen at headquarters; and on the concluding day, though the fields ran small, the interest was more than sustained. Indeed it was worth a journey to Newmarket if only to see the race for the Jockey Club Cup (Cesarewitch course), which was won last year by Corrie Roy, the recent winner of the Cesarewitch, for which Chippendale ran second, and City Arab third. On the present occasion Chippendale met Corrie Roy on 5 lbs. better terms, and so his victory over her came out tolerably correct. But City Arab met both on worse terms, and yet he and Tristan ran a dead heat for second place, only a head behind the winner, while Corrie Roy, who started first favourite, was only a head behind the dead-heaters. Considering the length of the course, a more splendid finish could hardly be conceived. The improved running of City Arab with a man on his back in the shape of Fordham is more than a strong argument in favour of raising the weights in handicaps, as it is seldom that a "boy" can do full justice to his mount, especially over a long course. On the same day Macheath experienced a great reverse in the Post Sweepstakes, Adriana, with only the sex allowance of 3 lbs. in her favour, beating him pretty easily by three parts of a length, and showing a return of her Ascot form. The betting was nearly 3 to 1 on Macheath. Another favourite was bowled over in the Houghton Stakes for Two-Year-Olds, Highland Chief with his 6 lbs. penalty being unable to beat Keir. Now that we are pretty well at the end of the season, it would seem that there is no actual favourite for the Derby of 1883; but not a few good judges look to Fulmen as the future winner.—There has been plenty of racing this week, though not of an important character, and wind and rain has rendered a good deal of it far from enjoyable. Worcester, Brighton, Lewes, and Lincoln have been the trysts. At Brighton, Cylinder, a recent winner, took the Autumn Handicap, beating Edelweiss, the favourite, and five others. Addy also added to her recent victories by winning the Nursery Handicap; but Lucerne failed to follow her example, and could only get second to Trap in the Bristol Mile Nursery.—Only twenty-two out of seventy-three have accepted for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, and only thirteen out of forty-two for the Great Lancashire Handicap. For the former Retreat, and Hackness, the Cambridgeshire heroine, divide the favouritism between them.—Charles Marlow, the rider of the Flying Dutchman in the Derby and St. Leger of 1849, as well as in the famous match against Voltigeur in 1851, died last week.

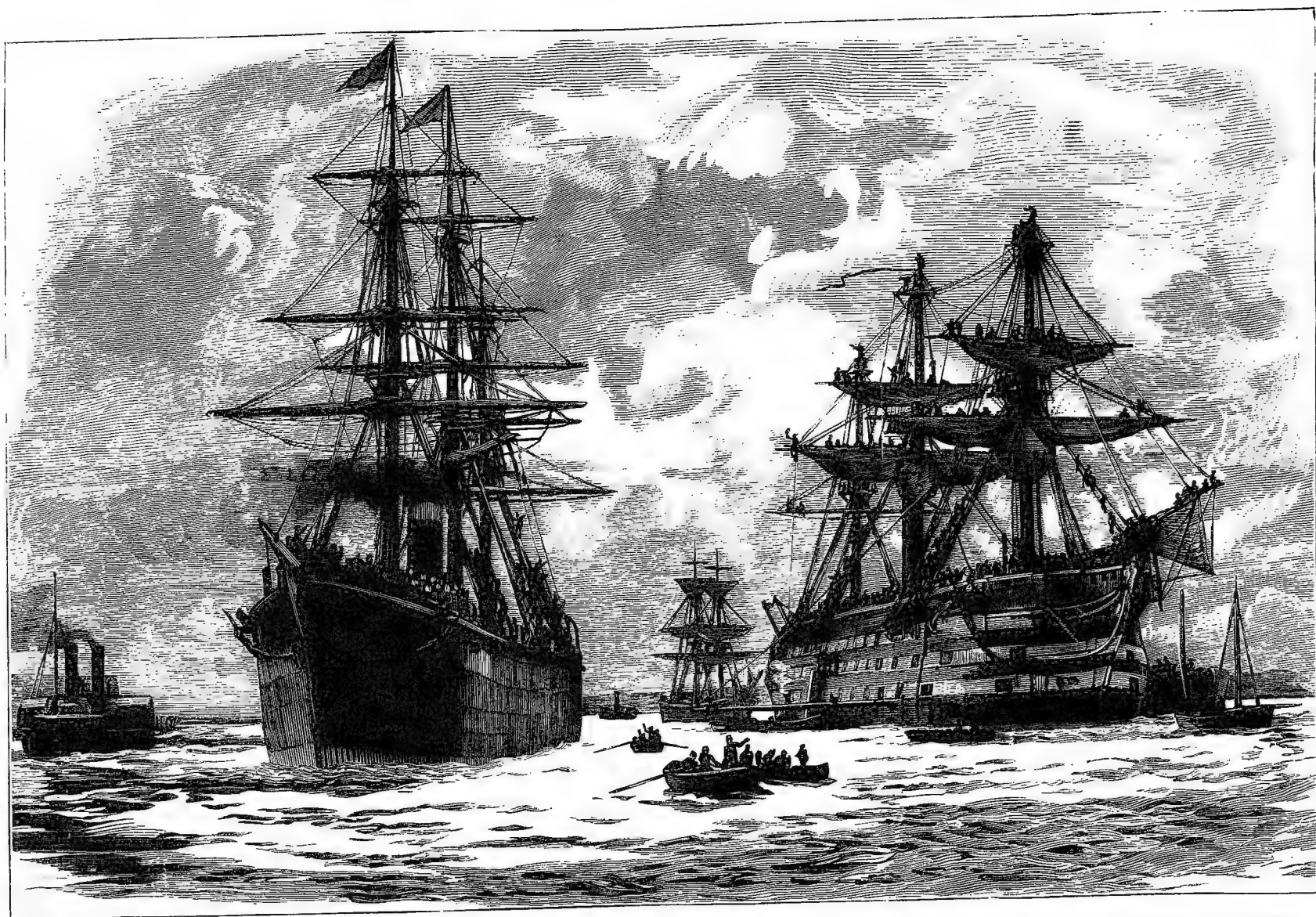
COURSING.—The Lambourne (Ashdown) Open Meeting deserved better patronage than it received, considering the magnificent ground on which it is held, the abundance of "fur," and the support of the Earl of Craven. The Craven Cup was divided between Broutlet, Red Light, and Alice; and Sly Fox, a promising dog, won the Uffington Stakes. In looking over the reports of a large number of other meetings recently held, one cannot help being struck with the frequency of "divisions," which this season seem to be more in fashion than ever, but not more acceptable to frequenters of the coursing field.

CRICKET.—The match between the Australians and Eighteen of Philadelphia, which ended in a victory for the former, produced a most exciting finish. They had 53 runs to get to win, and only forty-three minutes to get them in; but they got them in thirty-seven minutes with the loss of one wicket—a remarkable performance with eighteen in the field.

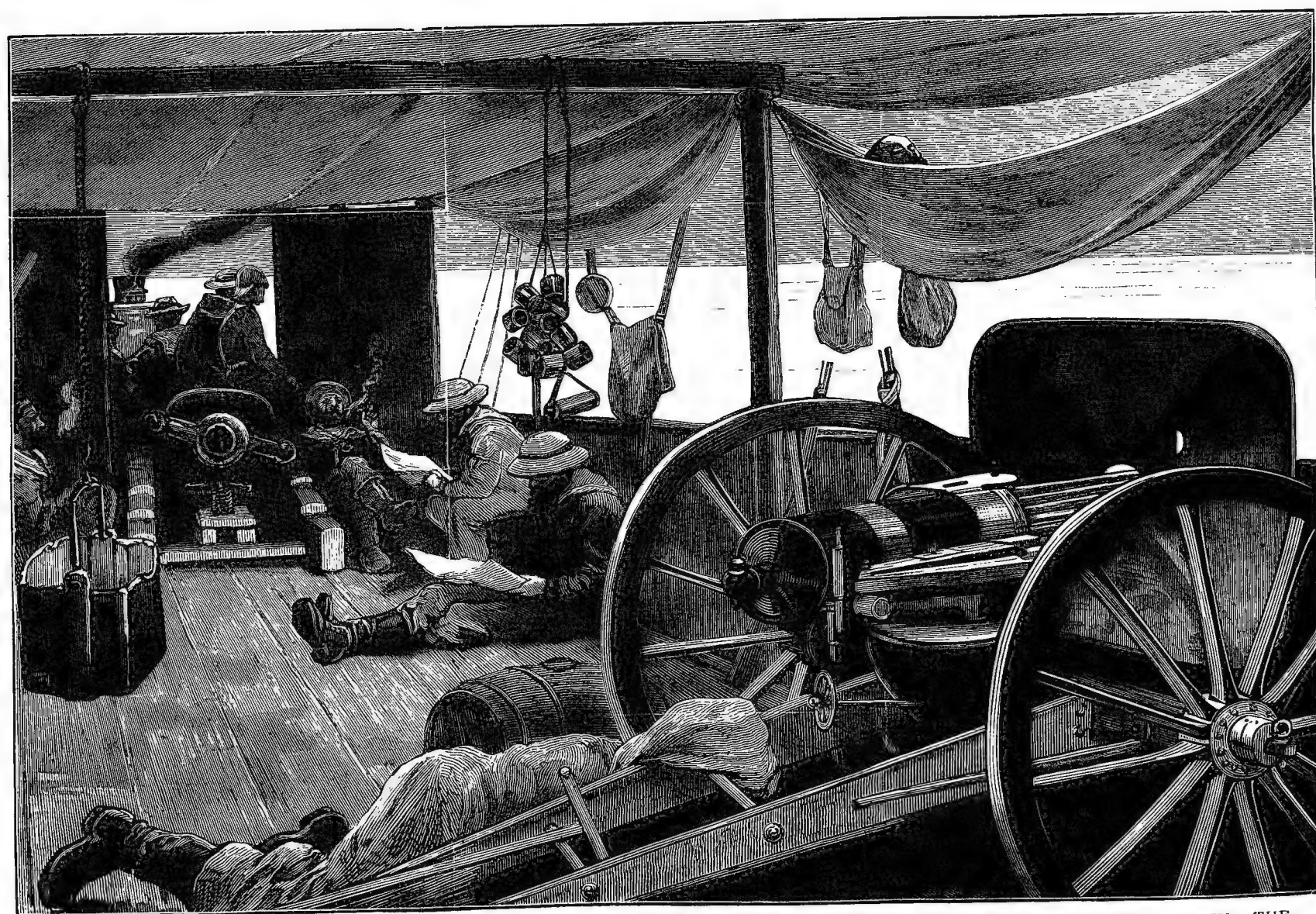
AQUATICS.—On Saturday last the match over the Thames Championship Course, between Godwin and Bubeat, which had been anticipated with some interest, ended very unsatisfactorily. Soon after the start the men fouled, but rowed out the match to the end, Bubeat coming in first by two lengths. The umpire, however, awarded the race to Godwin. Bubeat is now matched to row Gibson on the 11th of December.

FOOTBALL.—The Association teams of Queen's Park (Glasgow) and Aston Villa (Birmingham) have had a grand set-to at Birmingham, in the presence of 9,000 spectators, when the visitors were returned the victors by three goals to none.—In the games recently played in the first round of the English Association Cup, Brentwood has beaten Barnes; Great Marlow, Hornchurch; Lower Darwen, Irwell Springs; Northwich Victoria, Astley Bridge; and St. George's

(Continued on page 478)



THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS—BOYS OF THE TRAINING SHIP "ST. VINCENT" CHEERING THE "CITY OF PARIS" ON HER ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH WITH THE GOSPORT AND CHATHAM MARINES ON BOARD



THE RECENT WAR IN EGYPT—PEACE: THE RETURN OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE, FROM CAIRO—A SIESTA IN THE IRONCLAD TRAIN

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

MAJOR-GENERAL DRURY-LOWE

MAJOR-GENERAL D. C. DRURY-LOWE, C.B., who has commanded the Cavalry Brigade throughout the Egyptian campaign, and to whose spirited forced march upon Cairo after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir the peaceful surrender of the city is undoubtedly due, entered the army in 1854. He served in the Crimea with the 17th Lancers, and also in the Indian Mutiny. In 1871 he became a full Colonel, and in the Zulu War commanded his regiment, leading the charge at the close of the battle of Ulundi. In 1881 also he went out to South Africa to command the cavalry in the campaign against the Boers, but did not arrive in time to take part in the war, peace having been concluded before his arrival. Under General Drury-Lowe the cavalry have done excellent service in Egypt. On August 25th the General and his troops captured the camp at Mahsarah, taking five Krupp guns and seventy-five railway carriages, laden with provisions; their gallantry in the charge at Kassassin on August 28th is one of the most brilliant memories of the war; while at Tel-el-Kebir, placed on the extreme right of the British force, General Drury-Lowe and his horsemen turned the left flank of the enemy, and completed the victory which the infantry had so bravely begun. After the fugitives had been pursued for some distance General Drury-Lowe pushed on to Belbeis, and thence to Cairo, where he arrived with the Dragoon Guards, Bengal Cavalry, some Mounted Infantry, and Horse Artillery, on the evening of September 14th, thus accomplishing sixty-five miles in less than two days. He was met by the Commandant with a flag of truce. General Drury-Lowe at once demanded the surrender of Arabi Pasha, and in a short time the leader of the rebels was brought to him, and, together with Toulba Pasha, tendered his sword to the British general. General Drury-Lowe returned home last week, being enthusiastically welcomed on his arrival at Bournemouth Railway Station by some thousands of persons, who greeted him with deafening cheers, and being subsequently presented with an address of congratulation by the Town Commissioners.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. Kisch, Maritzburg, Natal.

THE COMET FROM THE PYRAMIDS, CAIRO

SOME centuries ago the appearance of so large a comet as is now interesting the astronomical world almost contemporaneously with our victory in Egypt would have been looked upon as an



MAJOR-GENERAL D. C. DRURY-LOWE, C.B.
IN COMMAND OF THE CAVALRY DURING THE RECENT WAR IN EGYPT

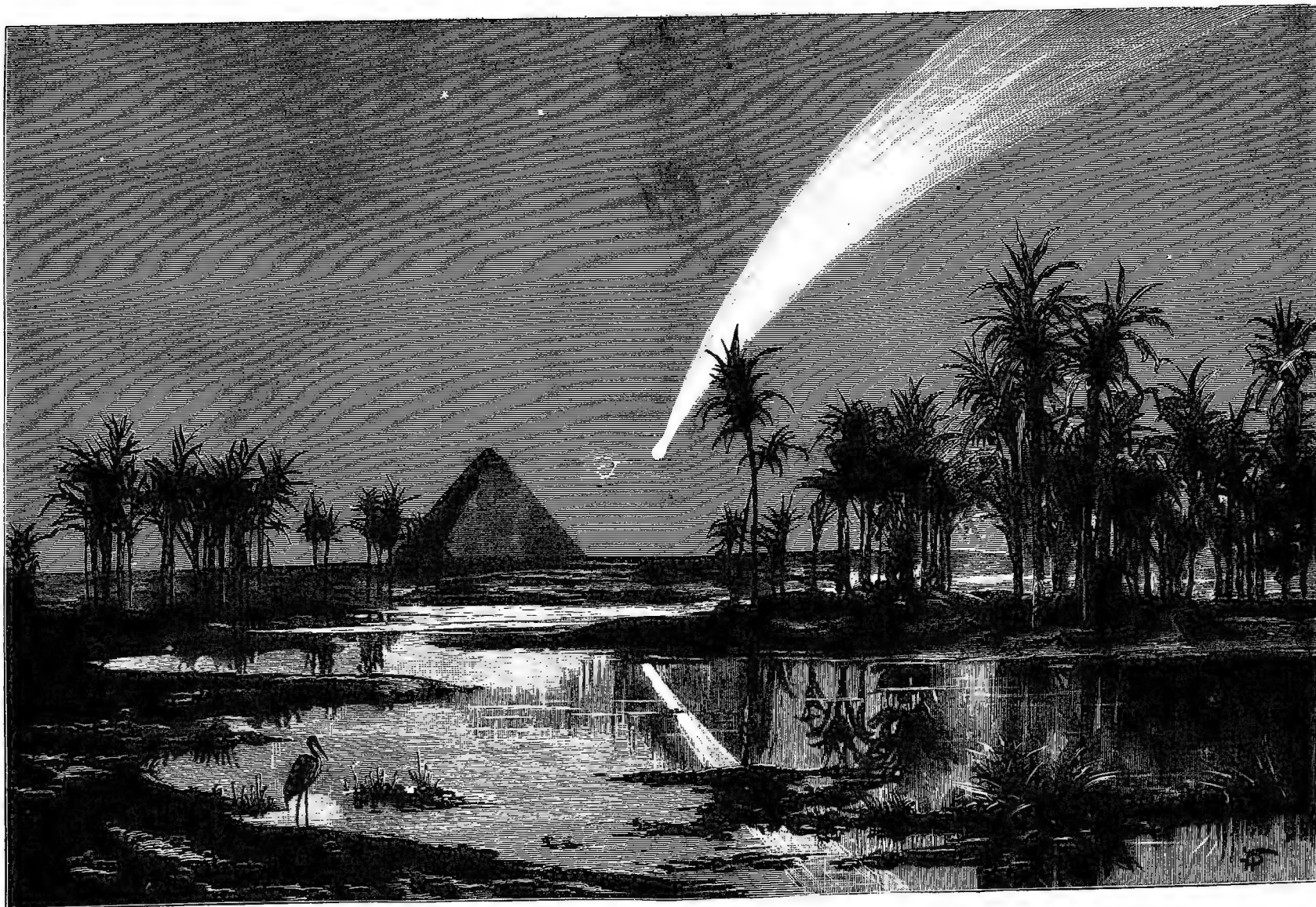
omen of great portent, and it is a curious coincidence that the first glimpse Sir Garnet Wolseley had of this erratic luminary was when standing on the eventful morning of September 13th, watch in hand, before the entrenchments of Tel-el-Kebir, waiting to give the word to advance. As may be seen in our sketch, the comet is seen in Egypt in all its magnificence, and the sight in the early morning from the Pyramids (our sketch was taken at 4 A.M.) is described as unusually grand.

RETURN OF THE MARINES TO PORTSMOUTH

On the 23rd ult. Portsmouth enthusiastically welcomed back the Gosport contingent of the Royal Marines, who have done such excellent service in the Egyptian campaign. They arrived in the *City of Paris*, and were warmly cheered at the entrance to the harbour by the young blue-jackets of the *St. Vincent* training ship, who manned yards in their honour. These cheers were taken up by the seamen of the *Duke of Wellington* flag ship, while, as the vessel moved alongside the railway jetty of the dockyard, the band of the regiment, who had come down to meet their comrades, welcomed them with "Hail to our Prince" and "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Numerous friends and relatives crowded the jetty to welcome the troops, and shortly after their arrival the Portsmouth division, headed by their own band, the pipers of the Black Watch, and the band of the Leicester Regiment marched through the beflagged streets to Gosport. There they were received at the entrance to the High Street, where a triumphal arch had been erected, by the members of the Alverstoke Local Board, whose chairman read a congratulatory address. This was replied to by the commanding officer, Colonel Le Grand; the troops gave three cheers for the town of Gosport, and the march was then continued to the Forton Barracks, where officers and men dined together, under the presidency of the Colonel Commander Bennett.

PEACE—A SIESTA ON THE IRON-CLAD TRAIN

THIS is a sketch by our special artist of the peaceful return across the desert of the Naval Brigade with the ironclad train, which has done so much towards the success of the campaign. Now, however, the gallant tars are not keeping a keen look-out for a chance to have a brush with the enemy, but are smoking the pipe of peace, and comfortably taking a siesta in spite of the hot blinding glare of the Desert.



THE COMET AS SEEN FROM THE PYRAMIDS
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER

(Birmingham), Calthorpe. — At Cambridge, the University, in an Association game, has beaten the Old Harrovians, but has succumbed to the London Scottish in a Rugby game. — At Oxford, in a Rugby game, the University has defeated Sandhurst College. — Middlesex and Kent have played a draw, under Rugby Rules, at Richmond.

LACROSSE. — The first inter-county, and, it may be said, the first important match of the season, was played on Saturday last between Lancashire and Middlesex, at Birmingham, when Lancashire won by one goal to nothing. — There is every reason to believe that next spring we shall receive a visit from a Canadian team of Lacrosse players, accompanied by some Red Indians, and that they will play their first match at Hurlingham, before the Prince of Wales. Later in the year a team of the New York Lacrosse Club will probably appear on the scene, and play various English clubs.

SKATING. — The National Skating Association have held their annual meeting in London. It now numbers 1,000 members, exclusive of the clubs in affiliation. The Prince of Wales, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Alexander of the Netherlands have become patrons of the Association, which seems to be in a flourishing condition, and only wants a hard winter to give it still further vitality.



"PAWNBROKERS AND THIEVES." — In our article last week bearing the above heading, we were, it appears, misled by the newspaper reports as to the real facts of the case. These were subsequently given in a letter addressed to the *Daily Telegraph* by Mr. Aldous, the pawnbroker, of 67, Berwick Street, and from this letter it is only fair, after our animadversions on the trade, that we should make the following quotation:—"A man named Patten pledged with me a plated salver, bearing a crest and motto, upon which salver I advanced 25s. The utmost value of the salver was 2/., and I made no advance upon it until Patten had assured me, when questioned, that he was a general dealer in plated goods living in New Street, and could not sell this article. It was in vain that I endeavoured to impress upon Mr. Paget that the salver was not silver. He refused to hear me; and in every journal reporting the case it has gone forth to the world that I advanced 25s. upon a stolen silver salver. My successor in the witness-box, an assistant to Mr. Toms, a most respectable pawnbroker, fared still worse. He had advanced 3s. upon twelve steel cheese-knives, worth, perhaps, 6d. apiece. Mr. Paget asked him whether the crests upon those knives did not make him suspect that they had been stolen, and upon his answering 'No,' he was told by Mr. Paget that 'a more determined receiver of stolen property could not be found.' Mr. Paget is doubtless unaware what thousands and tens of thousands of articles of plate with crests come into the market every year, and how many of them come subsequently into pawnbrokers' hands. He speaks of 'the facilities afforded by pawnbrokers for disposing of stolen property,' and I retort that no such facilities exist. The police are well aware that stolen property is hardly ever brought to pawnbrokers, for all thieves except young and green

hands know that by going to pawnbrokers they go into the lion's mouth. I do not believe there are six men, or half six, among the six hundred pawnbrokers in the metropolis who are not willing and eager to aid the police to the utmost of their power in the detection and prevention of crime."

NEARLY SIX HUNDRED CASES are on the trial list at Westminster for the Michaelmas Sittings, which commenced on Thursday, of which 118 are for trial without juries. The first case on the general list is that of *Belt v. Lawes*.

THE RIGHT OF A PAUPER to resist by force any attempt to deprive him of an honourable decoration was upheld at Westminster by Mr. Partridge against the officials of the Chelsea Workhouse. The pauper in question, a "diminutive cripple," had been enlisted by a missionary as a promising recruit in the Blue Ribbon Army, and it was in attempting to deprive him of his badge that the officials, two big, strong men, received sundry kicks and thumps, in consequence of which they summoned the pauper for assault. Even old soldiers, they urged, who come to want, must give up their clasps and medals while in the workhouse. Otherwise a pauper might dress himself up as a Guy Faux. Much to their annoyance, Mr. Partridge ruled that the defendant had a right "to stand by his colours," and the summons was dismissed, amidst considerable applause.

MR. HOWARD VINCENT'S NEW RULES FOR THE POLICE are admittedly most excellent, but they should not be read to impatient constables from the elevation of a lamp-post by young gentlemen who have been dining at the Orleans Club with a "friend from Egypt." For this two residents in Onslow Gardens were promptly "run in" by the aggrieved members of the force, and were charged before the magistrate next morning with being drunk. The rebutting evidence of sundry gentlemen and doctors sufficed to discredit the latter accusation, and the matter ended in the dismissal of the offenders with a gentle magisterial caution.

CORONERS' INQUESTS now and then elicit curious revelations of the way in which very poor people live and die, and one of these revelations was made the other day at the inquiry into the death of a little girl who had lived with her father off the Blackfriars Road. The man was a wooden toy-maker, and could earn, with the assistance of his son, a pound a week. For the last two months he had only earned 2s. weekly. The children lived on bread and butter. The father had not applied for parish relief because he would have been compelled to go into the house, and he lived in the unhealthy kitchen in which the child had died because no one else would take him in, so the jury could only return the usual verdict, "Died from not having sufficient nourishment."

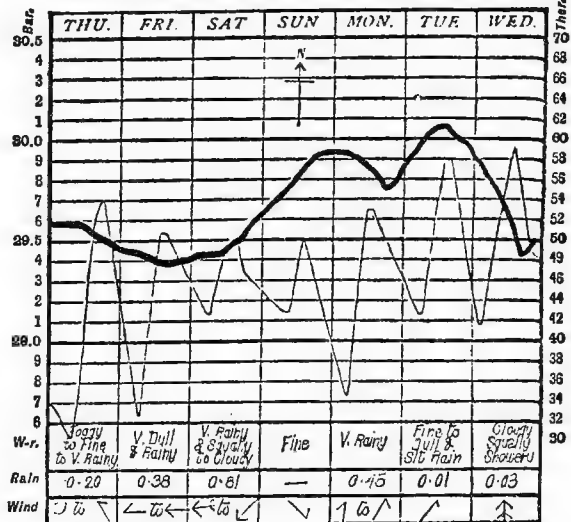
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY occurred on Friday night at Kentish Town, where an egg and butter dealer, Hiram Meakin, maddened by financial difficulties through the departure of lodgers who were deeply in his debt, murdered his wife and two young children as they slept, and after wandering about the streets for hours, threw himself over London Bridge, where his body was found lying with a fractured skull on one of the abutments. Verdicts of "Wilful Murder" in the one case and of "Suicide while in a State of Temporary Insanity" in the other, were returned on Monday by the coroners' juries.

TWO MEN have been brought before the magistrates at Bow Street in connection with the robbery of diamonds from the Messrs. Wellby—an elderly man who gave the name of Benjamin Miller as the actual thief, and James Augustus Kelley, a dealer in jewellery at Peckham, on the charge of receiving certain of the diamonds, well

knowing them to have been stolen. The prisoners in both cases were remanded for inquiries.

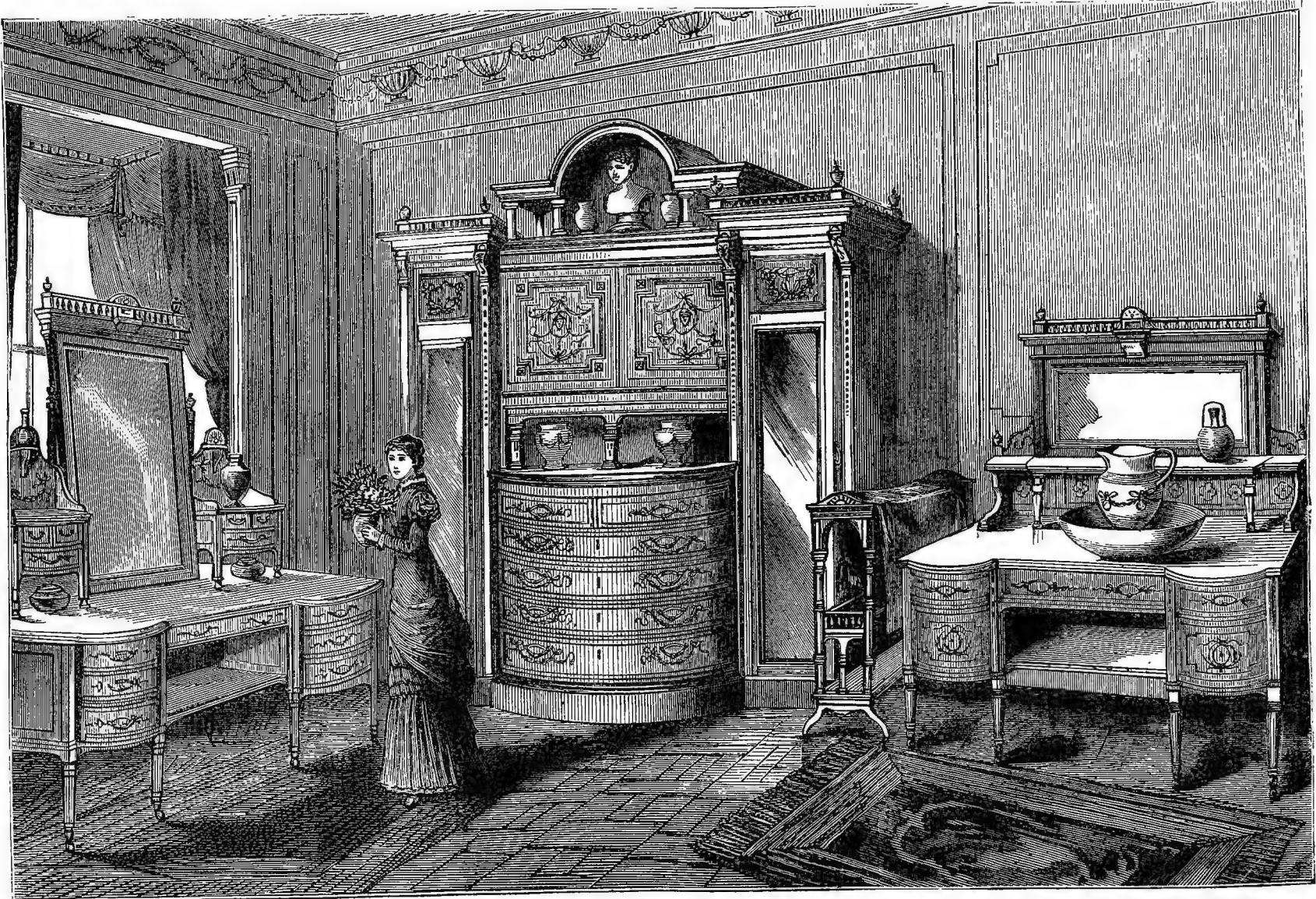
A CASE which has excited much local interest was decided on Wednesday last at Hampstead, when summonses were brought by the Solicitor to the Board of Works against certain inhabitants of the town for playing cricket on a part of the Heath not authorised by the Board for that purpose. Evidence was given that this very spot had been made into a cricket ground sixty years ago, by public subscription, and as the Hampstead Heath Act of 1877 expressly reserved all rights other than those of the lord of the manor had to sell, the magistrates held that a *prima facie* case of right had been shown by the defence, and dismissed the summonses.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM OCTOBER 26 TO NOVEMBER 1 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION. — The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS. — The weather during this week has been extremely unsettled and wet. At the commencement of the period a rather deep depression was disappearing over Norway, while another was advancing towards our south-west coasts. The barometer consequently fell steadily until 2 P.M. on Friday (27th ult.), with freshening easterly winds and rainy weather, while on the following day a strong east-north-easterly or north-easterly gale was experienced, with still heavier rain. The rise of the barometer continued steadily until Sunday evening (29th ult.), with greatly improving weather and light west-north-westerly winds. During Monday (30th ult.), however, it again fell quickly, with southerly to south-westerly winds and rain. A temporary recovery took place during the morning of Tuesday (31st ult.), with very bright weather; but in the afternoon a brisk fall commenced, accompanied by an overcast sky and rain. This fall continued very briskly during Wednesday (1st inst.), with showers and a strong southerly gale. The barometer was highest (30.04 inches) on Tuesday (31st ult.); lowest (29.38 inches) on Friday (27th ult.); range, 0.66 inches. Temperature was highest (58°) on Tuesday (31st ult.); lowest (31°), on Thursday (26th ult.); range, 27°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 1.88 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.81 inches, on Saturday (28th ult.).



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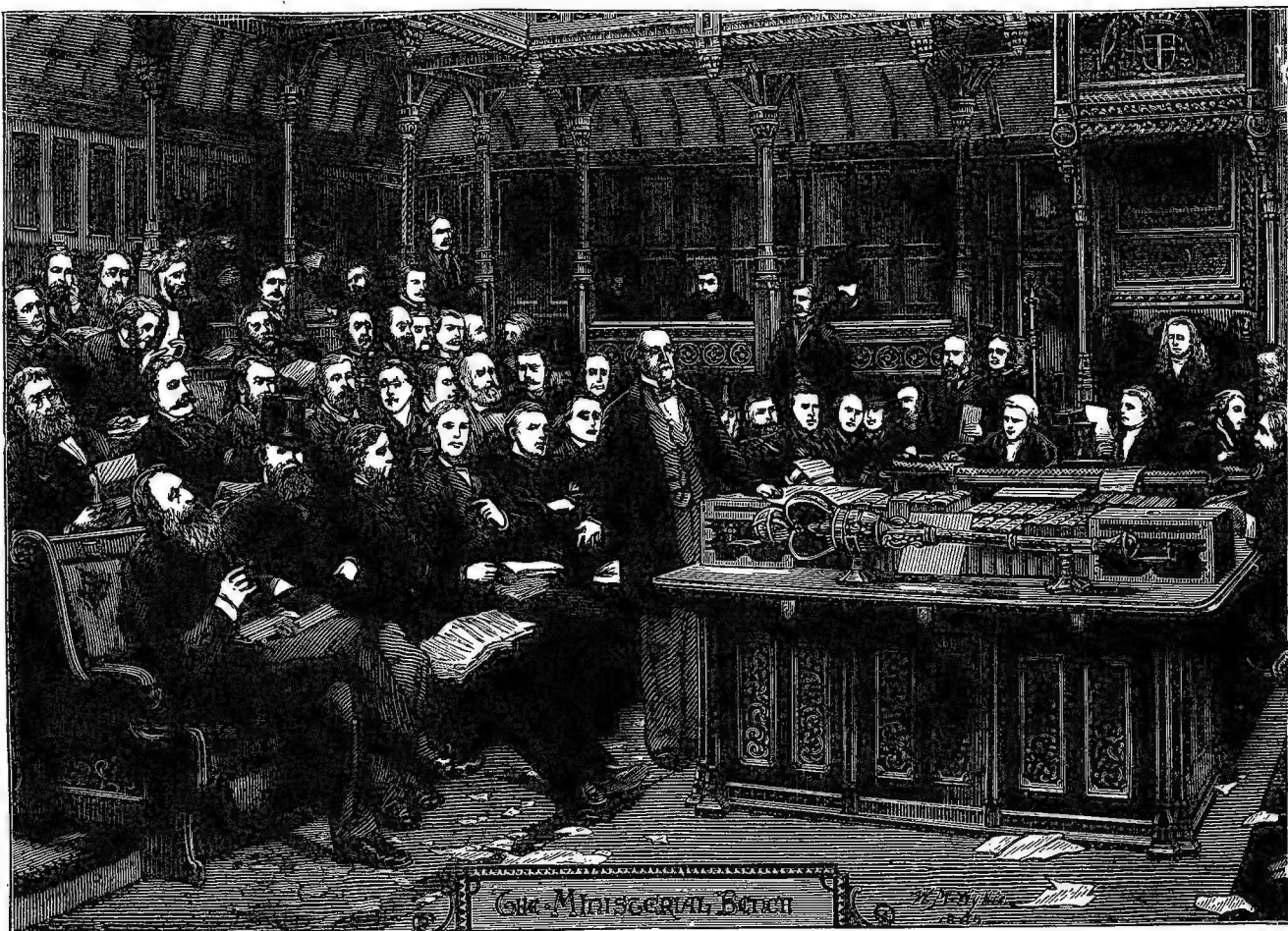
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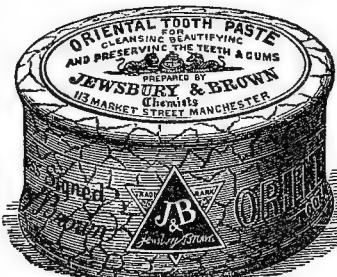


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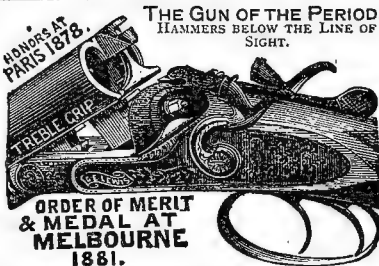


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Class 0, £14 | Class 1, £20 | Class 2, £25 | Class 3, £30 | Class 4, £35 | Class 5, £40 | Class 6, £45 | Class 7, £50 | Class 8, £55 | Class 9, £60 | Class 10, £65 | Class 11, £70 | Class 12, £75 | Class 13, £80 | Class 14, £85 | Class 15, £90 | Class 16, £95 | Class 17, £100 | Class 18, £105 | Class 19, £110 | Class 20, £115 | Class 21, £120 | Class 22, £125 | Class 23, £130 | Class 24, £135 | Class 25, £140 | Class 26, £145 | Class 27, £150 | Class 28, £155 | Class 29, £160 | Class 30, £165 | Class 31, £170 | Class 32, £175 | Class 33, £180 | Class 34, £185 | Class 35, £190 | Class 36, £195 | Class 37, £200 | Class 38, £205 | Class 39, £210 | Class 40, £215 | Class 41, £220 | Class 42, £225 | Class 43, £230 | Class 44, £235 | Class 45, £240 | Class 46, £245 | Class 47, £250 | Class 48, £255 | Class 49, £260 | Class 50, £265 | Class 51, £270 | Class 52, £275 | Class 53, £280 | Class 54, £285 | Class 55, £290 | Class 56, £295 | Class 57, £300 | Class 58, £305 | Class 59, £310 | Class 60, £315 | Class 61, £320 | Class 62, £325 | Class 63, £330 | Class 64, £335 | Class 65, £340 | Class 66, £345 | Class 67, £350 | Class 68, £355 | Class 69, £360 | Class 70, £365 | Class 71, £370 | Class 72, £375 | Class 73, £380 | Class 74, £385 | Class 75, £390 | Class 76, £395 | Class 77, £400 | Class 78, £405 | Class 79, £410 | Class 80, £415 | Class 81, £420 | Class 82, £425 | Class 83, £430 | Class 84, £435 | Class 85, £440 | Class 86, £445 | Class 87, £450 | Class 88, £455 | Class 89, £460 | Class 90, £465 | Class 91, £470 | Class 92, £475 | Class 93, £480 | Class 94, £485 | Class 95, £490 | Class 96, £495 | Class 97, £500 | Class 98, £505 | Class 99, £510 | Class 100, £515 | Class 101, £520 | Class 102, £525 | Class 103, £530 | Class 104, £535 | Class 105, £540 | Class 106, £545 | Class 107, £550 | Class 108, £555 | Class 109, £560 | Class 110, £565 | Class 111, £570 | Class 112, £575 | Class 113, £580 | Class 114, £585 | Class 115, £590 | Class 116, £595 | Class 117, £600 | Class 118, £605 | Class 119, £610 | Class 120, £615 | Class 121, £620 | Class 122, £625 | Class 123, £630 | Class 124, £635 | Class 125, £640 | Class 126, £645 | Class 127, £650 | Class 128, £655 | Class 129, £660 | Class 130, £665 | Class 131, £670 | Class 132, £675 | Class 133, £680 | Class 134, £685 | Class 135, £690 | Class 136, £695 | Class 137, £700 | Class 138, £705 | Class 139, £710 | Class 140, £715 | Class 141, £720 | Class 142, £725 | Class 143, £730 | Class 144, £735 | Class 145, £740 | Class 146, £745 | Class 147, £750 | Class 148, £755 | Class 149, £760 | Class 150, £765 | Class 151, £770 | Class 152, £775 | Class 153, £780 | Class 154, £785 | Class 155, £790 | Class 156, £795 | Class 157, £800 | Class 158, £805 | Class 159, £810 | Class 160, £815 | Class 161, £820 | Class 162, £825 | Class 163, £830 | Class 164, £835 | Class 165, £840 | Class 166, £845 | Class 167, £850 | Class 168, £855 | Class 169, £860 | Class 170, £865 | Class 171, £870 | Class 172, £875 | Class 173, £880 | Class 174, £885 | Class 175, £890 | Class 176, £895 | Class 177, £900 | Class 178, £905 | Class 179, £910 | Class 180, £915 | Class 181, £920 | Class 182, £925 | Class 183, £930 | Class 184, £935 | Class 185, £940 | Class 186, £945 | Class 187, £950 | Class 188, £955 | Class 189, £960 | Class 190, £965 | Class 191, £970 | Class 192, £975 | Class 193, £980 | Class 194, £985 | Class 195, £990 | Class 196, £995 | Class 197, £1000 | Class 198, £1005 | Class 199, £1010 | Class 200, £1015 | Class 201, £1020 | Class 202, £1025 | Class 203, £1030 | Class 204, £1035 | Class 205, £1040 | Class 206, £1045 | Class 207, £1050 | Class 208, £1055 | Class 209, £1060 | Class 210, £1065 | Class 211, £1070 | Class 212, £1075 | Class 213, £1080 | Class 214, £1085 | Class 215, £1090 | Class 216, £1095 | Class 217, £1100 | Class 218, £1105 | Class 219, £1110 | Class 220, £1115 | Class 221, £1120 | Class 222, £1125 | Class 223, £1130 | Class 224, £1135 | Class 225, £1140 | Class 226, £1145 | Class 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Class 385, £1940 | Class 386, £1945 | Class 387, £1950 | Class 388, £1955 | Class 389, £1960 | Class 390, £1965 | Class 391, £1970 | Class 392, £1975 | Class 393, £1980 | Class 394, £1985 | Class 395, £1990 | Class 396, £1995 | Class 397, £2000 | Class 398, £2005 | Class 399, £2010 | Class 400, £2015 | Class 401, £2020 | Class 402, £2025 | Class 403, £2030 | Class 404, £2035 | Class 405, £2040 | Class 406, £2045 | Class 407, £2050 | Class 408, £2055 | Class 409, £2060 | Class 410, £2065 | Class 411, £2070 | Class 412, £2075 | Class 413, £2080 | Class 414, £2085 | Class 415, £2090 | Class 416, £2095 | Class 417, £2100 | Class 418, £2105 | Class 419, £2110 | Class 420, £2115 | Class 421, £2120 | Class 422, £2125 | Class 423, £2130 | Class 424, £2135 | Class 425, £2140 | Class 426, £2145 | Class 427, £2150 | Class 428, £2155 | Class 429, £2160 | Class 430, £2165 | Class 431, £2170 | Class 432, £2175 | Class 433, £2180 | Class 434, £2185 | Class 435, £2190 | Class 436, £2195 | Class 437, 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Class 805, £4040 | Class 806, £4045 | Class 807, £4050 | Class 808, £4055 | Class 809, £4060 | Class 810, £4065 | Class 811, £4070 | Class 812, £4075 | Class 813, £4080 | Class 814, £4085 | Class 815, £4090 | Class 816, £4095 | Class 817, £4100 | Class 818, £4105 | Class 819, £4110 | Class 820, £4115 | Class 821, £4120 | Class 822, £4125 | Class 823, £4130 | Class 824, £4135 | Class 825, £4140 | Class 826, £4145 | Class 827, £4150 | Class 828, £4155 | Class 829, £4160 | Class 830, £4165 | Class 831, £4170 | Class 832, £4175 | Class 833, £4180 | Class 834, £4185 | Class 835, £4190 | Class 836, £4195 | Class 837, £4200 | Class 838, £4205 | Class 839, £4210 | Class 840, £4215 | Class 841, £4220 | Class 842, £4225 | Class 843, £4230 | Class 844, £4235 | Class 845, £4240 | Class 846, £4245 | Class 847, £4250 | Class 848, £4255 | Class 849, £4260 | Class 850, £4265 | Class 851, £4270 | Class 852, £4275 | Class 853, £4280 | Class 854, £4285 | Class 855, £4290 | Class 856, £4295 | Class 857, £4300 | Class 858, £430



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

Mark noticed that his friend drank nothing but champagne.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AT THE "CROWN"

PROMPTNESS and energy will do much in this world, more perhaps than any other two practical virtues, but it is piteous to reflect how often they are wasted. We may put our shoulders to the wheel on the instant, and keep at it; we may not leave a stone unturned for the attainment of some desired object; yet it falls like ripe fruit into the lap of some one else who has hardly troubled himself to hold out his hand for it. What is less disappointing, but equally flouts poor human endeavour, our object is sometimes attained by quite other methods.

None but Trenna herself knew what she suffered in saying what she did to Mark Medway, to persuade him to have nothing to do with her brother's venture; that he should have pronounced her "hard on Kit" was a proof how vehemently she had pleaded against her own instincts; indeed, while she did so, a still small voice which was not that of conscience (conscience was "retained on the other side") never ceased to whisper to her "disloyal, disloyal;" she almost felt like an informer who betrays his confederate, though not for gain. It was by a desperate effort that she had persuaded herself to play the part she had done; it was only by a dead lift that she had overcome Mark's objections, and made him promise to steer clear of Cook's Creek; yet, as it turned out, she might have spared all her pains. If heat and force can ever be spent in vain, so it was in her case.

The next day Kit came down to Mogadion to the "Crown" where, under pretence of business preventing his going to the Knoll that evening, he got Mark to dine with him.

"Why how gay you look, Kit," was his friend's first words. And indeed Kit's appearance had undergone a considerable change. He had been wont to be very careless in his attire; whereas he was now dressed in the height of fashion, with a small but costly pin in his scarf, and sparkling rings on his fingers. Yet he did not look at all like Mr. Archibald Martin; he was a man whom even finery could not vulgarise.

"I am glad you think so, my dear Mark," he answered, with a smile brighter than his jewels, "I am indeed an Embodied Success; the living image of Prosperity; and I am very willing to appear so. 'If the Manager is so flourishing the Mine must flourish,' is the deduction I wish the good folks hereabouts to make."

Mark's face fell at these words. "Of course you have been to Cook's Creek, and think it all rubbish," Kit continued. "True, all that is to be seen there is rubbish, but not what is underneath it.

My conviction is that it will be the greatest success of any mine in the West of England."

Mark thought of Brabazon, with his "as sure as my name is Archibald Martin," and gave an involuntary sigh.

"I see that is not your view, my dear Mark; very good, time will show. In the mean time let us dine."

Kit was not only gay, but in boisterous spirits; but to Mark's thinking they were not his old spirits. He was altered in other ways besides his attire; his face had a more mature expression; his air and tone, though still natural and eager, were more those of a man of the world than of one in his "hot youth," and for Kit's sake, though not for his own—for there was nothing wanting in the way of cordiality and affection—Mark felt that he preferred his "early manner."

The dinner-table was set forth with the best that the inn could furnish, but Mark noticed that his friend drank nothing but champagne. He drank a great deal of it, and never ceased to talk. He spoke of their old school days, of Mark's mother and Maud, of Trenna, of the Rector, and the Doctor. His very omission to speak of Frank caused Mark, perhaps, to allude to him.

"Meade wrote to us that he had seen you in London the other day."

"Ah, you mean some weeks ago. I was rather depressed just then, and I dare say gave him that impression. Things were not going so well as they do now."

"Indeed, he took a very cheerful view, Kit, and wrote of you most kindly."

"That was very good of him. He probably did so out of pity. Nothing amuses me more than the commiseration which your plodder so often exhibits towards men of impulse and energy. Nobody is so astonished as he when they achieve success."

"My dear Kit!"

"Oh, I am not angry, Mark, I do assure you; but to be patronised by Frank Meade is a little too much. I have not a word to say against him, mind. Indeed, since he is your friend, he would be safe from my shafts in any case; but I confess his praises weary me. He has always been thrown at my head, and held up to me as a good example. The fact is, there is no more comparison between us than between a dog and a fish. We are not in the same plane."

"Quite true, Kit; you are both, however, excellent fellows, each in your own way."

"Thank you," said Kit, drily; it was plain he was deeply offended.

"I hope I have not annoyed you, Kit, by mentioning you and Frank together; I did not, of course, imply equality as regards my

own affection. You know that I have no friend on earth like you; one whom I love so much, or would do so much to serve."

Here Mark stopped and coloured. Suppose that Kit should put him to the test by asking him to do the very thing that he had promised Trenna not to do?

"I do believe it, Mark; forgive my petulance; I am a very woman for jealousy. Perhaps, too, prosperity has spoiled me a little. You know I have never been accustomed to it."

"Nevertheless, my dear fellow," said Mark, smiling, "while contributing so much to the enjoyment of others, you have also enjoyed yourself pretty well, I think. It is something, surely, to be the favourite of every one."

"A plaything to be cast aside when it ceases to amuse. No, Mark, I prefer my present rôle—that of the favourite of fortune. Six months ago—nay, one month—I could never have supposed it possible that I should occupy a position of such emolument and trust as I hold at present."

"There is none so pleased as I, Kit, to hear you say so."

"I am sure of that, Mark. The Braithwaites have behaved admirably to me; the old gentleman was coy at first, but I have overcome his objections, and he now sees how judicious was my advice; the shares of the mine are already nearly at par. This was a little tribute of acknowledgment the directors gave me."

Kit took from his pocket a small shagreen box containing a diamond ring, and placed it in Mark's hand; it was a most splendid jewel, a rose diamond—that is to say, a hemisphere covered with facets—of large size and an intense brilliancy.

"Good Heavens, Kit! Why, this must have cost a fortune."

"I had not the delicacy to inquire how much," answered Kit, smiling, "but I fancy that the price must have run to four figures. That is only an earnest, however, of what the Board will do for me if I succeed in furthering their interests. Money is plentiful enough with us; your offer of pecuniary help, if, through being so like yourself it had not reminded me of our life-long friendship, would have amused me; but of good names, and especially of good local names, we are still in need. That is, in fact, the chief reason of my presence here."

Kit had risen from his seat, the dinner being concluded, and was pacing the room rapidly with a cigar in his mouth. Mark, smoking his huge meerschau pipe, leant back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on his own boots. "Now, now," he thought to himself, "Kit is surely about to ask me to allow my name to be set down as one of his local committee. Trenna entreated me to keep her intervention a secret from him, and upon what ground can I possibly refuse the dear fellow?"

"As to you, Mark," Kit continued, after a long pause, "I remember, of course, that you were so good as to say that not only your purse, but your name was at our disposal; there could be no sort of harm, but, on the contrary, great opportunities of profit, in your joining the directorate; but there would certainly be some degree of risk; and risk I would never ask you to incur on my account. Nay, don't tempt me," for Mark had been about to speak; "about that I am determined. To drag a friend into any commercial venture is worse than to compel a relative to employ one professionally. But though I don't wish for your vote, I hope you will have no objection to give us your interest."

"I don't quite understand," murmured Mark; but secretly he had a strong suspicion that this proposition was worse than the other.

"Well, you can do us good in this way without compromising yourself in the least. You are a man whom everybody likes and respects. If any one asks you about the mine you may say with truth that for your part you know nothing about it; but that persons of whose intelligence you have a good opinion have spoken to you of its prospects in the highest terms. Now, there's your friend the General, for example. The three hundred a-year which is given to every one on the Committee of Direction is a bait which, I happen to know, is attracting him. If he applies to you, just say a good word for us."

"You mean for the Cook's Creek Mining Company?" inquired Mark, looking up in great confusion.

"Well yes, of course; I venture to flatter myself that you would speak favourably of myself, but, then, I don't want to appear in the matter, because to an outsider—one who does not know me as you do—I must needs appear an interested party. Now, the General's name, though he is as poor as a rat, would be a tower of strength to us; for the public at large will not know that he is poor, whereas those who run may read—for his address will be printed big enough—that he lives at Moat Park, Mogadion. There is nothing like a local magnate."

"My dear Kit, I can't do it," said Mark simply. "The fact is—pray forgive me for speaking so plainly—I don't believe in the mine. You see I've seen it," he added naively.

"I don't ask you to believe in it; I only ask you to say you believe in those connected with it."

"In Mr. Brabazon, for instance?" answered Mark, in desperation.

"My dear Kit, I can't do it."

"Brabazon!" echoed Kit with a light laugh; "so you have run that old fox to earth, have you? And he imagined himself to be so cunning! You thought it odd, no doubt, to find him under a new name, and employed in such very different work to that he was accustomed to at old Ludlow's. Well, so it was odd. But he had reasons of his own—500 of them—for changing his name. An uncle—one Mr. Martin—left a thousand pounds between him and his sister; and as to his change of calling, usher-ship is no inheritance, or even a livelihood. We give him five pounds a week and his expenses, and he thinks himself in clover."

"I don't like him, Kit, and never did. I remember the time when you warned me against him as being an unprincipled fellow."

"I was a purist then, my dear Mark. I now know we must take men as we find them."

"But one need not make friends of such people," answered Mark gravely. "The man spoke of you with a familiarity which, I must say, annoyed me exceedingly."

"He did, did he?" said Kit, with a quick frown; "that is like his impudence. He is a deuced impudent fellow, but he is a very serviceable instrument, and that is all the Company has to consider. Now let us have done with Cook's Creek. If it were full of gold, instead of tin, it would not pay me for one jarring note in our friendship. We will agree to differ upon that matter till time shows which of us is right."

Then, without another allusion to the topic, nor (which was a great relief to Mark) to the General, the two friends fell to talking of old times. Even in this it was curious to see from what a different standpoint each regarded the life which they had left behind them. Mark recalled it with enthusiasm; dwelt with delight on this and that adventure; spoke of this and that companion with kindness and fervour, and became, as it were, a boy again. Kit, on the other hand, regarded his past not merely as a something from which he had cut his cable and parted, but *ab extra*—as though it had been the life of another man. He spoke of even his own part in that played-out drama with cynicism, and of the play itself as if it had not been worth the footlights. Only, when Mark alluded to such incidents as illustrated their boyish friendship, and proved (as many did) how closely they had been knit together, his eyes softened, his lips wore their brightest smile, and across his keen and eager features there flashed for an instant, like a reflection across a mirror, a likeness of the boy.

They parted at a late hour, with a long and earnest hand-shake. "To-morrow you will see me at the Knoll," said Kit. "My love to Trenna and your dear mother, and"—there was a moment's hesitation; he had never sent his love to her before—"and to Maud."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN AUDACIOUS PROPOSITION

MARK was far too loyal a friend, and, indeed, in any case, had too kind a heart to mention to others the doubts he had expressed to Kit respecting the Cook's Creek affair. But he told his people at the Knoll in what high spirits Kit himself was about it, and in particular how highly the Company thought of his services, with a most glowing description of the diamond ring. To Trenna's private questioning he replied, with truth, that in his opinion her brother had a genuine belief in the success of the mine.

It was on Trenna's lips to say, "Ah, how little you know him!" but she had already gone far enough in decrying Kit, if not too far. Indeed, when Mark told her that her brother had not only made no demand on his purse, but had declined upon the ground of "risk," even to ask him for the loan of his name as a contribution to the new enterprise, her conscience pricked her. "I ought to have known, whatever were his own illusions," she said, "that Kit would never have led you into danger."

About the General and Mr. Brabazon, Mark said nothing, even to Trenna, so that she was really somewhat reassured, while Mrs. Medway received Kit with the most cordial congratulations, as one who was taking fortune at the flood.

"It is such a pleasure to us all to see you back again, dear Kit," said Maud, "and especially under such prosperous circumstances."

To other ears that phrase, "to us all," would have sounded ill as regarded his prospects as a suitor, but Kit had an immense reliance upon his own powers of persuasion, nor did he sufficiently estimate the effect of absence upon personal influence; while as to any rival he was ignorant of his existence. He imagined Maud to be just as he left her on that day of her rescue from the river. A curious mistake for a man of such intelligence to make, but scarcely to be wondered at when, every day, we see folks, otherwise clever enough, but who give way to fits of passion, expecting to see others as pliant and amenable as usual within five minutes of their having been anathematised and "flown at."

To be welcomed by so many loving hearts, after his lonely life in London, seemed to them to touch Kit to the quick, but the sense of contrast in other respects was stronger, perhaps, than they imagined. The Medways, indeed, had a notion, which he did not discourage, that most of his time had been spent with the Braithwaites, in scenes of great wealth and luxury, concerning which

Maud would rally him, pretending that this and that which had once contented him at the Knoll now palled upon his pampered taste; whereas, the fact was he was so full of thought that matters which had formerly given him pleasure were now unnoticed. And this too, if he had not been so self-confident, would have aroused his doubts of her, for it is not the manner of young ladies when welcoming after long absence the man they love to indulge in raillery. He took it, however, all in good part save once, when Maud referred to the diamond ring which, in addition to the "purse of ten thousand sequins," as she termed his salary, the Genii of the mine had bestowed on him.

"That ring is a private affair," he said, "which Mark should have told you nothing about."

"But you'll show it to us," said Maud (again using the plural where, had she loved him, she would have used the singular); but he had declined to do so, and even with some abruptness.

"Why did you not promise to show Maud the ring?" inquired Trenna of her brother, when they were alone together.

"Because it would have been a breach of confidence," he answered curtly; "I ought not to have shown it to Mark."

"But he said it was such a very handsome ring," urged Trenna, with some anxiety. "Was it a *douceur* from the Directors, or what?"

"Well, not exactly; it was by way of secret service money; you shall see it of course, but I don't want any fuss made about it. But he never showed Trenna the ring."

In other respects he talked to her about the Cook's Creek enterprise with great apparent frankness.

"As you have seen the mine," he said, "of course you don't believe in it, and it is plain that even Mark does not. I can't help that. It is neither you nor he whom we wish to convince. Our engineer reports well of it, it certainly used to be a good mine, and his notion is that it was never properly worked. It's a chance, of course, but in my opinion it's a good chance. Men like Braithwaite don't put their money into a stocking, much more into a hole in the ground. The shares are steadily rising. Still, what we are in want of is local support. It has rather a 'fishy' look when among all the names of the subscribers to the undertaking there is nobody who lives within a hundred miles of the place. There is nothing really in it, for as no one is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre* so no place is held in much esteem by its next door neighbour, but if possible this hiatus must be filled up. As Mark positively declines to use his influence I have no means of getting at the old General."

"Did you ask Mark to invite the General?" inquired Trenna, with a horror in her tone which showed that all her brother's eloquence had failed to paint the Cook's Creek enterprise in rose-colour.

"Yes; did he not tell you so?"

"Not a word."

"Nor about Brabazon neither?"

She shook her head. "I know about that," she said gravely.

"What a noble fellow Mark is," mused Kit.

"Yes, indeed; but why, with a friend like him, and therefore knowing what a friend *should* be, do you make a friend of Brabazon? He is a man who presumes upon it, I do assure you."

"What, to you?" cried Kit, starting to his feet.

"Yes, to me. He choose to take it for granted that I was in league with you and him, acquainted with all the intrigues and deceptions you are compelled to practise."

"Oh, that was all, was it; that's his way. He's a coarse vulgar brute, but not ill-meaning. And now to speak of another subject, though hardly a more pleasant one. Is it really true that our father that was has left Mogadion?"

"I believe so, though no one knows exactly. The day after I left him—"

"You mean the day after he turned you out of doors," put in Kit drily.

"Well, the day after that, he was never, for certain, seen again. There was a report that he was met at Plymouth, but I could never bring it home to any particular person. But it is positive that he discharged his servants on the same day that he discharged me, and passed the next night in the Grey House by himself. In the morning the place was found shut up, the doors locked, and the shutters closed, and so things have remained ever since."

"It's curious," observed Kit, thoughtfully. "My own impression is that he has put that notion of which he spoke into execution, and gone to spend the rest of his days in Spain; in that case the house is ours, or can be treated as such, till the lease is up, which will be a twelvemonth hence. On the other hand the whole thing may be a trap."

"A trap? What for?" inquired Trenna nervously.

"To catch your humble servant. Having passed his word to you not to molest me concerning a certain matter he may have repented of his clemency. 'I'll not prosecute the dog,' he may have said to himself (and I can imagine him saying it), 'for that, but if he puts himself in my power again I will pay off old scores.' If I took advantage for instance of his apparently having left the Grey House for good to dispose of the furniture, he might be down upon me like a shot."

"Oh, Kit, what a horrid notion!"

"Gad, he's quite capable of it—quite as capable, I should say, as of leaving his furniture—though, to be sure, it's not worth much—to rack and ruin, instead of selling it for what it would fetch."

"I think you are mistaken there," said Trenna gravely. "If you had seen him, as I saw him, that dreadful Christmas morning, you would be convinced that profit and loss are not in his mind. Such ideas were over-mastered and obliterated by stronger emotions."

"He must have been moved indeed, then," remarked Kit sardonically.

"He was moved. Never did I see a human being so overcome with passion. It was a terrible sight, Kit," she added with a shiver, "and a terrible time."

"No doubt, no doubt, my darling," he answered caressingly; "and you endured it for my sake. I shall never forget that. Still, as it has been undergone, one may as well get what good one can out of it."

"You shall never sell that furniture, Kit," exclaimed Trenna vehemently.

"The furniture? Pooh, rubbish. Do you suppose I am in want of a beggarly hundred pounds?"

"I did not understand you had so much money in hand," said Trenna, regarding him very earnestly. "You only spoke of your salary and your expectations, and I don't suppose you would like to sell that beautiful ring."

"The ring! Of course not," he answered impatiently. "Why the deuce do you keep harping on the ring? I don't know about having 'so much money'; but I have plenty to go on with till next pay day. At all events, you need not fear my running the risk of putting my head in the tiger's mouth for the sake of a few sticks and carpets. On the other hand, if the governor has really cleared out, the circumstance may be of great use to me—"

Here he paused, as if in thought; then added, "What do you say to coming with me this afternoon and taking a look at the old place?"

"You don't mean *inside*, Kit?" answered Trenna in horrified accents.

"Of course I do. You don't suppose he's there, do you?"

"No; at least, I am not sure. Oh, Kit, will it be safe?"

"Safe! He can't bite one if he is there; and there can surely be no harm in a son's looking over his father's house."

"But he is no longer our father. He said so, and he meant it." "No doubt; but nobody but ourselves will believe that. We were the only people who had the pleasure of his intimate acquaintance, you see."

"Oh, Kit, how can you jest on such a matter? Is no subject sacred to you?"

"Sacred! Do you call the man who has disowned his own flesh and blood sacred? Bah!"

"But the horror of it, the terror of it, Kit! You have not suffered what I have suffered. You didn't see him, you didn't hear him."

"That's true; no doubt it was very unpleasant. Well, you shan't be frightened, my darling, even by a shadow. I'll go to the Grey House by myself. I shall start early this afternoon while the light lasts."

"Very good. If you must, you must, and it's better to get it over. But you shall not go alone, Kit; I will go with you."

"I should, of course, prefer that, if you don't mind," he answered gently; "because it is better there should be a witness."

"What for?" inquired Trenna nervously. "What of?"

"Well, of my breaking into the house, of course; though there will be no difficulty in that way."

She did not seem to hear him; her face was very pale, her eyes were full of a vague fear. "What time will you be going?"

"Immediately after lunch."

"Lunch?" It seemed amazing that he should talk of such a thing as lunch with such a visit in prospect.

"Well, in other words, at half-past one. Will that suit you?"

"I will be ready."

(To be continued)



IN the course of our fashion *tournee* for November we visited most of the leading firms whose taste may be relied on, and saw a great variety of stylish costumes, made from very rich materials, in preparation for many day and evening festivities to come off this month. We were particularly pleased with some tea gowns which, although made with long trains, and most elegantly, were so arranged that they could be put on and fastened in a minute, which was the original intention of these modern extravagances. One was made of black *broché* velvet, with a long train, lined and piped with silver-grey satin, trimmed with black satin bows and steel buttons. Another was of black plush, elaborately embroidered with silk and jet. A third was of light violet satin, trimmed with very handsome *guipure* lace. For a bridal *trousseau* was a most exquisite gown of pale blue plush, lined with cream-coloured satin, and trimmed with ruchings of real Valenciennes lace. For ordinary wear, quilted silk or satin, trimmed with lace, either put on quite flat, to show a bold pattern, or in thickly-quilted ruchings, are fashionable. Some tea or breakfast gowns, just arrived from Paris, were made of very fine soft *beige*, in black and white checks of various sizes; there were three designs for making them—with Watteau pleats, box pleats, or the plain Princess shape, with a very full treble ruching round the hem.

Some remarkably stylish dinner and reception costumes were: reception dress of black Lyons velvet, with a very long train, the speciality of which was the fan-shaped sides of silk brocade faced with satin; the bodice was of velvet, brocade, and lace. Three dinner dresses were: a train of black satin and velvet, trimmed with oxydised silver lace, which had a very original effect—corsage to match. Another was made with a train of rich black satin, on which were several small flounces, over-dress of black velvet, arranged in long points to the end of the skirt, which showed the flounces between. The third was of ruby velvet, and what is called wall brocade, which is designed from ancient tapestries, trimmed with a very rich chenille and gold fringe. As a rule it is not easy to make a short dress with a round skirt look graceful for evening wear, but we saw some which were so elegantly designed that they quite overcame the difficulty. One was of the beautiful new shade of olive-green plush which lights up so well, and will surely be the favourite colour for this season. Another was of a delicate shade of terra-cotta, which looked and lighted up equally well, although the effect was not so soft and delicate. A very pretty walking dress was of steel-coloured velvet and Ottoman silk; on the skirt were three scarves of velvet, fastened in the front with large fancy tassels of shaded grey chenille, large hat of velvet outlined with jet beads, and trimmed with large shaded feathers and aigrette. Another walking dress was of red and dead leaf very fine serge, made on the cross; plain green serge jacket, with flat plain gold buttons. A third was of brown satin trimmed with wide ribbon velvet, which has come into fashion again, put on in five rows round the skirt. A fourth of olive green cloth and velvet. For dark costumes the box pleats of skirts are lined with a bright colour which peeps out with every movement. The most fashionable materials are Ottoman silk, plush, and rolled plush, brocades of every description, velvet, and satin. In woollen materials, of which there is an almost endless variety, costumes are made with a foundation of plain colour draped with a large checked material which, when skilfully arranged, looks very stylish, especially when cut on the cross; the jacket bodices are as a rule made of plain material, braided *à la militaire*, or with metal buttons put on in double rows; the Brandenburg ornaments are much worn. Some very handsome mantles were: First, very long and ample, with the back full, to allow for the crinolette (which becomes larger every month), made of striped plush trimmed with marabout feathers; second, of Ottoman silk and heavily-beaded velvet, with chenille fringe; third, Ottoman silk trimmed with fancy plush, and racoon fur; box pleated at the back. A very rich Ottoman silk trimmed with velvet plush, and lined with violet brocade plush. A cable plush, trimmed with Ottoman silk and marabout feathers. Brocatede, lined with old gold and trimmed with skunk. *Broché* plush trimmed with a very rich ball-fringe of jet. Trimmings in *passemunterie* and jet are greatly in favour this season; from two to three guineas a yard is the price of some jet fringes, which are very heavy, and when used too elaborately, make the costume almost unwearable from its weight.

We must not omit to mention a very ingenious arrangement for a mantle to be worn at a theatre or concert in the daytime. There is nothing particular in its appearance when fastened at the throat, but when unfastened it may be dropped from the waist, and forms a double skirt—a very great advantage in a crowded hall. Talking of theatres, we also saw a very useful and becoming head-dress called a "Fanchon" which was in fashion many years ago; it will answer the purpose of a bonnet in going to and from our suburban homes, and is quite stylish enough to wear as a headdress in the theatre or concert room. It is made of black lace, with tufts of ostrich feather tips in white, cream, or any delicate colour; a sort of scarf comes round from the back, and is fastened in front with a flower or a bow.

A very becoming bonnet for a young girl is of the "Directoire" shape, made of black velvet, lined with gold braid, put on in waved lines. "The Panache" hat, of grey or stone-coloured felt, trimmed with velvet of the same colour, or red, violet, green, or black, with

steel, or oxydised silver buckles, and long ostrich feathers, suits a tall figure and somewhat pronounced features, whilst a sailor-shaped hat of black velvet, trimmed with a broad band and a circle of gold pins radiating (if we may use the term) from the crown to the front of the brim, has a very original effect. For an elderly matron, a very suitable and comfortable bonnet is made of soft velvet with an aigrette and a baby cap, with a cockade of small size on the left side; made of narrow satin ribbon, it is equally becoming to grand-mother and granddaughter. Another generally becoming bonnet is made in velvet, with a frilled front. We also saw some very stylish hats of the Devonshire type, in cream plush and feathers, and in terra cotta colour and feathers.—“The Endymion” is a very much admired shape, made in plush, felt, or velvet, trimmed with feathers and fancy buckles.—A very pleasing revival is the boat-shape hat of black or stone-coloured felt, trimmed with *grénet* rolled plush.—The *toque* and the bonnet, renamed “Mrs. Wheeler,” once known as the “Langtry,” are as much worn this winter as they have been for the last year or more. Perishable as it is, plush is the favourite material not only for trimming, but for making the entire bonnet or hat.

Many of our readers who cannot indulge in the costly festive attire which we have described will doubtless be glad to hear of some dainty trifles with which to touch up their black, quiet costumes. The young matron will be satisfied with herself in “La Marquise Cap,” made with puffs of velvet and lace, one puffing of the former next to the face, and with fancy buckles; collarette to match. “La Duchesse,” is an outside species of waistcoat of velvet, shaped to the figure, filled in with pleatings of lace and bows to match. This looks particularly well in claret colour, or any rich hue over black, or in electric blue, pale pink, or any light colour over white. A collar and cuffs, made with a plain band of velvet round the throat and wrist, with two falls of deep lace, looks very nice, as does also a sailor collar of real tartan velvet, with a very deep fall of lace and loops of ribbon. “The Alexandra Muff,” made of feather-plush, is one of the pretty novelties of the season, trimmed with fancy buckles and loops of ribbon. Lace jabots brighten up a dark dress, and make a variety, but should only be worn by slender figures, or they look fussy.



MR. BESANT inscribes “All Sorts and Conditions of Men” (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) to the memory of the *collaborateur* between whose name and his own there has hitherto been nearly as complete a unity as in the compound of Erckmann-Chatrian. He knows best what is missing from his present work: but it is only justice to him to say that the reader will discover no falling-off in the workmanship. The novel is of anything but an ordinary kind, and, while it contains more than the necessary share of amusement and of fictitious interest, successfully aims at enlisting the sympathies of “all sorts and conditions” of readers in the imaginary working out of a social problem. The author calls it, on the title-page, “An Impossible Story,” while, in the preface, expressing himself unable to perceive its impossibility. He imagines an enormously rich heiress who, concealing her identity, sets up as a dressmaker upon her own property in Stepney, learns to know the East End as one of its own people, and teaches her neighbours how to help themselves out of their gloomy and narrow lives. To all this Mr. Besant has given the absorbing interest of romance, which is at any rate infinitely suggestive, whether a quarter of the result be or be not practically possible. It must not be supposed, however, that any of the more recognised elements of interest and attraction are omitted. Angela Messenger, the successful reformer, is the adequate portrait of a most noble and lovable character—altogether womanly, but with a greatness of nature which we are not merely told she possesses, but are enabled to discover for ourselves. There is moreover no want of humour, which is indeed seldom absent even from the most serious passages of the story. Eastern London is a comparatively fresh field for tales both of the pathetic and of the grotesque in fiction, nor has Mr. Besant altogether forgotten to place many of its more noticeable types among his collection of its eccentricities, such as render Mrs. Bourrellet’s boarding-house a veritable museum of original oddities. In one aspect, the novel is a dream of a social millennium for the poor and the ignorant who neither know what they really want nor are aware of their own strength to get it if they only knew: in another, it is a comedy of scenes and characters; in yet another, it is a heroic love story, far above the merely sentimental region into which love stories are becoming more and more prone to fall. In short, “All Sorts and Conditions of Men” is a thoroughly manly and womanly work, in the very best sense of such a term. It is full of life such as it is, and such as we all hope, and as some of us believe, it might be made.

There is more than common power in “A Fearless Life,” by Charles Quentin (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). The character of the Cornish coast scenery, and of the rough lives that may permissibly, for the purposes of fiction, be placed there, form an appropriate background for the intense and gloomy passions here represented. Coarseness of handling by no means implies strength, they are more commonly found apart than together, but in the present case they certainly happen to be combined. The result is one of those novels which attract by means of elements that in weaker hands would unquestionably repel. Nora, the principal character, is a study of the failure of a fine nature to obtain either happiness or any other good for itself or for others. Her truth and her courage even prove curses, so that she even comes to lose her self-respect and her purity of spirit. The result is a view of human life that amounts to absolute pessimism, and her offer of herself, out of a sort of despair, to the man who loves her, after his fashion, is the outcome of a psychology so strained and morbid as to be unintelligible altogether. Nor is her supposed half-sister, Catherine, with her undiluted animalism, a more edifying study. In short, we are led into a little world of evil passions, rendered all the more engrossing for being compressed into exceptionally narrow lives. The work cannot be called agreeable, but it is certainly interesting. Its worst characteristic is one which its author probably mistakes for a merit—the treatment of scenes which offend good taste with a sort of sentimentality which renders them yet more offensive.

It does not follow that a story, because it requires a certain amount of originality for its invention, is therefore worth the telling. Originality is not a merit in “Born to Luck,” by the author of “Wrecked Early in Life” (2 vols.: Remington and Co.). Of course a new story—as this certainly is—ensures a certain amount of interest at the outset, but the career of the heroine of “Born to Luck” soon ceases to pique, much less to satisfy, the smallest amount of curiosity. Evelyn is an ambitious and unpleasant girl who secretly marries a mad baronet, becomes the mother of an idiot child, and is finally left free to make a happier marriage. The point of originality lies in supposing that the sentimental treatment of such topics is likely to give pleasure, for beyond that most obvious and elementary purpose of fiction the authoress does not aim. With a more conventional plot the writer seems capable of writing a novel of average quality, if that be still considered worth the doing.



IF we could free ourselves from a suspicion of insincerity which the first half of his book creates, we should like Mr. Mallock’s “Social Equality” (Bentley) very much better than we do. The style of the first chapters is self-conscious, and even impertinent—faults which are scarcely atoned for by the seriousness of the concluding remarks. When all is said, however, the book remains brilliant, and a notable contribution to what is by far the greatest question of the age. Whether it was wise of Mr. Mallock to be so cock-a-hoop about his discovery of a “missing science” is open to question; but whether he can justly claim the discovery as his own matters very little. His missing science is the science of human nature; it has been touched more or less slightly and transiently by many political economists, but it has never been understood. To explain in a comprehensible manner what this new science is would be to fill more space than we have at our disposal; nor would it be quite fair to do so. Briefly stated, its teaching is, that society is maintained and progresses, not by a universal desire for social equality, but by a universal desire for social inequality. The maintenance of civilisation depends upon two processes: the constant development of the higher forms of labour, and the constant intensification of the lower. In each of these cases the cause that operates is inequality: in the first, by producing a desire for itself in the labourer; in the second, by exerting upon him a certain pressure. In the one case it attracts, in the other case it propels; but in both cases it endows the labourer “with powers which, in its absence, would be wholly wanting in him.” Without it there could be no continued industry and no developed skill. Man’s power of producing more than a livelihood depends upon causes without, not within him; and these causes consist essentially in some arrangement, more or less effective, of marked social inequalities. Such, briefly stated and pretty much in his own words, is Mr. Mallock’s proposition. He argues it from beginning to end with great tact, clearness, and mastery; and we confess our inability to see how it can be refuted. Of course, no just idea can be obtained from a bald compression such as we are compelled to give here; the book must be read, and read carefully. Moreover, it really is readable, and Mr. Mallock says a few things that are new and some that are true. For instance, speaking of Democracy and Conservatism, he remarks that on the side of the one there is nothing but false science, on the side of the other no science at all. Again, the theory of social equality, instead of making civilisation the friend of the poor, has duped the poor into making themselves the enemies of civilisation. In short, its faults notwithstanding, the book cannot be ignored. It is thoughtful as well as clever, and does throw some light on the darkness of the politico-intellectual struggle in whose midst we live.

“The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford,” as recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents, edited by the Rev. A. G. l’Estrange (Hurst and Blackett). This is a pleasant, a readable, and an interesting book; and it is probably unique. It is at all events rare to find so many letters from so many different people, affording so much attractive material. And they are attractive in many ways. Not only do the writers of them live again for us, but with them the society of Miss Mitford herself—delightful, fresh, vivacious, and full of her charming individuality. Her criticism on people and books, so sparkling, and withal so womanly, will be read with interest, and not less so because many of them are so inadequate, so sweeping, and in some cases so hopelessly and delightfully wrong. Dickens, is “all cant . . . and caricature;” Lamartine is always false; Guizot, “a solemn coxcomb, with a good deal of the hypocrite about him.” Of the letters from her friends, we may mention a few from Mrs. Browning, and others from Mr. Ruskin, the Howitts, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Trollope. The letters, too, from Sir William Elford are really notable examples of a literary amateur’s epistolary art; and there are some notes from Cobbett to Miss Mitford’s father which are singularly characteristic and racy. In the first part of the first volume, also, we get a glimpse of Dr. Mitford’s character and pursuits, which is of the greatest interest, and which, whilst it affords also a curious sketch of the times, is touchingly suggestive of Miss Mitford’s later misfortunes. As for the editing, not much can be said by way of praise. Several letters are introduced which have no apparent connection with Miss Mitford; the index is a sort of will-o’-the-wisp; and there are several misprints, which are unpardonable: amongst others, the author of the “Gentle Shepherd” is called “A. Harvey,” “Sefton” is printed for “Upton” Court, and Hawthorne’s story, “The Great Stone Face,” is called “The Great Stone Tale!”

The yearly volume of the *Magazine of Art* (Cassell) makes a very handsome appearance; and altogether is a striking combination of comeliness, variety, and worth. Such a mingling of good letter-press and fair pictures to suit all tastes,—of Greek and French, old masters and new efforts, Wren and Millet, Renaissance and Japanese, pottery and furniture and landscape, we do not remember to have seen. And both in aspect and in literary value it is a marked improvement on the volumes of previous years. Hitherto it has been regarded as a book to lie on drawing-room tables, to be peeped into by amateur aesthetes and dilettante damsels. In an improved sense it is so still, perhaps; but it is also something more: there are many articles—amongst others those contributed by Professor Colvin—which would be notable amongst the highest literary surroundings, as admirable style, and as accurate and able criticism of the best kind. In short, whilst it is pleasanter and brighter than before, it is strong with a strength which, until recently, it never possessed. It shows signs of vigour, of backbone, of policy; and whilst on this account the amateur will like it all the more, it must be taken seriously by those who hitherto and not unjustly have considered it beneath their notice. It is pleasant to look upon and to read; it is an admirable record of all that is good in the year’s Art; and of its matter not a little is a respectable contribution to critical knowledge and good literature.

To write a successful guide to acting is probably the most difficult and thankless task in the world. M. Gustave Garcia, in “The Actor’s Art” (T. Pettitt and Co.), has done very well on the whole; and as an elementary handbook his work stands probably alone. It is not exhaustive, however, by a long way; and its scope is general and conventional. But its rules are unexceptionable, and based on many years’ experience as a teacher, and some sincere, if not remarkably acute, observation. The best chapters are those on articulation and the mechanism of the voice. Mr. Garcia rightly insists, as a preliminary to further studies, upon the acquirement of a musical voice, for acting and speaking as well as for singing purposes. He analyses the passions and the corresponding variations of the physiognomy; he tells us how to “make up,” how to arrange the hair, how to “walk the stage,” and what to do with the hands; and he does all this in a plain and practical manner. The illustrations, though numerous, are a failure, and some of them, particularly those in the second half of the volume, we seem to have seen before. They are meant in all seriousness, no doubt; but when they are not stagey they are absurd, and students will do well to laugh at them, and pass them by. In other respects the book is commendable, and likely to be of use to many people, particu-

larly to amateurs who are meditating private theatricals for the coming season.

We have received a notable little “Guide to China Painting” (John Walker and Co.), translated from the German of Aug. Klimke, for amateurs; a new and revised edition of Hamilton’s very full and useful “Dictionary of Musical Terms” (Robert Cocks and Co.); a sensible little manual of “Common Sense Clothing” (Ward and Lock), by Edith A. Barnett, who is lecturer to the National Health Society; and an interesting narrative of the past labours and results of the Social Science Association, admirably compiled by the Secretary, Mr. John Clifford Smith. The volume, which is illustrated with a striking photograph of Lord Brougham, is published at the office of the Association, 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

It would be unreasonable to imagine that at a time when Irish farmers, through their turbulence and violence, have extracted such important advantages from the State, English and Scotch farmers should, although peaceable and law-abiding, be expected to remain content with their present position, harassed as they have been of late years by bad seasons and foreign competition. Before long, therefore, it is certain that very radical changes will be made, in Great Britain as well as in Ireland, in the relative positions of landlords and tenants, and, therefore, all intelligent expression of opinion on these subjects deserves careful examination. The pamphlet of Mr. T. B. Woodward, “What Parliament Should Do for the Farmers” (Edward Stanford) is evidently the work of a practical man. His chief recommendations are the recognition of Tenant-right, that is, that all unexhausted improvements made by the tenant should remain his property, and—a point of more novelty—that the amount of rent should be regulated by the market price of the produce grown on the farm—the estimate being made by a competent official valuer.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY

THE present Winter Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, like its immediate predecessors, consists mainly of the work of unknown and presumably young painters. Artistic instinct is to be discerned in many of them, and in some instances it is combined with a considerable amount of technical accomplishment. Among the pictures by artists of acknowledged ability, which are less numerous even than usual, Mr. George Clausen’s life-sized half-length of “A Peasant Girl,” standing in an orchard, is one of the best. The youthful beauty of the head, and its *naïveté* of expression constitute the chief charm of the picture, but it is remarkable besides for its outdoor freshness of tint and unconventional mode of treatment. That Mr. Clausen has, like many other artists, been influenced by the work of M. Bastien-Lepage, is evident, but his picture bears the stamp of his own individuality, and cannot fairly be regarded as an imitation. A smaller picture by this artist, “The Village Oracle,” representing an old peasant in a smock-frock seated outside a village inn, is hung so low that it cannot be examined without difficulty. The head, which is expressive of fatuous stupidity, is an excellent study of character, and every part of the picture is executed with great care and completeness. Mr. T. Graham’s half-length of a Scotch girl with a wooden milk-pail, called “Over the Downs,” is agreeable in colour, and there is much vivacity and some beauty in the face; but the execution in many parts is loose and unsatisfactory. The right hand which rests on the pail is especially faulty in design.

It is impossible to regard with much satisfaction the large sea-coast picture with boys bathing, called “A Summer Half-Holiday,” by Mr. Hamilton Macallum. The appearance of movement in the waves is well rendered, but the composition is scattered, and the sky and distance are poor in tone. It shows, too, in many parts, signs of haste and carelessness. Mr. C. E. Holloway’s “Broadstairs,” which hangs near, is true in detail, and painted throughout in a sound and solid style. It wants, however, the refinement of tone and the sense of space and air we have been accustomed to find in his water-colour drawings. The same remark, in a modified degree, applies to this artist’s smaller picture, “Gorleston Pier.” By Mr. Charles Thornely there is a charming little picture of “A Sandy River,” very pure in tone, and treated with refreshing simplicity. Mr. Joseph Knight’s accurate observation of Nature and conscientious manner of execution are shown in two upright landscapes, “Summer Time” and “With Verdure Clad.” Mr. F. Walton sends a woodland landscape with cattle “Ankle Deep in English Grass,” strongly suggestive of natural effect, and full of carefully studied detail; and Mr. A. Parsons a small view of “A Thames Garden,” displaying accurate draughtsmanship of natural forms, but over-black in the shadows and unpleasantly cold in colour.

A picture of considerable size, entitled “Words to Express His Thoughts,” by Mr. T. Davidson, though at first sight unattractive by reason of its harshness of colour, will repay examination. It represents a gentleman in the quaint costume of the early part of the present century pondering over a manuscript. The picture is full of matter, and all the subordinate objects, as well as the figure, are painted with great precision and imitative skill. The attitude of the man, not less than his face, is expressive, and in many ways the work shows ability, but the want of harmonising tone and the excessive blackness of the shadows detract considerably from its value. A small interior with figures, “A Smithy,” by Mr. F. G. Cotman, though not very interesting as regards subject, is noteworthy for its rich and luminous tone and its dexterous handling. Near it is a very artistically treated half-length of a French girl, “La Tricoteuse,” by Maria Brooks, broadly and well painted, but remarkable chiefly for its rich harmony and skilful arrangement of colour. Mr. Val Prinsep sends a picture of very small size, called “A Wood Gatherer,” which seems to be the portrait of a young lady masquerading in the costume of a peasant. The head, which is distinguished by refined beauty, is admirably modelled, and the workmanship throughout is of the most finished kind. Among other small pictures worthy of notice are a clever sketch of an Irishman toasting a herring—“The Contented Mind,” by Mr. H. Helmick; a fresh and breezy landscape, “At Rye,” by Mr. A. G. Bell; and two capital studies of rustic character, “The Connoisseur” and “Patchwork,” by Mr. James Hayllar.

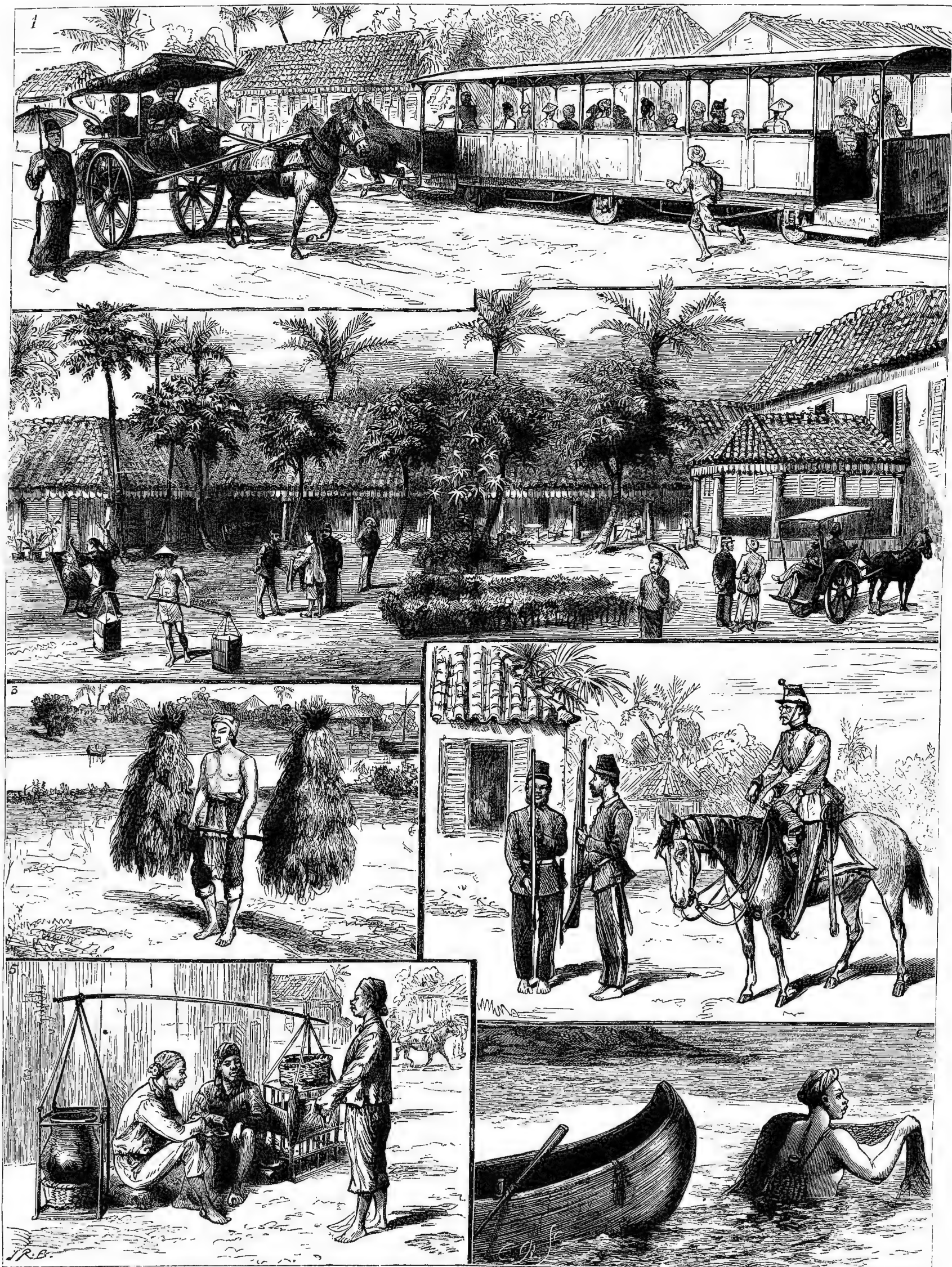
A ROSE-LEAF IN AUTUMN

WAND’RING, through the woods of autumn,
Musing o’er their death,
Something in the mass of wreckage
Caught and held my breath.

Lo! amid the stricken foliage,
Brown, and shrunk, and sear,
Shone a fresh dew-fallen rose-leaf,
Colour’d bright and clear.

How my sight it thrill’d and gladden’d!
Just that tiny gleam—
Life, still fair and uncorrupted,
Spite Destruction’s stream.

So—among our dead delusions,
Strewn upon the ground,
If we find one living rose-leaf,
How our pulses bound!



1. Tram-Car and Native Passenger Cart.—2. The Courtyard of an Hotel.—3. A Native Hawking Grasses for Sale.—4. An Officer Taking his Evening Ride.—5. Natives at their Evening Meal.—6. A Native Fisherman.

SCENES IN BATAVIA, ISLAND OF JAVA

Lieut.-General Sir Garnet J. Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By H. H. S. PEARSE



MRS. FRANCES ANNE WOLSELEY
Mother of Sir Garnet Wolseley



GOLDEN BRIDGE HOUSE, COUNTY DUBLIN
Where Sir Garnet Wolseley was Born, June 4, 1833



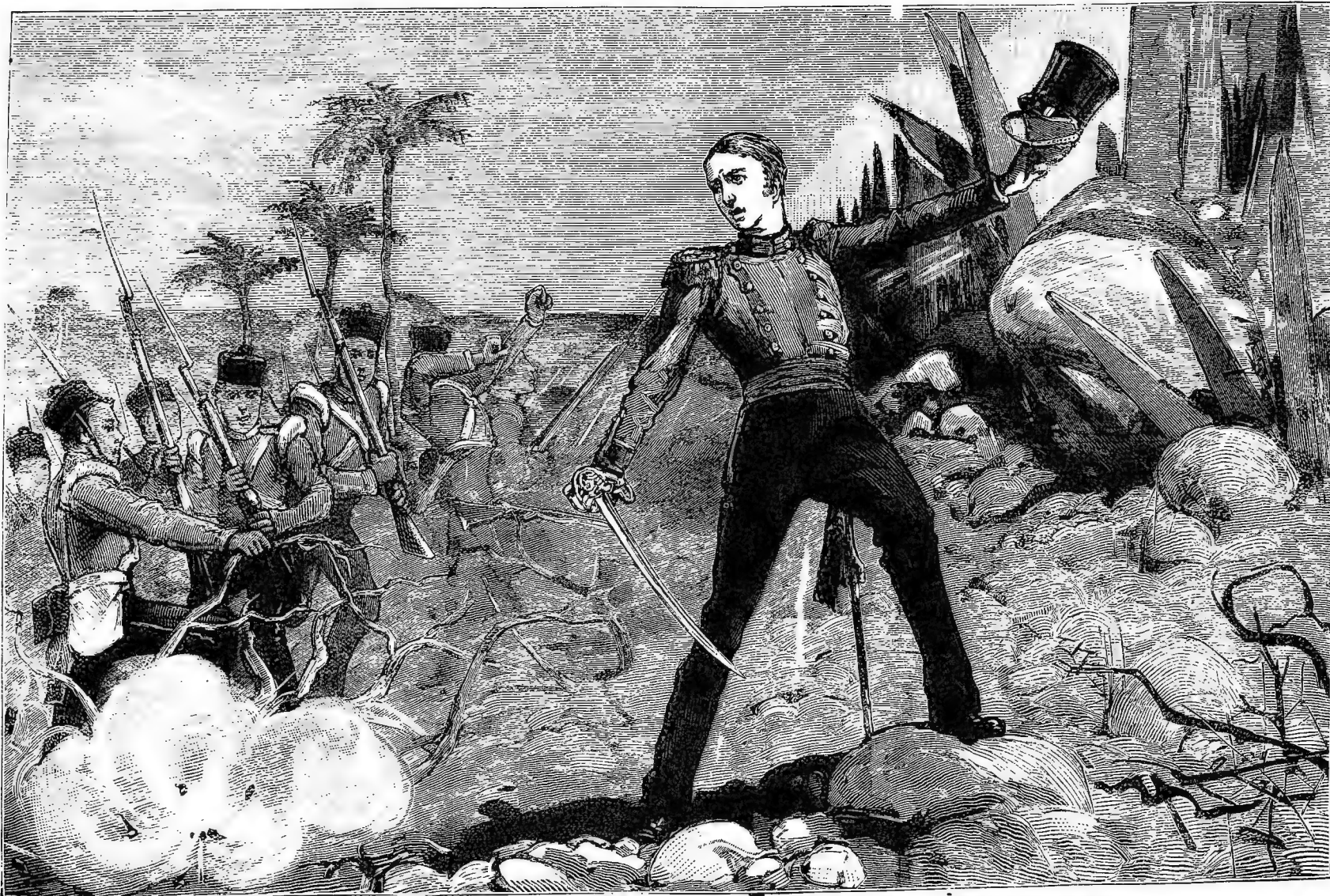
THE LATE MAJOR GARNET J. WOLSELEY, 25TH FOOT
Father of Sir Garnet Wolseley

INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER

SPRUNG from a race of soldiers, Sir Garnet Wolseley is an illustrious example of the hereditary aptitude for warfare that has distinguished more than one family famous in the history of our country. Brilliant genius for other pursuits may not often be inherited, but fighting blood when it has once got into the veins does not die out with one generation. Sir Garnet's father was Major G. J. Wolseley, who saw a good deal of active service during the great French war, and who saw some service with the King's Own Borderers; and his grandfather fought with the 8th Hussars during the Seven Years' War before he retired from the army and became Rector of Tullycorbet, in County Monaghan. Of another ancestor, one Colonel Wolseley, who went to Ireland as an unflinching partisan of William the Third, and was a stout soldier, celebrated for his gallant relief of Enniskillen in 1689, Macaulay wrote, "His vehement hatred of Popery was, in the estimation of the men of Enniskillen, the first of all qualifications of command; but Wolseley had other and more important qualifications. Though himself regularly used to war, he seems to have had a peculiar aptitude for

the management of irregular troops." He won the battle of Newtown Butler, and subsequently commanded the Enniskilleners at the Battle of the Boyne. So far as soldierly merits only are concerned, these words might have been written to-day of our most distinguished General, and none could have more happily described the especial faculty by which he first achieved fame as a leader of men. Descended from an old Staffordshire family, whose charming seat is on the most picturesque side of Cannock Chase, this junior branch of the Wolseleys settled in Ireland towards the beginning of the eighteenth century. One of them was created a baronet in 1744, and Sir Garnet Wolseley's grandfather—the captain of Hussars who afterwards held the Rectory of Tullycorbet—was a younger son of this baronet. The subject of our sketch was born at Golden Bridge House, County Dublin, on the 4th of June, 1833. Though the eldest son, he had from boyhood no other prospect held out to him than that of carving his own fortune, and he seems to have decided very early that a soldier's career presented the readiest means of attaining this object. Educated first at a day-school in Dublin, and afterwards under private tutors, he was named for a commission at the age of fourteen, and from that time

all his studies were devoted to subjects by which he might hope to profit in his future profession. Of mathematics, military surveying, engineering, and fortification he rapidly acquired a theoretical mastery, and perfected his knowledge by embracing every opportunity of gaining practical experience. These scientific pursuits were varied by an extensive reading of histories of wars, which, while they fired an enthusiasm already keen, were still more useful in helping him to a critical estimate of the secrets of success in battle. Five years thus spent admirably fitted him for the duties he was destined to perform soon after. In March, 1852, he received the welcome intimation that he had been gazetted to an Ensigny in the 80th Foot. That regiment was then engaged in the second Burmese War, and young Wolseley had not long to wait for a chance of active employment. Ordered out from the Depot with recruits before he had himself well passed beyond the initiatory stage of soldiering, he landed in the East, and joined his regiment with Sir John Cheape's force early in November of that year. Three months later he saw for the first time a shot fired in anger, and before the end of that brief but arduous campaign he had won a reputation for reckless dash and cool courage that has since been well sustained



BURMAH, FEBRUARY, 1853—STORMING MYAT-TOON'S STRONGHOLD

"Impetuously eager to distinguish himself in this, his first serious fight, the young officer was rushing forward, well ahead of his men."

on more sternly contested battle fields. In the attack on Myat-toon's stronghold Ensign Wolseley led two storming parties in one day. On the second attempt, when racing for the honour of being first in the breach, he was shot down, but saw his gallant comrades storm the stockade and a British flag waving over the enemy's works before he was borne to the rear. Severely wounded in the thigh, he returned to England, and was six months on the sick list. Then he was gazetted to a Lieutenancy in the 90th Light Infantry, with which gallant corps all his subsequent career as a regimental officer was to be identified.

Many a brave soldier has worn his heart out in the weariness of waiting for opportunities of winning renown that never came, or came only when he was too old to make the most of them. Not so Garnet Wolseley. It was towards the close of 1853 that he exchanged into the 90th, with a prospect of remaining at home for some considerable period, as by a ridiculous custom, at that time existing, light infantry regiments were not liable for service in India.

A few months later England had entered upon a war, the end of which could not be foreseen, and in the spring of 1854, when reinforcements were needed for the Crimea, an order came from Lord Hardinge, then Commander-in-Chief, for the 90th to prepare for embarkation immediately. Not until November, however, did the regiment sail from Dublin, and by that time all the honours of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman had been won. As events proved, however, there still remained many opportunities of gaining heroic distinction. Young Wolseley was quick to seize on them, as he always has been throughout his after-career. Chances of hard



THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE
WOLSELEY FAMILY
Mors mihi vita est

blows and consequent glory were plentiful in the trenches before Sebastopol, where sappers were diligently employed day after day in the dangerous operations of tracing fresh batteries and earth-works, to invest more closely the enemy's fortress; exposed constantly to heavy artillery fire, and subject to frequent hand-to-hand contests with sallying parties of Russians. The Engineers were short of officers when the 90th arrived before Sebastopol the second week in December. He volunteered to serve as Acting Engineer, and, being appointed in that capacity, was posted with the right attack, which bore the brunt of much artillery firing and several severe skirmishes during the three subsequent bombardments.

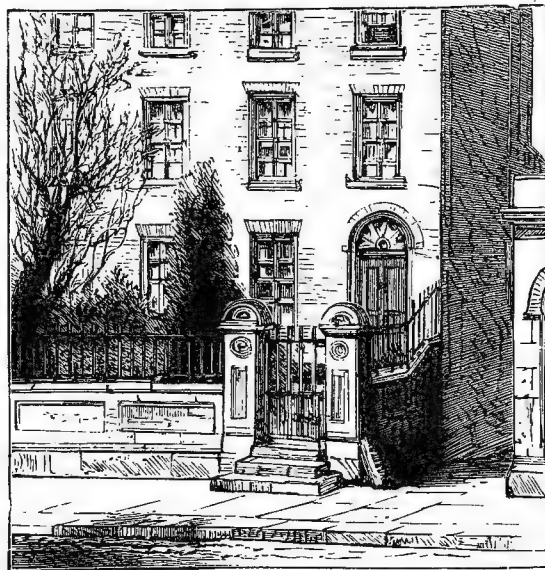
His commission as Captain in the 90th Foot bears date December, 1854, but he only took active command of it when the regiment returned home at the close of the Crimean Campaign. After several narrow escapes he was slightly wounded in the attack on "The Quarries," when the Engineer showed the way to the storming party, and for his gallantry in this affair was honourably mentioned in the General's despatches. Sir William Gordon, of Gordon's Battery, also recommended him for the Victoria Cross; but this coveted reward of valour Wolseley never got. Though wounded, he would not retire until the action was over and the Russians finally driven out of this work. Returning to duty again a few days afterwards, he remained at his post in the trenches, working indefatigably all day, and resisting sorties of the enemy at dawn or dusk, with slight intervals of rest, from that time until the 30th of August, when he was severely wounded in a gallant attempt to recover an unfinished outwork which had fallen by a sudden surprise into the enemy's hands. The Russian riflemen had been driven out of the work again, and Wolseley was standing with his hand on one of the dismantled gabions of an incomplete entrenchment, when a heavy round shot struck it, scattered the stones in every direction, wounding the young officer severely about the head, body, and limbs, and killing several of his comrades. Still suffering from these wounds, and threatened with complete loss of eyesight, Wolseley was laid up in hospital, near Balaklava, when Sebastopol fell by a final assault into the hands of the Allies on September 8th, and thus he had no share in the final scene of a drama in which he had played so active a part. Before the Allied Army quitted Russian territory, Captain Wolseley had recovered from his wounds, and was serving as Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General with the Light Division.

One of the last to embark at Balaklava for England, he had not been at home many months before rumours of impending troubles in China necessitated the despatch of a small force to that country. In February, 1857, Captain Wolseley was suddenly ordered to embark with the 90th. During the voyage the Indian Mutiny had broken out, and the 90th were ordered to Bengal. Shipwrecked on the voyage out, near the Island of Sumatra, his detachment did not reach India until August; while the main body of the regiment had arrived in time to take part in the first relief of Lucknow. Marching up country, past scenes of fearful massacre, the three companies, under command of Major Barnston, formed part of the garrison of the Alumbagh, whilst the headquarters were besieged in its immediate front in the city of Lucknow. Upon the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, who relieved the closely-besieged garrison of the Alumbagh, these three companies joined Adrian Hope's brigade on the 12th of November. During the operations for the final relief of Lucknow, Wolseley was specially chosen by Sir Colin Campbell to lead the storming party in the attack on the Mess

House. The bravery and dash that had distinguished him in his first fight were equally conspicuous here. For, in advance of his comrades, he rushed into the building, which had been so stoutly defended by rebels. Pushing forward at the head of a small detachment, he succeeded in entering the Motee Mahul, where after fighting from court to court he finally fought his way on to the Lucknow Residency. With Outram's force he further distinguished himself in the retreat from Lucknow. Subsequently he was appointed Quartermaster-General with the Oude Division, under Sir Hope Grant, and at the conclusion of the campaign received the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel on the twenty-sixth anniversary of his birthday.

With Sir Hope Grant he served as a Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General during the war in China a year later; was present at the capture of the Taku Forts and the surrender of Peking, and wrote a very interesting narrative of the campaign.

When the Trent affair threatened to bring about a rupture between this country and America in 1861, Wolseley was sent out to Canada as Assistant-Quartermaster-General. Being granted six weeks' leave, after a good understanding was arrived at he spent them in a visit to the headquarters of Generals Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson, with whose military capacity he seems to have been greatly impressed. He wrote an account of his visit to the Southern Army, which appeared in the January number of *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1863. During the threatened Fenian raids on Canada Colonel Wolseley gained a high reputation for organisation and skill in dealing with irregular troops. He returned to England when his staff appointment terminated, but, in 1867, went out to the Dominion again to succeed Colonel Lysons as Deputy-Quartermaster-General. The following year he was married in England to Miss Erskine. When the half-bred natives of the Red River territory began to interfere with the peace of Canada by certain lawless proceedings in 1870 Wolseley was appointed to the supreme command of a combined force of Colonial Volunteers and Imperial troops despatched to deal with these turbulent trespassers. The rapidity, indomitable energy, unflagging spirit, and unflinching resolution with which he carried this arduous expedition to a triumphant conclusion won for him the highest praise from his immediate superior, Sir James Lindsay; a special commendation from the Commander-in-Chief, and the title of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. These and other distinguished services will be found more fully set forth in their proper places hereafter. After six months on half pay Sir Garnet Wolseley was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards, and served in that capacity until selected for the supreme command of the Ashanti Expedition in 1873 with the local rank of Major-General. Leaving England on the 12th September, he was doomed to waste much valuable time in fruitless attempts to organise an utterly worthless native force, and in awaiting the arrival of British regiments from England. Nevertheless, he crossed the Prah on the very day he had previously fixed upon, fought his way to Coomassie, destroyed that stronghold of King Koffee on February



HOLLYMOUNT, RATHMINES, DUBLIN
The School where Sir Garnet Wolseley was Educated

5th, 1874, made a treaty of peace with the King on very favourable terms to us, returned to Cape Coast by the 14th of that month, and embarked all his regular troops for England within the six weeks he had allowed himself for these operations. For these "distinguished services in the field" he was raised to the rank of Major-General, made a Knight Commander of the Bath, and received a grant of 25,000*l.* In 1875, after a year of peaceful staff duties at home, he was appointed Administrator in Natal, and carried out the details of that difficult mission with marked success. Returning before the close of that year he resumed his post at the War Office as Commander of the Auxiliary Forces, in which he greatly contributed to bring about the increased efficiency of Volunteer regiments. In November, 1876, he was nominated a member of the Council of India. When a military expedition to the Dardanelles was in contemplation during the Russo-Turkish War he was named as Chief of the Staff; and when Cyprus was ceded to England in 1878 he was appointed Governor, High Commissioner, and Commander-in-Chief of the island. Towards the close of the Zulu War he was sent out to take supreme command in the Transvaal. Cetewayo having fled after his defeat, his pursuit and capture devolved upon Sir Garnet Wolseley, and he had to arrange for the settlement of Zululand, and the distribution of territory among native chieftains.

In April of the present year Sir Garnet Wolseley succeeded Sir Charles Ellice at the War Office as Adjutant-General to the Forces, and still holds the appointment. In July he was gazetted to the command of the British troops about to be despatched to Egypt, with the local rank of General. Before leaving England he named

the place where he should meet and defeat the rebel army on the 13th of September. How completely his programme was carried out, and how decisive the result of a single battle, it is hardly necessary to remind our readers now. Sir Garnet, besides having written the well-known "Soldier's Pocket Book," first published in 1869, is author of "A Narrative of the War in China in 1860," and numerous articles published from time to time on military subjects in *Blackwood*, *Macmillan*, the *Nineteenth Century*, &c. He has lately written very strongly against the construction of any tunnel under the English Channel that would unite England with the Continent of Europe.

HIS GALLANTRY IN BURMAH

YOUNG Garnet Wolseley, not yet nineteen years of age, was gazetted to the 12th Foot in March, 1852, but was subsequently transferred to the 80th Regiment. In that same year he landed with a detachment of recruits at Rangoon, and was sent with them into the field under command of Major Holdich (now General Sir Edward Alan Holdich), a soldier of some renown, to join the force then being organised on the Burmese frontier with the object of subduing the "robber-chieftain," Myat-toon, who held a strongly-fortified position near Donabew. Exposure to a tropical climate and some fighting had so thinned the ranks that reinforcements were urgently needed. There were then no linked battalions to fill up gaps in corps on foreign service. Captain Lock, R.N., with 300 of the 67th Regiment, 185 seamen from the *Sphinx*, the *Fox*, and his own ship, the *Winchester*, and 62 Marines, had attempted to seize the enemy's stockades, but, being caught in an ambush, this little band was compelled to retire, having lost its brave commander, one other officer, and many men. Brigadier-General Sir John Cheape was then entrusted with the command of a more formidable expedition, and every available European soldier was hurried to the front, all eager to atone for this disaster. Among those who joined Sir John Cheape's brigade on the 1st of March, 1853, was young Wolseley, and he had early experience of the hardships of campaigning in the nineteen days' march that followed, through tropical forests, where they were exposed alternately to drenching dew or fogs by night, and to the fever-provoking process of rough-drying under fierce sunshine by day. Men were being stricken down with dysentery and cholera before half the distance had been traversed. Guides misled them so that they returned once to the point from which they had set out, and all the while they were being harassed by foes in ambushes. On the 17th of March they drew near one of Myat-toon's outworks, a cleverly-fortified breastwork, protected for a mile in front by felled trees, abattis, and other cunningly-devised traps for an unwary foe. The 18th Regiment was leading, followed by the 80th and the 4th Sikhs. Then came the guns and irregular cavalry, and then the left wing, consisting of the 51st Regiment and the 67th Madras Infantry. Without waiting for any order of battle to be formed, and, indeed, that was impossible, hemmed in as they were by densely-grown forests, the Royal Irish gallantly stormed the work in spite of all obstacles, and carried it. Then the column had to move forward along a path commanded at various points by stockades, obstructed by stakes, and otherwise presenting awkward hindrances to the rapid advance of a hostile force. On the 19th they were in front of Myat-toon's main stronghold, and Sir John Cheape immediately made preparations for assault. On the 80th, then acting as vanguard, the honour of being first to attack rested, and Ensign Wolseley led the storming party. Impetuously eager to distinguish himself in this, his first serious fight, the young officer was rushing forward well ahead of his men, when the ground gave way, and he found himself suddenly dashed to the bottom of a pit cunningly contrived for such purposes, with sharp stake at the bottom. The storming party wavered, and was repulsed by a withering volley of musketry. Only with difficulty did the entrapped ensign manage to extricate himself and regain his comrades. Bringing his guns to bear on the work, Sir John Cheape then made dispositions for a more systematic attack. When the opportunity came for a second assault, it was determined to advance from two points simultaneously. Lieutenant Taylor, of the 9th Madras Light Infantry, was prepared to lead a storming party of the 51st from the left wing. When Major Holdich asked for volunteers from the 80th to head the right column, young Wolseley, though he had already led one "forlorn hope" that day, was the first to respond. When the signal for attack was given, Lieutenant Taylor and Ensign Wolseley, coveting the glory of being first inside the stockade, rushed eagerly forward side by side up a path so narrow that only two could go abreast, and their comrades followed with an impetuosity that nothing could check. A fearful storm of jingall balls beat down the foremost sections, and both officers fell almost at the same instant severely wounded, but their comrades swept on to avenge them. Wolseley's faint cheer as he lay on the ground was taken up by his comrades of the 80th, who, led by Sergeant-Major Quinn, dashed up to the breastwork, carried it at the point of the bayonet, and fiercely drove the enemy out of his last stronghold. The fight was soon over then, and though Myat-toon escaped with 200 followers, his power was broken, and the second Burmese War practically brought to an end by this decisive defeat of the most warlike chieftain. Ensign Wolseley, severely injured in the left thigh, lay ill of the wound for many a long month afterwards, with a soldier in constant attendance for fear he should bleed to death. He was invalided home, and sailed from Rangoon in May, 1853.

IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL

"In war error is the rule, not the exception," wrote Sir William Napier in his comments on one of Wellington's minor victories, which, but for advantage in point of numbers, might have been changed to defeat by the blunder of a brigadier. In one way and another leaders of British armies have probably committed more glaring offences against the tenets of scientific strategists than could be laid to the charge of any other generals. Our troops over and over again have been sent into the field miserably equipped; brought face to face with an enemy superior in numbers and much better provided with the *matériel* of war; and often asked to fight under every conceivable disadvantage. Happily, however, the disastrous consequences of such mistakes have been repeatedly averted by the

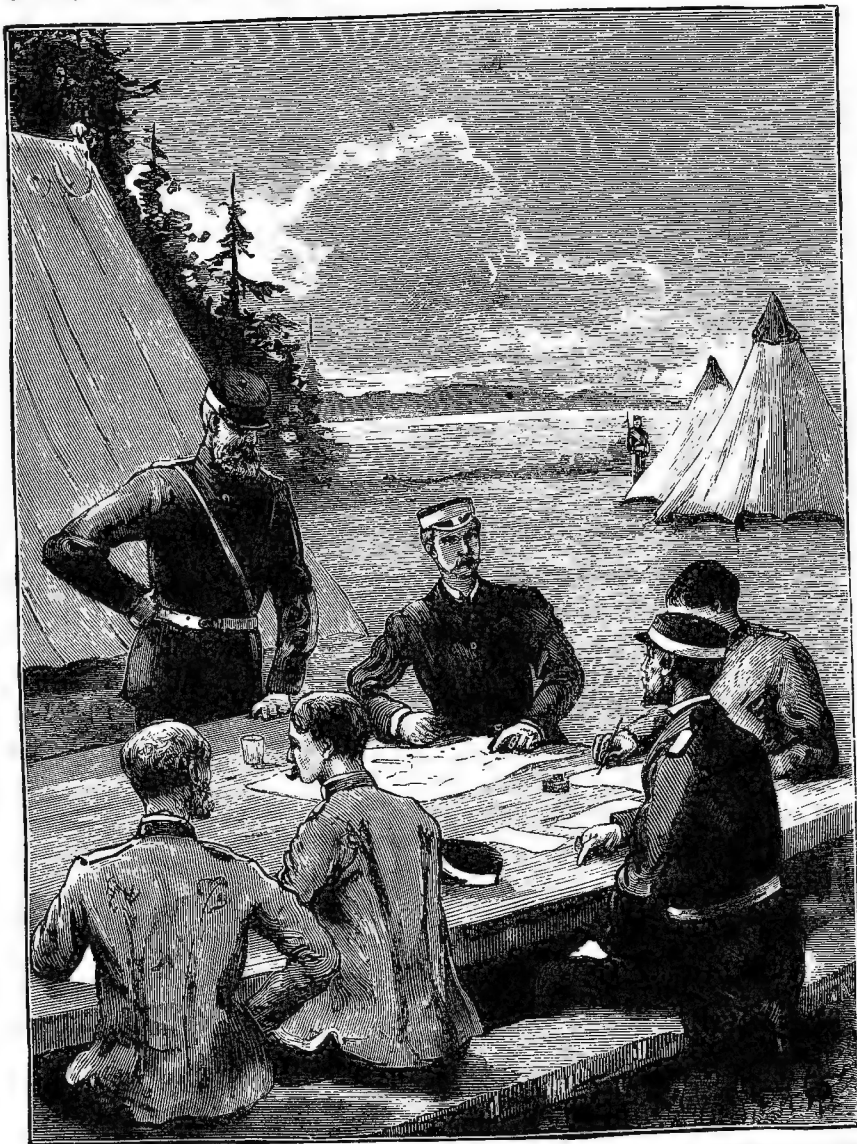
valour and endurance of British soldiers. Vimiera, Corunna, Plassy, Assaye, Talavera, "bloody Albuera," and even glorious Waterloo, were fought under an unfavourable combination of conditions that never should have been allowed to exist. In most of these cases an ordinary general would have confessed himself beaten before the battle had begun. But Wellington was a great captain, not an ordinary general; he commanded troops who would not recognise the possibility of defeat so long as a single brigade remained in formation; and these things made all the difference. Probably no campaign recorded by ancient or modern historians was more fruitful in illustration of initial error retrieved by subsequent heroism than our war in the Crimea. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre," might have been said of a hundred incidents besides the advance of the Guards Brigade at Alma, or the Light Cavalry charge at Balaclava. For silent endurance of scarcely conceivable hardships, unwavering courage in the execution of dangerous duties, resolute tenacity in clinging to a post of honour against apparently overwhelming odds, and daring enterprise whenever opportunity offered, we should look to the records of those dreary winter days and harassing winter nights in the trenches before Sebastopol. Incidents of personal bravery, however, have to be sought for laboriously amid an uninteresting mass of official despatches. The whole story has never yet been written, and possibly never could be.

In all the most toilsome and hazardous enterprises of that anxious period Garnet Wolseley played a prominent part. He had scarcely recovered from the dangerous wound received at the gallant assault on Myat-Toon's stronghold when he exchanged from his old regiment into the 90th, and gained promotion to a lieutenantancy without purchase by virtue of his valorous behaviour in the Burmese campaign. At that time all light infantry regiments, of which the 90th was one, were by custom exempt from Indian service, and therefore, except in the case of European wars breaking out, there was not much chance for those corps to gain distinction in the field. Just then, however, our difficulties with Russia came to a climax, and there was a probability that all regiments not previously detailed for duty in Hindustan might be called upon to face Muscovite foes. This, no doubt, was the wish of all who shared young Wolseley's restless energy and love of military adventure. What must have been their chagrin, therefore, when they learned that Lord Hardinge, in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, had upset all existing regulations, and decreed that the 90th should go to India. Two or three of the more enterprising officers had, in consequence of this unexpected order, opened negotiations for an exchange into another regiment first on the roster for active service, when there came a reversal of Lord Hardinge's decision, and peremptory instructions that the 90th should immediately embark for the Crimea. The victories of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman had been dearly bought, and reinforcements for the British Army were urgently demanded.

On the 19th of November, 1854, a fortnight after Inkerman had been fought, the 90th, then commanded by Colonel Eld, sailed from Dublin. It marched up from Balaclava to the front at once; reached the encampment before Sebastopol on the 5th of December; and went into the trenches next morning, so badly equipped for war that every man was still armed with the old "brown Bess" musket. Wolseley's company had scarcely been there twelve hours before it was engaged in resisting a desperate sortie of Russians, and four or five days later it took part in still more serious fighting. When his regiment was relieved of duty at the foreposts, Wolseley, for whom the whistle of bullets and shriek of shells seem always to have possessed a peculiar charm, sought some other chance of employment for his insatiable energies. At that time the Sappers were short of experienced officers, and Acting Engineers were being selected from other corps. The young infantry Captain—he was gazetted to a company in December, 1854, when little over twenty-one years old, though his promotion was not confirmed until some months later—had especial qualifications for such an appointment. He volunteered his services, which were eagerly accepted, for he had very quickly established a reputation for the sort of coolness under fire which is of the highest importance to men who must carry out responsible duties in such positions with the same methodical accuracy as if going through the ordinary routine of office work in Whitehall; and at the same time have to bear the brunt of harassing attacks to which no other service is in equal measure exposed. Wolseley was posted to the right attack the 4th of January, 1855, and from that time until the end of August he was never out of the trenches for a week together. The experience he then gained was of immense value to him, not merely because of the frequent opportunities it afforded of establishing a character for courage that never quailed, but as a means of familiarising himself with scientific work, about which a leader of armies cannot know too much, so long as he does not allow it to destroy a faculty for dash and enterprise. Wolseley was certainly not the sort of man to let the latter quality lie idle. His fiery nature rather wanted tempering by discretion, and an early assumption of weighty responsibility offered the best of all means for attaining this desirable end. Throughout the whole of January he was exposed to very severe duties by day and night in the trenches. When Lord Raglan required an accurate plan of the works prepared Captain Wolseley was selected for the task, and it is related by an admiring biographer, to whose painstaking researches I am much indebted,* that he had often to melt ice on his camel-hair pencil before he could lay on the colours. During subsequent bombardments he had several narrow escapes, and was associated with the famous Captain William Peel in one especial act of devoted heroism, by which a lamentable catastrophe was probably averted. A shell had fallen on the magazine, setting fire to some sandbags forming the doorway, and an explosion was momentarily expected. At the risk of being blown to atoms Peel and Wolseley jumped into the trench, pulled down the sandbags, and thus prevented a disaster that would otherwise have been inevitable. An engineer officer relating that incident said he regarded Wolseley "as one of the bravest men he had ever known." He always turned to face a shell when he heard it coming, and, being asked the reason, said that he would not care to be hit in the back.

In the attack on and capture of "The Quarries," the 7th of June, Wolseley, in company with Captain Browne, R.E., Lieutenants Howard Elphinstone, R.E. (afterwards awarded the Victoria Cross), Lowrey, R.E., and Anderson of the 96th showed the way to the storming party. For his conduct on this occasion he was mentioned in the Commanding Officer's despatches, and recommended for the

Victoria Cross by Sir William Gordon, after whom one of the English batteries was named. Wolseley took his place with the assaulting column at night after toiling in trenches all day, and advanced with his comrades under a terrific fire. He remained in "The Quarries" during all the desperate hand-to-hand fighting that followed when Russians and English alternately lost and regained possession of those works. Colonel Campbell, at the head of the 90th, displayed conspicuous gallantry in these sanguinary encounters. Wolseley, though slightly wounded, insisted on remaining at his post until he fainted from exhaustion, and was passed for dead by some of his own regiment. Two days later, however, he was again in the trenches, and remained there exposed to heavy fire from the Russian batteries until late in July. One of his companions in danger was Lieutenant Gerald Graham, who has recently achieved fresh distinction by his defence of the camp at Kassassin as one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's Brigadiers. In the first assault on the Redan by British troops, on June the 18th, Captain Wolseley took no active part, but was under fire all the time. It is worthy of passing notice that among those severely wounded on that occasion was a young midshipman, then attached to Captain Peel's naval battery, but who has since risen to high distinction as a military leader, best known to fame as Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C. With only one brief interval of cessation from duty, necessitated by severe illness, the subject of our sketch continued to do duty in the trenches, conducting fresh parallels and saps with indefatigable energy, and engaged frequently in resisting sorties from the enemy's lines. On August 29th, he and another officer, with the working party, were exposed all day to a galling flank fire from hostile rifle pits. Towards night, while engaged in preparation of sketches for the engineer who would relieve him, he was surprised by a sudden sally from the Russian rifle pits. The



THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION, 1870—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY HOLDING A COUNCIL OF WAR AT HIS HEAD QUARTERS, THUNDER BAY

"At Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior, the troops encamped for many weeks."

working party, seized with uncontrollable panic, bolted, and left him surrounded by Muscovite foes, whom he barely managed to escape by running for the nearest trench. There his men quickly rallied, and a little ashamed of themselves, returned to drive the Russians back with irresistible energy; not, however, before much of their work had been destroyed, and many gabions forming the sap been thrown down. These they were engaged in setting up and refilling when a shell struck one upon which Wolseley was leaning, scattered the stones in every direction, killed several of the working party, and severely wounded their gallant leader. He fell covered with deep wounds, chiefly about the head. Borne to the rear by Prince Victor Hohenlohe and a sergeant of Sappers, he was received at the hospital as a hopeless case. So serious were his injuries that it was feared the sight of one eye had gone beyond all chance of recovery. While he lay in a darkened cell of the monastery, near Balaclava, British troops successfully assaulted the Redan, and the Allies became masters of Sebastopol. To a share in this glorious achievement Captain Wolseley had looked forward as his only reward for incessant labour; but fate denied it him. Young Graham, on the contrary, who had recovered from the wounds received three months before, and returned to duty in the trenches, led the ladder party to the assault, and received the Victoria Cross for his conspicuous gallantry under a murderous fire.

When sufficiently restored to take the field again Wolseley was appointed Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General to the Light Division, and in this capacity continued to act until the treaty of peace was signed. Almost the last man to embark at Balaclava, he returned to England, with the consciousness that he had done his duty bravely as an English soldier in many desperate encounters, and under the strain of ceaseless hardships. With this honour and a few decorations he had to be content. Even the brevet majority for which Sir Harry Jones had recommended him was not conferred.

AT THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

LORD HARDINGE's resolve that the 90th should take its share of Indian Service was speedily acted upon. Though it had only been a

year home from the Crimea, where its ranks were sadly thinned by the loss of many brave men, the regiment was already raised again to the full war strength of ten companies, numbering altogether 1,000 bayonets, so attractive does soldiering become directly after a successful campaign. Captain Wolseley had rejoined the old colours on the completion of his staff duties with the Light Division. The battalion was still commanded by Campbell, whose determined defence of "The Quarries" on June the 7th, 1855, had worthily gained for him the Order of the Bath, and Barnston, one of the best officers in the army, and one of Wolseley's staunchest and friends, was its senior Major. In February, 1857, they were ordered to embark immediately for China, India being their eventual destination, only one week being given them in which to make all preparations. Whilst the 90th were on their passage to China, the Mutiny broke out, and the regiment was ordered to Calcutta instead. The fire of fanatical rebellion that had been so long smouldering among the natives of our great Eastern dependency threatened to break out at any moment, and more men from England were sadly needed to strengthen the small British army there. The head-quarters and main body had sailed in the *Himalaya*, and a detachment commanded by Major Barnston in the *Transit*. Captain Wolseley's company formed part of this smaller force. Though the first-named troop-ship made a speedy passage, Colonel Campbell and his 700 men did not land in India until the Mutiny was at its worst. They immediately joined Outram's division in its march to the first Relief of Lucknow. Meanwhile some mishaps had befallen Major Barnston's detachment of three companies. Shipwrecked on a coral reef between Sumatra and Bangka, they were with difficulty rescued by boats, and did not land in India until too late to join their own headquarters. Not long allowed to remain an isolated

body, they quickly received orders to march to Cawnpore, from which they were pushed on to the Alumbagh Palace immediately outside of Lucknow, and in which Havelock had left all his impedimenta when he entered that city. When Sir Colin Campbell advanced subsequently to the relief of Lucknow, he began by relieving the Alumbagh, the garrison of which he attached to Adrian Hope's Brigade. They had begun their march up country on the 29th of August, and proceeded through districts that had but recently been the scenes of most revolting massacres. Making forced marches from Allahabad through Futtehpore they reached Cawnpore in September. Their progress, however, was not uninterrupted. Frequent skirmishes they had with large bodies of rebels, in all of which Captain Wolseley distinguished himself. On the 12th of November they joined Adrian Hope's Brigade at Alumbagh, and two days later marched with the whole army to the final Relief of Lucknow.

The guns of gallant William Peel's battery opened fire on the rebels from Dilkosha on the 15th. Next day the infantry attack began, Hope's brigade being first to advance under a fire so heavy that Wolseley could hear bullets hurtling like hail against the wheels of gun carriages as he passed through the battery. That day the 90th were engaged in a stern death struggle which ended in the capture of the Shah Nujeef. This success, however, was dearly bought, for Major Barnston, one of the bravest officers that British soldiers ever followed into the thick of fight, fell mortally wounded. On the 17th Wolseley was specially selected by Sir Colin Campbell to lead an attack on the Mess House, a massive moated building, with strongly barred windows bricked up and loopholed, and surrounded by an outer garden wall of some height, that had to be scaled before the house could be stormed. When the signal was given for assaulting this stronghold Wolseley, with the impetuous energy that has always distinguished him, leaped forward at once, far in advance of his men, as if determined that none should face death before him. One who was an eye-witness of the attack, standing with Sir Henry Havelock on the roof of Chuttur Munzil Palace, describes the scene that followed in graphic phrases:—

"It is now three o'clock, and if the enemy have any men concealed in that massive pile, the Mess House, we shall soon see, for the redcoats are approaching; they are moving down in regular order along the road leading from the Shah Nujeef, and now are lost to view. Presently a part of them are seen advancing in skirmishing order. They have reached the enclosing wall; they are over it, through the shrubbery, and now the leading officer enters at the door which we have been watching, and, while a larger body follows, rushing at a double up the building, he reappears upon the roof, and presently a British ensign floats on the right-hand tower of the Khoorsheyd Munzil. It is Captain Wolseley of the 90th who has placed it there."

The building was deserted, but Wolseley and his men had to advance under a storm of bullets from the Tara Kotee and other towers. The ensign of England had no sooner been planted than it was struck down by a ball. Again it was raised, and a second time the staff was severed. All this time both he and his men who remained inside the enclosing compound wall of the garden, were exposed to the fire of shot and shell also, directed upon them from the Kaiser Bagh. Presently, as Mr. Gibbins describes, they crossed this wall, entered the Tara Kotee enclosure, charged up its main avenue, and were hid from view of the anxious onlookers by a belt of trees. Pushing impetuously forward, they were brought to a momentary check by a terrific fire from the loopholed walls of the Motee Mahul. A man, named Andrews, fell severely wounded. He had been servant to Wolseley, who seeing him shot down plunged into a storm of bullets and succeeded in saving the poor fellow's life.

Having at last forced an entrance into the Motee Mahul, they went on fighting from court to court. Mr. Kavanagh, a celebrated civilian, who won the Victoria Cross by an act of conspicuous bravery, thus describes the scene:—"Captain Wolseley, who delighted in dash and danger, fell upon the enemy as they tried to escape, and in half-an-hour he was seen on top of the main buildings waving the British banner." With irresistible force the assailants drove their enemies out of building after building, and into the Goomtee, where many of the Sepoys were shot as they tried to swim the sluggish stream. Thence Wolseley, rallying his men once more, pushed forward, and they fought their way to the Residency. At this moment Colonel Purnell was making a sortie with the main body of the 90th, which had been besieged in Lucknow. As fate would have it, the comrades, cleaving their way from opposite quarters towards the same point, met, and thus Captain Wolseley was literally the first of the relieving force to join hands with the beleaguered garrison.

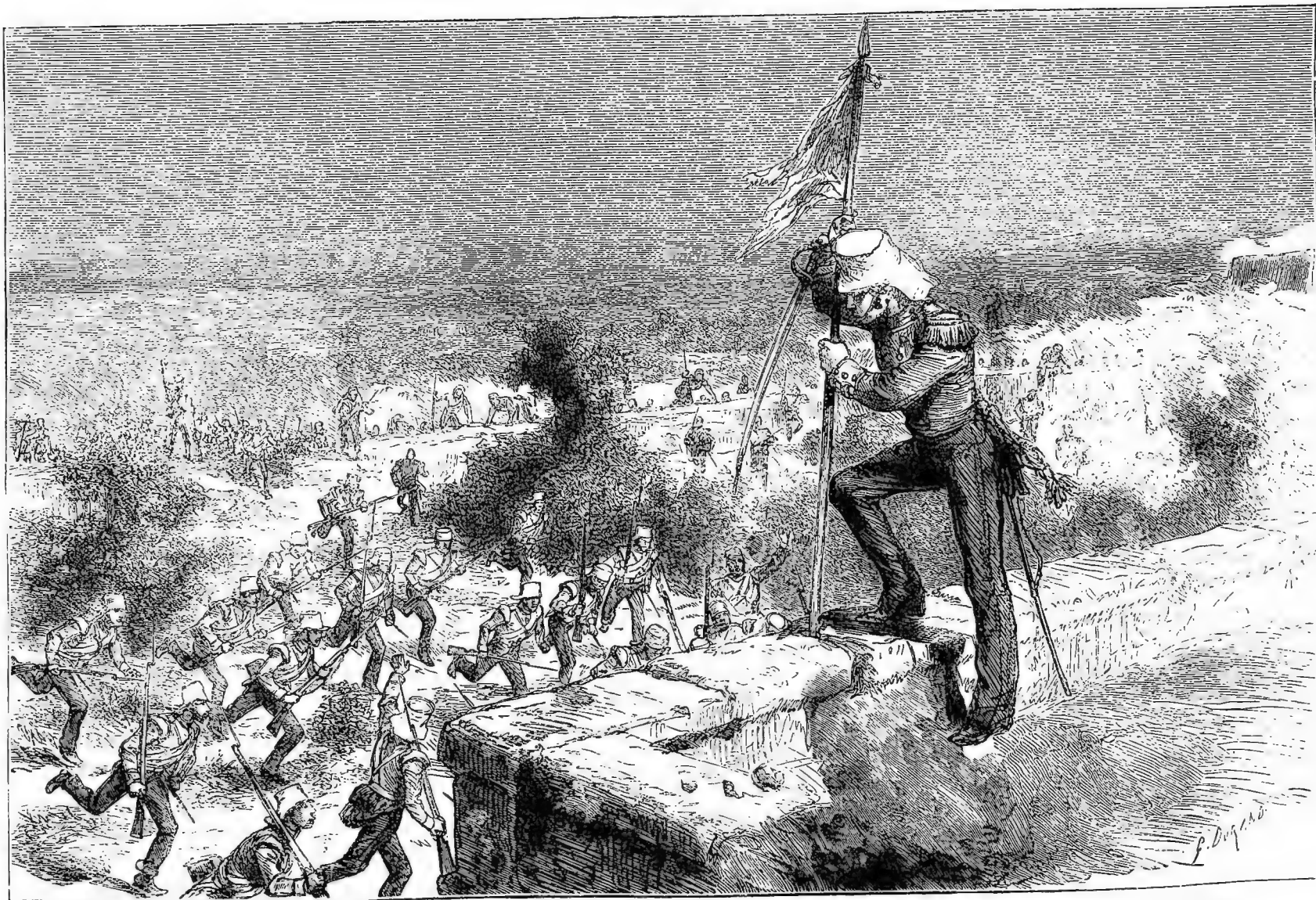
His fiercely energetic advance from point to point had been

* Mr. Charles Rathbone Low.



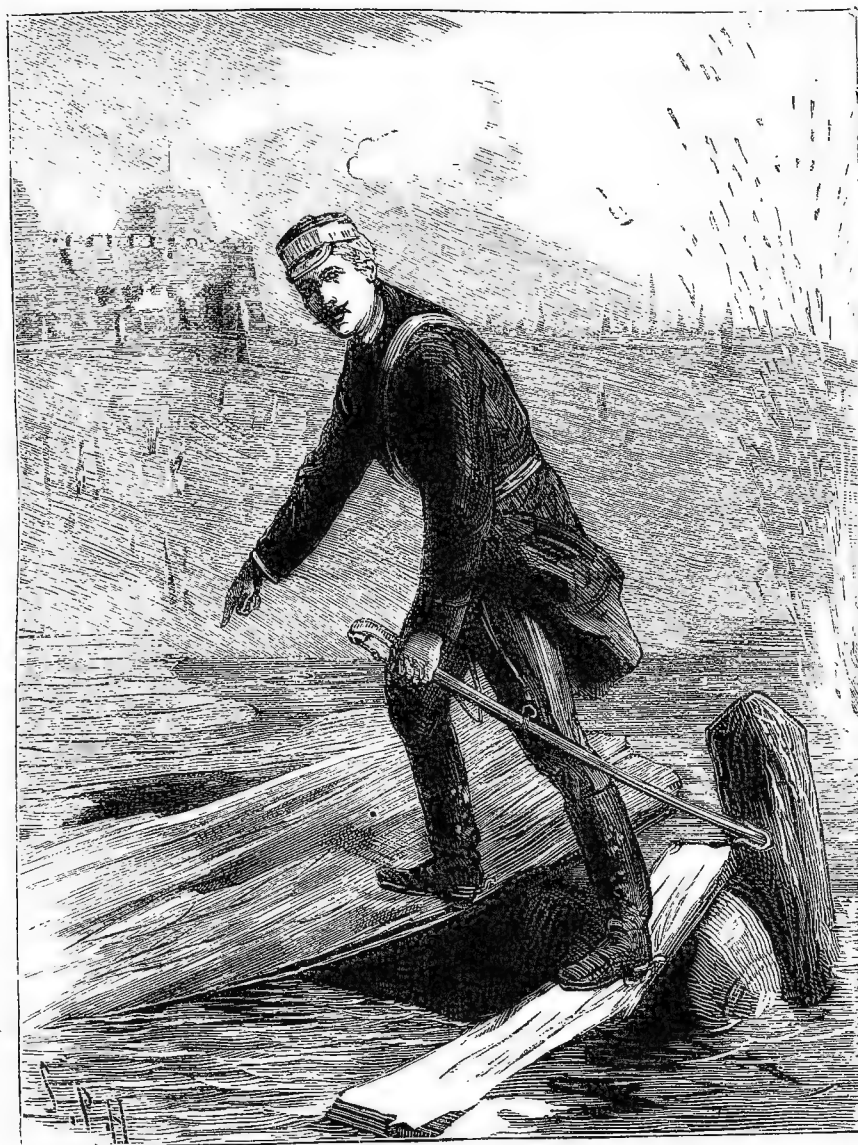
THE CRIMEAN WAR, 1855—IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL

“A shell had fallen on the magazine, setting fire to some sand-bags forming the doorway, and an explosion was momentarily expected. At the risk of being blown to atoms, Peel and Wolseley jumped into the trench, pulled down the sand-bags, and thus prevented a disaster which would otherwise have been inevitable.”



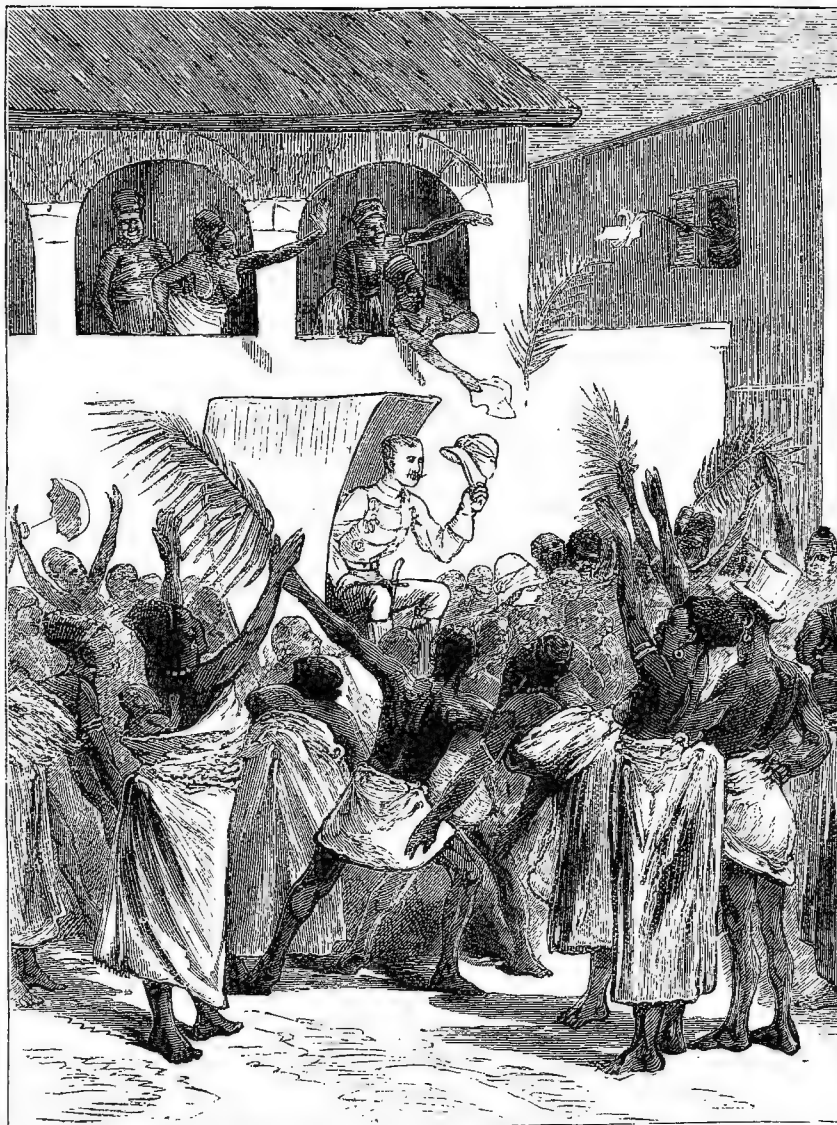
AT THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, NOVEMBER 17, 1857—HOISTING THE FLAG ON THE TOWER OF KHOORSHEYD MUNZIL

“The leading officer enters at the door which we have been watching; and, while a larger body follows, rushing at a double up the building, he reappears upon the roof, and presently a British ensign floats on the right hand tower. It is Captain Wolseley, of the 90th, who has placed it there.”



CHINA, AUGUST 21, 1860—THE ASSAULT ON THE TAKU FORTS

"When nearly completed, the bridge was struck by a ball and partly sunk. Wolseley, who accompanied this advance party, seeing where the damage had been done, jumped down and attempted to repair it, while round shot and jingall balls fell thickly about him."



ASHANTEE, FEB. 19, 1874—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S RECEPTION BY THE NATIVE LADIES AT CAPE COAST TOWN ON HIS RETURN FROM COOMASSIE

"He brought all his troops back to Cape Coast before the allotted six weeks had expired, and the Ashantee power was broken from the day of his entry into Coomassie."



EGYPT, SEPTEMBER 13, 1882—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY AT THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

"Before leaving England he placed his finger on a map of Egypt at the point now known to fame as Tel-el-Kebir, and said, 'That is where I shall beat Arabi.'"

crowned with the most conspicuous success, but it had carried him beyond the strict letter of his orders, and for a time so displeased Sir Colin Campbell that this was probably the reason why Wolseley was not recommended for the Victoria Cross, which he had otherwise well-earned. The war-beaten veteran, however, could not long entertain anger against a brave soldier with whose rashness his own fiery spirit was so completely in sympathy; and Wolseley seems to have been forgiven after receiving a very outspoken lecture on the errors of *trop de zèle*.

With Outram's force at Alumbagh the 90th were in all the actions fought, often against enormous odds, but always with brilliant results, from the end of the year up to February, 1858. On the 6th of March they left Alumbagh to join the Commander-in-Chief's army at Dilkoosha, and were again brigaded with their old comrades, the 42nd, 93rd, and 4th Punjab Rifles, under Adrian Hope. On the 6th of March the Siege of Lucknow, which had been strongly fortified by the rebels, began with a heavy artillery fire on the Martinière, and preparations were immediately made for an infantry assault. Sir Colin Campbell's orders on that occasion, so curiously resembling those recently issued by Sir Garnet Wolseley for the storming of Tel-el-Kebir, are worth quoting:—"The men employed in the attack will use nothing but the bayonet; they are absolutely forbidden to fire a shot until the position is won." The lesson learned then evidently made a deep impression on the young captain of infantry, who, when he had himself risen to be a Commander-in-Chief twenty-three years later, adopted precisely similar tactics in dealing with Oriental troops. On the 14th of March, when the Kaiser Bagh was stormed by the 10th Regiment and Sikhs on one side, and by the 90th on the other, Wolseley again gained distinction. With the loss of his chief stronghold, Lucknow fell an easy prey to the British troops. Soon after this, Wolseley, who had been appointed Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General to the Oude Division under Sir Hope Grant, received his brevet majority. While acting in this capacity on the staff he earned a high reputation for skill in dealing with native guides, whose good faith he managed to ensure by cleverly-conceived yet very simple means. The strain of work that seemed incessant did not prevent him from compiling a mass of useful information about every place through which the troops passed; and he made a series of maps that were found to be of immense value to the Commander-in-Chief for subsequent operations. For these and similar services he was more than once mentioned in despatches. During Sir Hope Grant's march from Fyzabad to join Horsford, who had driven a rebel army before him beyond the Goomtee at Sultanpore, Wolseley had charge of the advance, and the perfection of his preparations for crossing the river in face of a large hostile force won hearty commendation from the General commanding. In several engagements on the Gogra and the final action of Jervah Pass, where the power of Nana and Bela Rao was completely shattered, Major Wolseley took an equally prominent part, and at the conclusion of the campaign was rewarded with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel.

THE WAR IN CHINA

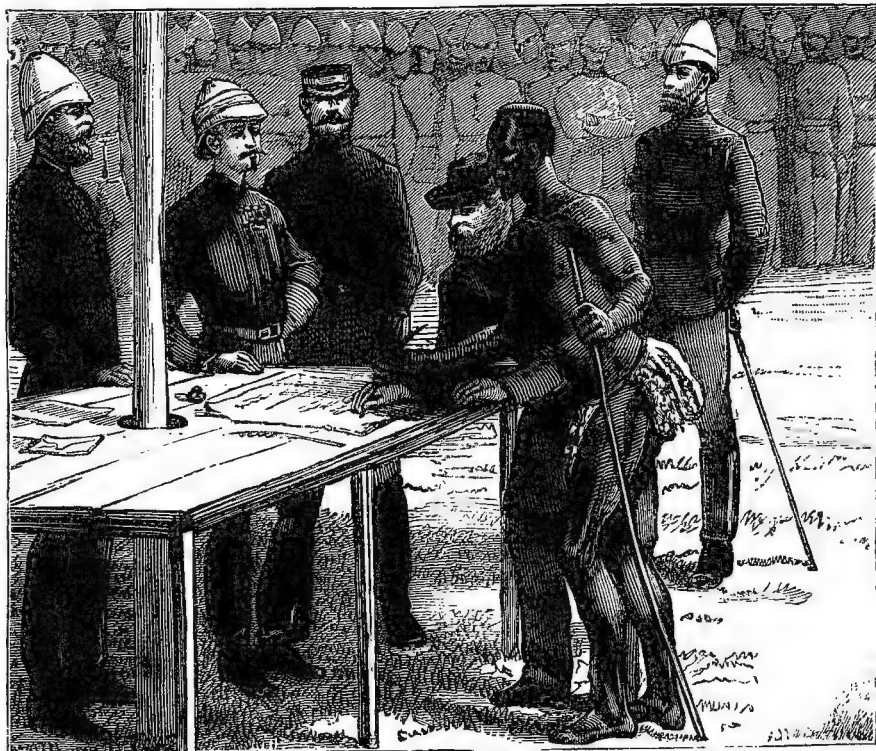
COLONEL WOLSELEY'S faculty for acquiring information of great military importance about countries previously strange to him, and the facility with which he committed their salient features to paper, no doubt led to his appointment on Sir Hope Grant's staff, as Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, in charge of the Topographical Department, when an expedition was organised for service in China at the beginning of 1860. The general would willingly have seen him occupying a still more important post, in recognition of past services; but Sir Colin Campbell had already nominated another officer, whose qualification could not be denied, for the superior appointment. A special service, somewhat similar to our present Intelligence Branch, was therefore practically created in order that Sir Hope Grant might have the benefit of Wolseley's assistance. The expedition, which was destined to co-operate with a French force in chastising Hien-Fung for his infamous treachery, and exacting retribution for the cruel murder of European Envoys, sailed from Calcutta February the 26th; landed at Kow-loon, opposite Hong Kong, the 13th of March, and went into camp there until June. Then, re-embarking, it set sail once more to join the French under General Montauban—better known as Count de Palikao—whose division of 7,000 men had been encamped at Chefoo. The British numbered altogether 14,000, one division being commanded by Sir Robert Napier, the other by Sir John Michel. On August the 1st the Allied Army entered the Pehang River, and landed within sight of the Taku Forts. Many days were spent in reconnaissances, under circumstances of extreme difficulty. In all these Colonel Wolseley was necessarily engaged; and, indeed, whenever a task demanded more than ordinary tact, courage, or zeal for its successful accomplishment, Sir Hope Grant would almost invariably say, "Where's Wolseley? Send him!" Consequently he was hardly ever out of the saddle, except at night. Escorted by a handful of native cavalry, he reconnoitred the country for miles round in many directions, making sketches of every practicable road and noteworthy feature, and bearing his life in his hand, for Tartar hordes innumerable were known to be hovering near. When an advance was at length decided upon, he was enabled from actual survey to have small maps of the country struck off and placed in the hands of each brigadier.

Guided by Wolseley, Sir Robert Napier's division moved forward on the 12th of August with the object of turning the enemy's left. As this was the only direction in which cavalry could operate effectually, all of that arm accompanied the column. They had not advanced more than a league before they came in contact with the enemy, upon whom Napier opened fire from fifteen guns at rifle range. Swarms of Tartar horse stood their ground well, and charged vigorously, but encountering the swarthy horsemen led by Fane and Probyn they were speedily put to rout. Two days later the Tangku entrenchments were carried by a combined attack of British and French troops. At daybreak on the 21st of August our batteries opened fire on the Taku Forts, which were carried by assault a few hours later, in spite of the stubborn determination with which the enemy defended them. A body of Marines under Lieutenant-Colonel Travers, and of Engineers commanded by Major Gerald Graham, V.C., endeavoured to place a pontoon bridge across one of the broad dykes by which the principal fort was protected. When nearly completed the bridge was struck by a ball, and partly sunk. Wolseley, who accompanied this advance party, seeing where the damage had been done, jumped down and attempted to repair it, while round shot and jingall balls fell thickly about him. The attempt failed, but presently a means of crossing elsewhere was discovered, and after a stubborn fight this fort was successfully stormed. Colonel Wolseley immediately proceeded under a heavy fire to reconnoitre other works, but there proved to be no necessity for attacking them, as they were all evacuated before dusk, and that night the whole Peiho country surrendered.

Then the Allied Army marched towards Tientsin and Peking. On the 18th of September Sir Hope Grant fell in with and defeated a Chinese army of 20,000, capturing 74 guns. Three weeks later the British seized and destroyed the Summer Palace of Hien-fung, and on the 13th of October Peking surrendered. After peace was concluded Colonel Wolseley went on a semi-diplomatic mission to Nankin, for the purpose of reporting on the position and prospects of the Taepings. The opinion he then formed of their military weakness, though controverted by a British official long resident in the country, was amply justified afterwards by the readiness with which they were defeated by "Chinese" Gordon in a campaign that lasted only three months.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION

"SOME century or two hence, when another Chicago has arisen on the shores of these great lakes, and when the present dense forests of birch and tamarisk are replaced by carefully-tilled farms, the records of this expedition will doubtless be scanned by the descendants of the present generation of Canadians with no small interest." These remarkably prophetic words were written in *The Graphic* twelve years ago of a scarcely explored district that has now developed into the flourishing Province of Manitoba. Not only for its influence on the future of Canada, however, will this Red River Campaign be memorable. It was the turning-point of Sir Garnet Wolseley's career—if that can be properly said to have a turning-point which has been but one uninterrupted current of successes. Then for the first time he held an independent command, and had the opportunity of justifying or falsifying the high opinions that had been formed of his capacity as a leader of men. Recollections of that expedition, and the colonial disturbances that made it necessary, may in the minds of people not directly interested have grown dim by lapse of time. However brilliant the exploit as a triumph of military skill and British endurance, its lustre paled beside the lurid glare of tragically-momentous events then passing in swift succession across the stage of Europe. While all England—nearly all civilisation—waited in breathless anxiety for news of battles that might decide the fate of Empires, it was hardly to be expected that chronicles of a minor campaign, in which only a handful of Colonial Volunteers and but one regular British regiment took part, would be read with great avidity, or remembered with much distinctness.



ZULULAND, SEPTEMBER 1, 1879—THE ZULU CHIEFS SIGNING THE PEACE STIPULATIONS WITH SIR GARNET WOLSELEY AT ULUNDI

The difficulties arose out of the cession of territories from the Hudson's Bay Company to the newly-constituted Dominion of Canada. On the banks of Red River, between Lakes Superior and Winnipeg, in a wide tract of lovely and fertile country, there lived a scattered population of hunters and husbandmen, whose British or French forefathers had taken unto themselves Indian squaws for wives, and "reared a dusky race." Under the stern paternal wing of the Hudson's Bay Company these half-bred Arcadians lived contentedly enough; but when they found themselves bundled *volens volens* into a confederacy with other States, but without representation in the Dominion Parliament, they not unnaturally felt much aggrieved. Had they contented themselves with proper appeals to the Home Government, there is no reasonable doubt that their claims would have met with due consideration. In their impatience, however, they declared open rebellion; and, under the leadership of one Riel, were guilty of several lamentable acts of violence and bloodshed. This state of things—disturbing not only the peace of Canadian colonists, but threatening also the whole plan of British-American unity—necessitated an immediate recourse to strong measures for its suppression. That was no time to inquire into the merits of the dispute, and Her Majesty's Ministers wisely decided on prompt action in aid of the Canadians; merely stipulating that the discontented settlement should be treated with every possible consideration when peace should be once more restored. Then it became necessary to select for the supreme command a British officer with acknowledged talents for organisation, a strong will, indomitable energy, a courage that no dangers or difficulties would be likely to subdue, a readiness of resource equal to any conceivable emergency, a discretion in dealing with delicate questions, and "a peculiar aptitude for the management of irregular troops." These qualities in no ordinary degree Colonel Wolseley was known to possess, and Sir James Lindsay unhesitatingly named him for the command. This appointment was received with great pleasure by the Canadian Volunteers, amongst whom Wolseley had made himself very popular, first, while specially employed to organise them for resistance against Fenian raids; and later when he—the youngest officer that had ever been appointed to such a post—succeeded Colonel Daniel Lysons as Deputy-Quartermaster-General of the Colonial forces.

At the age of thirty-seven, and after only eighteen years' service, Colonel Wolseley found himself entrusted with the supreme command of an expedition to which considerable importance was attached by both the Imperial and Colonial Governments. Having spent some time in personally superintending the necessarily elaborate preparations, he placed himself at the head of a combined force of

Canadian Volunteers and British regulars; and, early in May, started on that weary advance of 600 miles through a country only half explored, where in many places pine forests grew in primitive density, and practical paths were things unknown. No serious fighting was ever anticipated, and the difficulties were certainly enough without it. For fifty miles only of the whole distance could ordinary land transport be usefully employed. For three hundred miles their way had to be worked by rivers and lakes, past narrow creeks and foaming rapids, until the Lake of the Woods was reached. Around the rapids or *portages* wide detours had sometimes to be made, and this would have entailed much labour but for the admirable foresight with which such things had been provided for. The canoes were so constructed that two men could easily carry one of them, blankets, paddles, and stores were equally distributed among the other men composing the crew, and so without a moment's delay the *portage* was passed. At Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior, the troops encamped for many weeks, during which all were busily employed in forming a corduroy road across the otherwise impassable swamps. Draught animals could not be utilised to drag logs out of the bush, so these had to be shouldered, and thus carried at much expense of labour to their allotted places. Men and officers alike worked manfully, some plying axes, and some spades, until "gradually a dreary expanse of mud became a passable causeway." The name of Thunder Bay seems to have been very happily chosen for a place surrounded by many hills, each one of which is said to boast with truly American individuality its own peculiar kind of thunderstorm. It is a rainy region, too, as the birthplace of two great rivers like the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi must of necessity be. The men suffered much from frequent changes of weather. "When the sun shone out his scorching rays started the staves of every pork-barrel; when rain poured down it spoiled flour and biscuits." Canadian volunteers and English riflemen alike bore these hardships cheerfully, however, and laboured lustily to overcome every obstacle.

From the Lake of the Woods to Fort Garry is a distance of a hundred miles as the crow flies. For about sixty of them there was a fairly good road formed, but then came morasses that could only have been rendered passable by Herculean labour. A detour was therefore wisely determined upon, though the weary march would be thus lengthened by something over a hundred and twenty miles. More than once the troops began to lose heart, and to despair of ever reaching Fort Garry. Then, however, Colonel Wolseley's unflagging spirits would make everybody cheerfully hopeful again, and his example rouse them to renewed energy. His resolution seemed absolutely proof against all feelings of despondency, superior to every depressing influence. The efforts of the commanding officer in this direction were admirably supported by all his Staff, among whom were Butler (author of "The Great Lone Land"), McNeill, Redvers Buller, Huyshe, of the Rifle Brigade, and young Hugh M'Calmont. At length their labours were crowned with success. In less than four months from the time of leaving Montreal they reached Fort Garry. The British flag was planted there; the rebel leader brought to subjection, and the Red River Colony erected into a province under the name of Manitoba, thenceforward to become part of the Canadian Dominion, represented by two senators in the Colonial Parliament, and boasting two Local Legislative Chambers. On receipt of Colonel Wolseley's official report, the Duke of Cambridge issued a memorandum congratulating all concerned on the success of the Expedition. Its leader was made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and, after being on the half-pay list for six months, was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards.

THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN

WE live in an age when soldiers may set about their duty in the full confidence that no act of signal bravery or exceptional merit is likely to pass unrecorded. Every campaign has its host of chroniclers, and every commander knows full well that ample justice will be done to his talents by one or other of the ubiquitous army of correspondents. At a time when Sir Garnet Wolseley stood in some danger of being allowed to rust on half pay, or in the comparative idleness of dull routine at home, he was fortunate enough to make acquaintance with a man whose lightest dissertations on military matters were then read with respect not only by the general public, but by officers in high authority. From the pen of that graphic writer the majority of Englishmen first learned that there was at least one among our younger generation of soldiers worthy to rank with the great German captains in strategic skill and genius for command. When it became evident that strong military measures would have to be taken in South Africa to chastise the audacity of Ashanti trespassers on British territory, a letter appeared in a leading daily paper impressing on Government the importance of entrusting the chief command not necessarily to a senior officer, but to one whose past services merited the confidence and admiration of his countrymen. It concluded with a very forcible appeal in favour of Sir Garnet Wolseley as the fittest man for such a post, and it was signed "Archibald Forbes." Whatever effect this letter may have had on the official mind, it is certain that Colonel Wolseley was soon after appointed to the command of an expedition fitted out with the object of invading King Koffee's dominions, and exacting atonement for certain violations of international obligations, encroachments upon British territory, and interference with the privileges of our fellow-subjects there resident. At first, however, the authorities did not by any means recognise the magnitude of this task. They gave him the local rank of Major-General, and allowed him to select two British regiments as the disciplined nucleus of his force. Some marines and blue-jackets were also told off to co-operate under command of Captain Glover, R.N. But for the rest Wolseley was instructed to make the most he could of native auxiliaries, notwithstanding that he strongly urged upon the Colonial authorities the false economy of such a course. He proceeded to Cape Coast in advance even of the small British force allowed him (the Second Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers and First Battalion Rifle Brigade). To Colonels Evelyn Wood and Baker Russell he at once entrusted the task of organising the raw Fantee levies; while small bodies of Marines and Houssas were engaged in frequent skirmishes with adventurous bands of Ashanti invaders. Wolseley arrived at Cape Coast on the 27th of September, 1873, but the British battalions did not sail from England until the 19th of November. Less than a month elapsed before reinforcements were peremptorily demanded, and the 42nd (Black Watch) embarked at Portsmouth the first week in December. A little later the expedition was still further strengthened by a regiment of West Indian troops. With this force, aided by Glover's diversion in another direction, Wolseley undertook to drive King Koffee's warriors across the Prah, march upon Coomassie, strike a crushing blow at Ashanti pretensions, that should relieve the Fantees from all fear of future invasion; and be back at Cape Coast before the rainy season set in. For all this only six weeks then remained to him, but he had full confidence in

his own resources, and in the energetic staff officers whom he had been allowed to select.

He had many vexatious and unexpected difficulties to contend with. The transport service proved defective, the native water-carriers deserted him at a critical moment, and the Fantee levies, in spite of having been well drilled and completely equipped, proved worse than useless. Over all these obstacles, however, he triumphed by mere force of character. He crossed the Prah on the very day he had named before leaving England, advanced boldly through trackless forests where foes might have been lurking in every thicket, and allowed no obstacle to impede his progress. That march was criticised at the time as foolhardy by those who could not appreciate the fact that it showed Wolseley's masterly power of estimating the strength and character of his enemy. Meeting the flower of the Ashanti troops at Amoafu, he signally defeated them in a pitched battle—his system of tactics proving as completely successful as his plan of operations—and then marched on Coomassie, which was captured and destroyed on February the 5th.

It has been urged by adverse critics that mere good luck saved Wolseley from disaster then. They say that in another day he would have been surrounded by Ashanti hosts from whom neither he nor any of his men could have escaped. The obvious answer to such assertions is that he did escape, that no attempt was made to attack him again; that he brought all his troops safely back to Cape Coast before the allotted six weeks had expired, and that the Ashanti power was broken from the day of his entry into Coomassie. This desirable consummation was arrived at with the least possible expenditure of life, and at the cost of only 900,000*l.* A grateful country could, therefore, well afford to vote to the successful commander of the expedition a sum of 25,000*l.* besides conferring upon him the title of K.C.B., and confirming him in the rank of Major-General. On his return he was enthusiastically welcomed, had the freedom of the City of London presented to him together with a sword of honour, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

HIGH COMMISSIONER IN NATAL AND CYPRUS

SOON after his return from the Gold Coast Sir Garnet Wolseley was appointed to the command of the Auxiliary Forces, and with characteristic energy began to take as active an interest in the organisation of English Volunteer regiments as he had previously done in the case of Canadian corps. Some of his proposals for reform did not meet with much approval from battalion commanders; but on the whole there can be no doubt that, owing to his initiative, the efficiency of that service has been greatly increased; and its importance as a defensive force made much more manifest. The administrative ability displayed by him in dull departmental duties,

not less than his conspicuous capacity for handling troops in the field, no doubt influenced the Colonial Secretary in selecting him for the office of Military Commissioner in Natal when a necessity arose early in 1875 for the British Government to adopt a firmer and more definite policy in dealing with the natives of that colony. It was altogether undesirable that anything like coercion by force of arms should be resorted to, but at the same time the least show of weakness or irresolution would have been fatal. "Scarcely less remarkable than the aptitude for war developed by experience in six campaigns," says the biographer already referred to, "is the statesmanship and tact he displayed in the delicate task of inducing the people of Natal to surrender to the Crown their predominance in the government of that colony." Judging by the light of subsequent events, we might be inclined to modify this view somewhat; but not, however, to depreciate in any way the value of Sir Garnet Wolseley's services. On returning from Natal in October, 1875, he resumed duty at the War Office as Commander of the Auxiliary Forces, and continued to hold that post until 1876, when he was nominated a Member of the Council of India.

On July 12th, 1878, he was gazetted Governor, High Commissioner, and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Cyprus, then recently ceded from Turkey to England, and at that time garrisoned by Indian troops brought over by Lord Beaconsfield's Government, in view of probable European complications. It would have been difficult to have found any English officer better adapted for the task of reforming the long-existent abuses incident to Turkish misrule, and substituting for them the benefits of order and incorrupt Government; almost impossible to have given the appointment to one so well qualified to deal with the island as a commanding military position. The history of over five centuries has proved that Cyprus is "too small to remain an independent Power, and too important to be left alone." It is the key to Egypt, or at all events to the Suez Canal, and consequently our Indian possessions. On all these points Sir Garnet Wolseley furnished very lucid and valuable reports before he handed over the Government of Cyprus to Colonel Biddulph, and departed to assume a more active command elsewhere.

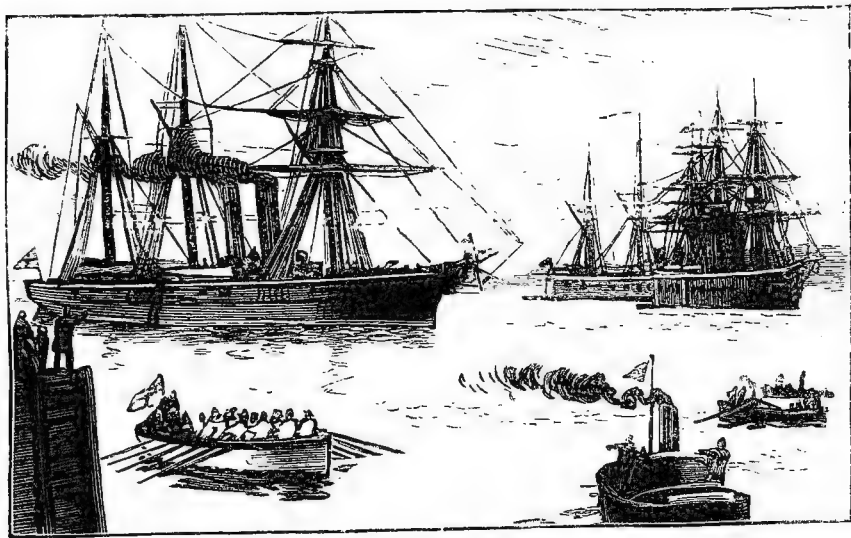
THE TRANSVAAL

AFTER the melancholy tidings reached England, early in 1879, of the total defeat and destruction of a British column by Zulus, at Isandlana, a great clamour was raised against Lord Chelmsford, whom the public naturally, but none the less unjustly, regarded as responsible for the disaster. Demands for his supersession were loudly expressed, and as a result Sir Garnet Wolseley was appointed early in May to the supreme command, with the imposing title of Queen's High Commissioner for the Transvaal and neighbouring countries. On the 1st of July, having been duly sworn in, he

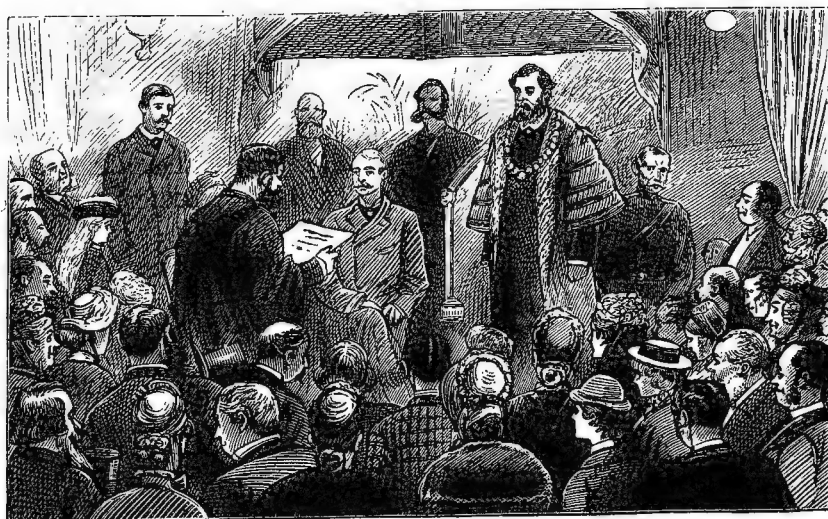
proceeded from Natal to join the army in Zululand. Before he came up with it, however, Lord Chelmsford had signally defeated Cetewayo's forces near Ulundi, captured the King's kraal, and fully justified the high reputation for military skill that had been tarnished by the calamity of Isandlana. Two columns, under Newdegate and Wood, had closed steadily upon the Zulu Army, and, in spite of its vast superiority in numbers, completely crushed it. Sir Garnet Wolseley promptly and very cordially expressed his sense of the complete success that had attended Lord Chelmsford's skilful dispositions, and declared the war practically at an end. The English troops returned to England, but Sir Garnet Wolseley's work had only just begun. Cetewayo escaped to the bush, and it was feared he might there rally enough men around him to give further trouble. But chief after chief came to tender submission, and at last, on the 28th of August, Cetewayo was captured by one of the many columns then pursuing him, peace was declared, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, as British Plenipotentiary, decreed that thenceforward Zululand was to be divided into thirteen separate governments, with a British Resident at the head of all. The subjugation of Secocoeni then became a necessity. That chieftain had been secretly encouraged by the scarcely concealed hostility of the Boers towards England. The latter had, indeed, openly declared their intention not to accept annexation. Sir Garnet Wolseley, however, told them that act was irreversible, and that he considered them bound to abide by it. The Basutos, also under Moirosi, continued to give trouble for some time, but in November they were reduced to submission by the Colonial Volunteers, and their leader killed in the defence of his kraal. On December the 2nd, Secocoeni's stronghold, which had been beleaguered by Sir Garnet Wolseley's forces, was gallantly stormed, and a few days later this powerful chieftain surrendered himself a prisoner. This put an end to the Zulu difficulty for a time, and apparently secured the peace of Natal. There seemed at all events every prospect of continued tranquillity, when Sir Garnet Wolseley, having accomplished the mission with which he had been entrusted returned to England.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT

THE chief incidents of Sir Garnet Wolseley's latest, and, in many respects, his most brilliant achievement, are still so fresh in the memories of Englishmen that there can be no reason for dwelling upon them at greater length than may be necessary for the mere sake of historic completeness. Posterity, judging of the whole operation as a political question, will have to base its verdict on more ample details than could possibly be embraced in a mere biographical sketch of this kind. It is only intended here briefly to record the wonderful unanimity of contemporary opinion on the campaign as a military exploit. In public estimation, as in that of



THE RETURN FROM EGYPT—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY LANDING AT TRIESTE FROM H.M.S. "IRIS," OCTOBER 25, 1882



THE RETURN FROM EGYPT—THE WELCOME AT DOVER, OCTOBER 28, 1882

professional experts, Sir Garnet Wolseley has more than sustained the character for strategic skill of which his earlier career gave promise. His appointment to the command of the Egyptian Expedition met with almost unqualified approval from the first; and he has justified it by a success that silences all adversaries, and commands the admiration even of foreign critics, who, far from being generally lavish in their praises, are somewhat apt to believe that they have a monopoly of military genius. This unanimity found forcible expression in the debates of October the 26th, when both Houses of Parliament passed votes of thanks to Sir Beauchamp Seymour, Sir Garnet Wolseley, other officers, and every man who had been engaged in the campaign. A minority condemned the vote as unnecessary, but all agreed in praising the General. However hurriedly and superficially we may glance at the records of this brief but brilliantly successful campaign, we are struck by evidences of wonderful foresight in every essential detail; and also by the indomitable resolution with which each preconceived plan was executed whatever obstacles appeared to stand in the way. Equally remarkable also is the celerity with which every movement of great importance was carried out.

The bombardment of Alexandria occurred on the 11th of July. Up to then no authority whatever had been given for the mobilisation of any troops at home or in India. Within a fortnight of that time sufficient British battalions had been landed at Alexandria to ensure the safety of that city against any attack from Arabi's forces, encamped at Kafr Dowar. Then transports with infantry from England followed in such quick succession, that impatient, but not very discreet, advisers at home began to ask why Sir Archibald Alison, who held temporary command, did not assume the offensive. Sir Garnet Wolseley, however, had laid his plans, and meant to abide by them, whatever clamour might be raised. It has been told on unimpeachable authority that before leaving England he placed his finger on a map of Egypt at the point now known to fame as Tel-el-Kebir, and said, "That is where I shall beat Arabi." He also named the date when this decisive battle would be fought, and also the day of entry into Cairo. The prediction, as we all know, was perfectly verified so far as the place is concerned, and there was only an error of a few hours in point of time. What becomes then of the assertions that fatal delay was caused by a breakdown of transport, or the supposition that Sir Garnet changed his plan of operations at the last moment? When he landed at Alexandria on August 16th he had no intention whatever of making that his base. The landing of troops, which continued for a day or two after that, served the double purpose of blinding Arabi as to the English General's real intentions, and at the same time giving the men an opportunity of stretching their legs in healthy freedom after a fortnight on board ship, before they were called upon to perform more arduous duties.

With a suddenness that took nearly everybody by surprise, the scene of hostilities was changed from Alexandria to the Suez Canal. On the 18th and 19th of August British brigades were re-embarked

for an unknown destination. On the 20th Admiral Hoskins seized every port of importance along the Suez Canal, and on the 21st our troops passed through in transports to occupy Ismailia. Suez had already been taken possession of by Sir William Hewitt, V.C., who landed a force of Marines and sailors there, as Admiral Hoskins did at Ismailia and Port Said. Having thus secured his new base, Sir Garnet Wolseley lost no time, but pushing forward a strong reconnoitring force on the 24th of August to Magfar, there met the enemy in great numbers. Feeling that it would not be in consonance with the traditions of the Queen's army to retire before any number of Egyptian troops, he gave battle, and held his ground with 1,000 men against an Egyptian army numbering 10,000, and armed with ten heavy field guns. Far from retiring, he pushed forward next day with some reinforcements, and secured Tel-el-Mahouta. On the 28th Arabi's troops advanced in the hope of driving the insolent invaders back. They were, however, repulsed by General Graham's brigade, and when retreating were finally routed by the Household Cavalry in a brilliantly hazardous night charge, led by Sir Baker Russell and Colonel Ewart. This was the first fight of Kassassin.

Immediately after that battle there were rumours of a breakdown in the transport, and sinister forebodings were indulged in on the ground that Sir Garnet Wolseley could not move forward because of the impossibility of feeding his army. Taking no notice whatever of hostile criticism, he quietly pursued his own steadfast purpose, taking counsel of nobody. On the 9th of September an attempt was made to force his hand, and bring on a positive engagement, but the attack of nearly all Arabi's army was at length repulsed by General Willis's division. It is said our troops, pursuing the Arabs back to Tel-el-Kebir, might easily have captured the stronghold then. Sir Garnet Wolseley, however, had wisely determined otherwise. He had gauged exactly the strength of his adversary, and the endurance of his own troops. Three days more he waited, until his preparations were complete. Then in the silence of the night he marched his army forward, guided only by the stars—a difficult operation, and a hazardous one, only to be attempted by a great general and the best of troops. How our gallant fellows stormed Tel-el-Kebir on the 13th of September we all know; and how Sir Garnet Wolseley bore himself in that fight also. When the battle was over, he directed Sir Herbert Macpherson's Indian Infantry Brigade to push on, and seize Zagazig, whilst the Cavalry Division under General Drury-Lowe was ordered to make forced marches on Cairo. With what singular audacity and success both these undertakings were accomplished it is not necessary to speak here. By these brilliant strokes of generalship he had, to quote Mr. Gladstone's eloquent words, turned a victory into a conquest. Practically the campaign was at an end from that moment. It only wanted the surrender of a few isolated divisions to make Sir Garnet Wolseley's triumph complete. It was by no means a great war, but it was sufficient to prove the quality of a great general, who without doubt well deserves all the honours that are to be showered upon him.

SOME OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE foregoing letter-press sufficiently explains most of our engravings, with the exception of those which are subsequent to the campaign in Egypt. For example:—

THE LANDING AT TRIESTE

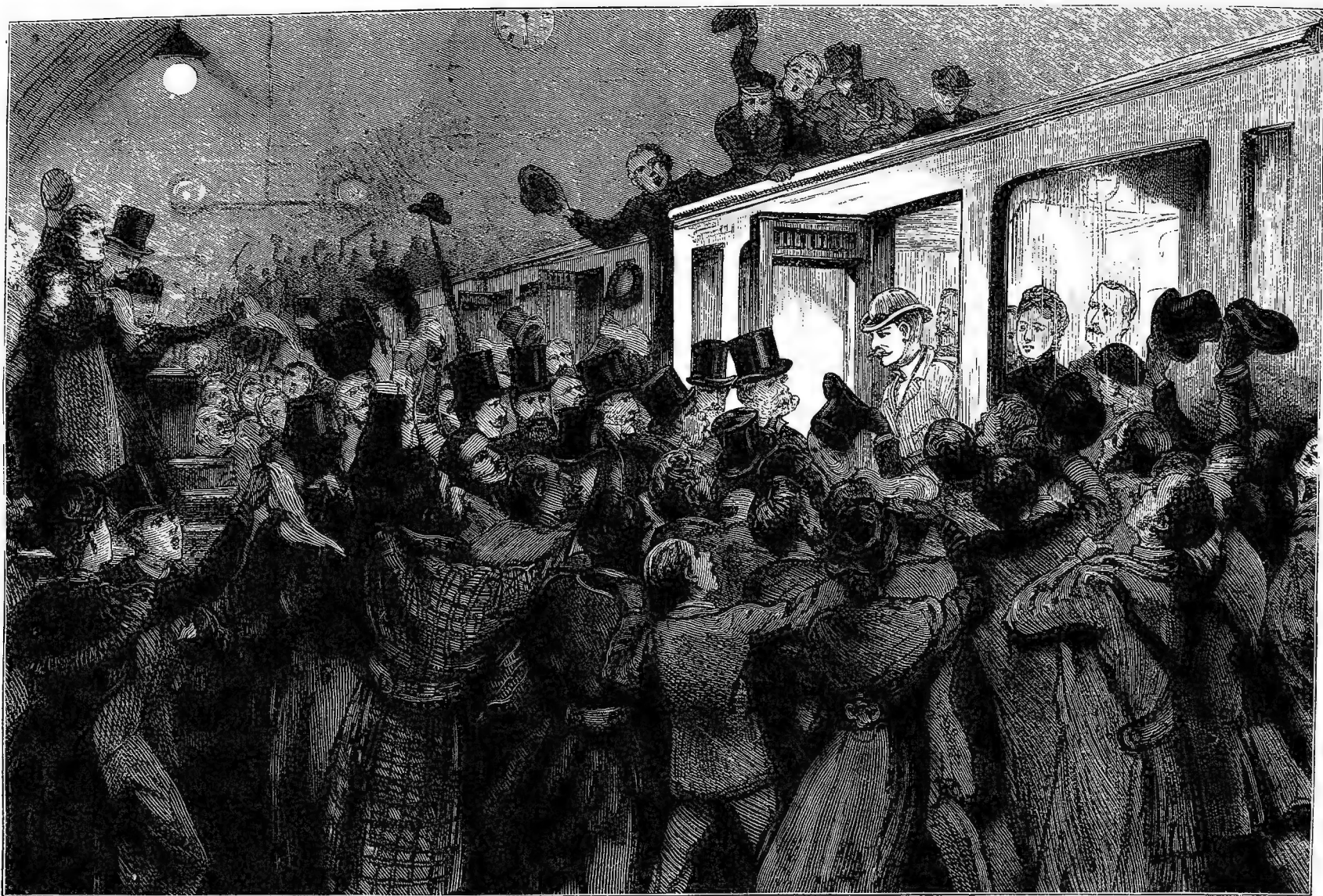
HERE Sir Garnet first touched European ground upon his return from his successful Egyptian campaign. As Italy had placed the Egyptian ports in quarantine, travellers were likely to be delayed if they chose the Brindisi route, and therefore the victorious General left Alexandria on October 21st, in H.M.S. *Iris*, the fastest vessel in our Navy, and landed at Trieste on the 25th, whence he immediately started for London.

ARRIVAL AT DOVER

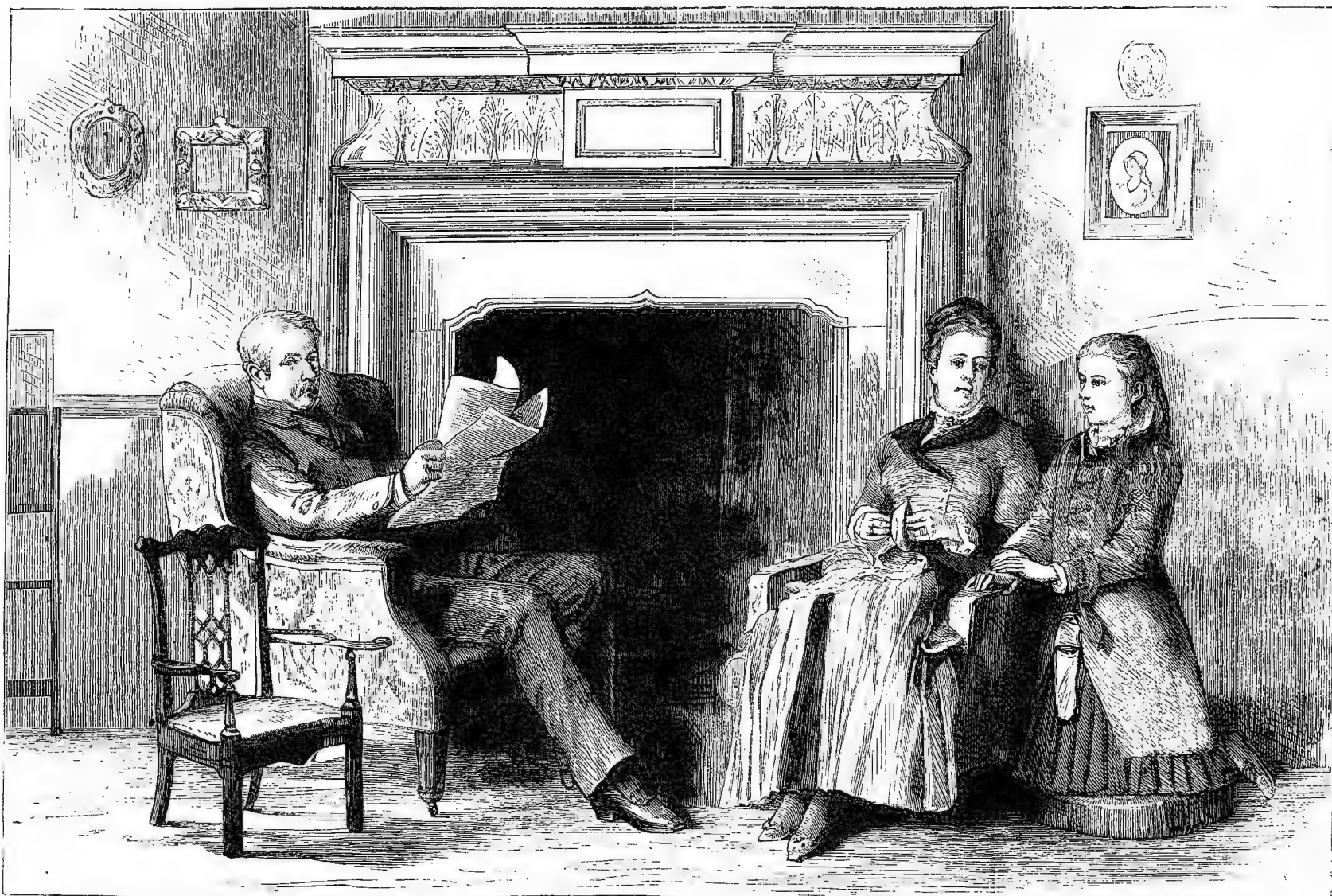
SIR GARNET reached Dover on Saturday, the 28th. The ceremony of receiving and presenting an address by the Mayor and Corporation was adjourned, in consequence of the bad weather, from the pier to the Lord Warden Hotel. The Mayor was supported on the right by General and Lady Wolseley and their daughter; and on the left by Major-General and Mrs. Newdegate. In replying to the address, Sir Garnet said, "To be so warmly welcomed was very pleasant to his personal feelings, but that he hoped he should never forget that he was indebted for the honour done to him to the valour, endurance, and high discipline of the troops he had lately commanded. I feel," he added, "that you intend not only to convey your appreciation to me personally, but also to the men composing the army I commanded."

ARRIVAL AT CHARING CROSS

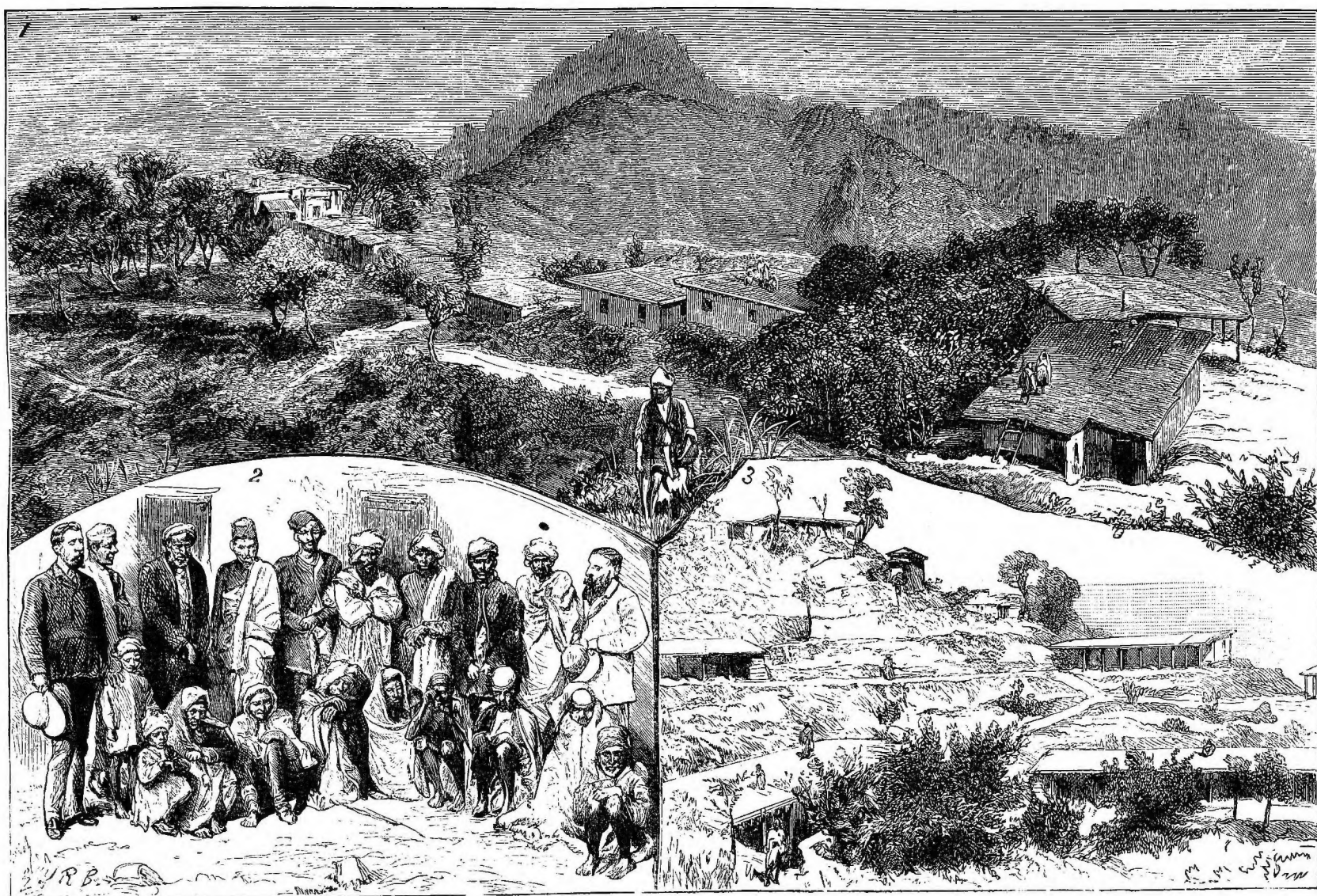
IN spite of wet, cold, and muddy streets, crowds of people assembled outside Charing Cross Station on the evening of Saturday, October 28th, to see and cheer Sir Garnet Wolseley on his return to London. Within the station every eminence or platform from which a view of the General could be had was crowded with people. A comparatively smaller number of persons of distinction were allowed to go on the main line arrival platform. Among them were the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Teck and the Princess Mary, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Cheer after cheer rang through the great building, as in turns the Commander-in-Chief, the Premier, the War Secretary, and the officers who had come home before him, offered their congratulations. The bigger crowd outside were equally hearty, although they could not see much, as Sir Garnet and Lady Wolseley were in a brougham. The Prince of Wales asked Sir Garnet to dine that evening at Marlborough House, but he was obliged to decline, being "commanded" to Balmoral by Her Majesty.



THE RETURN FROM EGYPT, OCTOBER 28, 1882 — THE RECEPTION OF SIR GARNET WOLSELEY AT CHARING CROSS RAILWAY STATION

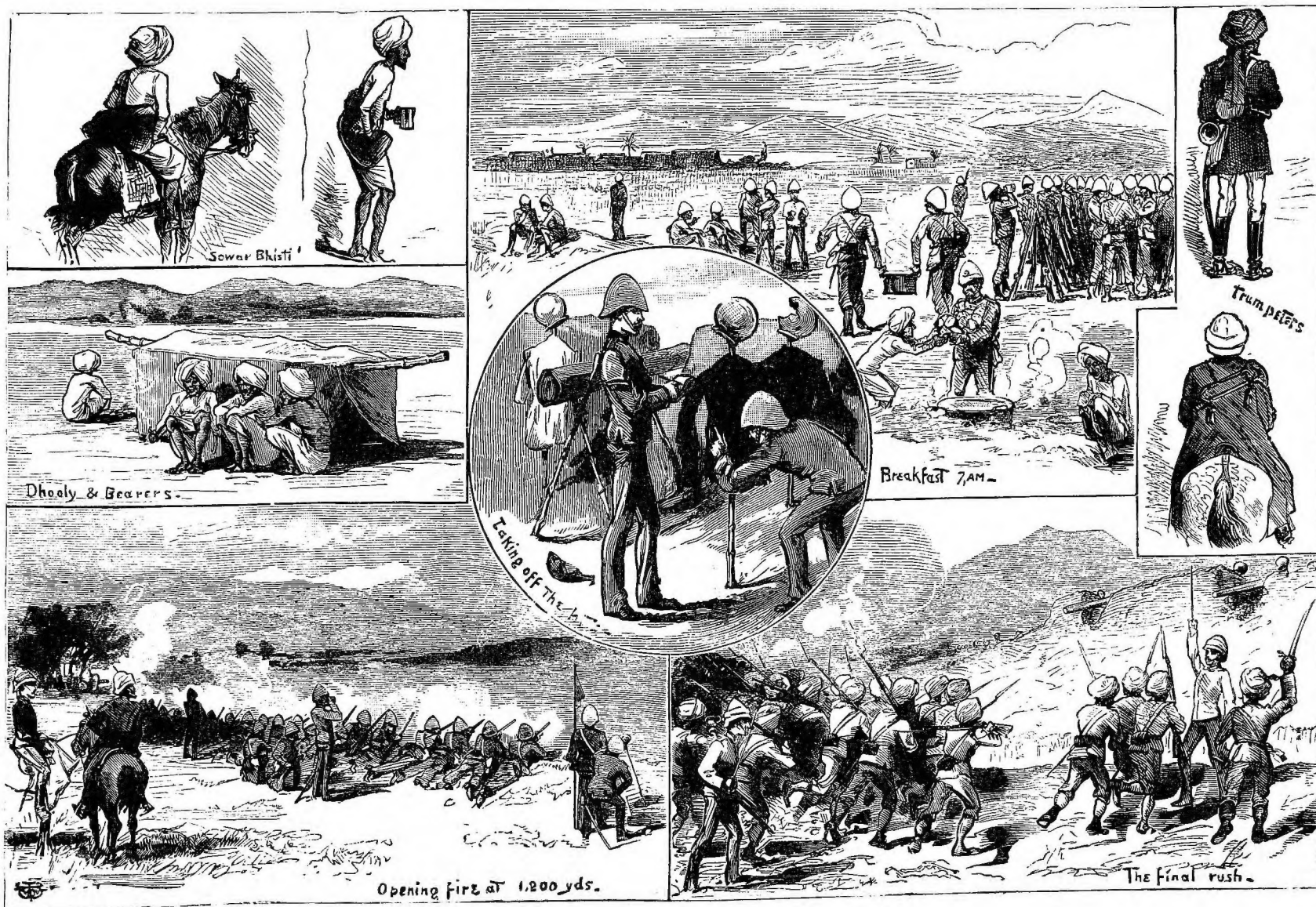


SIR GARNET, LADY WOLSELEY, AND THEIR DAUGHTER AT HOME
FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH



1. Subathu Leper Asylum and Mission Premises in the Himalayas, Twenty Miles from Simla.—2. A Group of Lepers, with Two Missionaries.—3. View of the Subathu Asylum, Looking towards Simla.

THE MISSION TO LEPERS IN INDIA



FIELD FIRING AT PESHAWUR, INDIA

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

THE character of Christmas literature has undergone a marked change within the last few years. Formerly the season produced a host of handsome and elaborately illustrated "drawing-room" volumes; now such works are few and far between, and publishers' energies seem concentrated on the childish public. Thus of some fifty books before us, scarcely more than half-a-dozen are intended for mature readers. And the quality of the books themselves has changed. While those of earlier days are still reprinted again and again, few recent productions live beyond a season, and comparatively few rise above mediocrity. So far the present Christmas supply does not furnish much novelty, either literary or artistic, although embracing a wide range of subjects.

Taking first the books for the elders we find one noteworthy reprint—Vol. I. of "The Royal Shakspeare" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), and four compilations, so that in this class original work is scarce. Indeed the most important original material is Mr. Furnivall's elaborate introduction to the "Royal Edition," which will render this version specially valuable to students. Familiar with every point of his subject, and with his heart in his work, the writer has provided such a mass of analytical details as might be expected from the founder of the New Shakspeare Society. Mr. Furnivall is so earnest in his convictions, so anxious to afford every aid to study, that it seems churlish to cavil at idiosyncrasies of spelling. Yet "walkt," "toucht," "brown-eyed," and the like, sorely fidget the reader. Professor Delius's text has been followed for the chronological order, and Mr. Furnivall furnishes a curious grouping of the plays according to his ideas. In print, paper, and regal crimson binding, this volume does due honour to its title, but the steel engravings are of very varying merit. Among the best is Mr. F. Dicksee's "Romeo and the Apothecary," which puts to the blush his common-place presentation of the balcony scene, but several of the plates are very old-fashioned. A modest companion to this work is "The Flowers of Shakspeare" (Sampson Low)—floral groups tastefully arranged by "Viola" to illustrate various passages. Amongst these compilations, the selection of prose and verse extracts in "Gleanings from Popular Authors" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), will well fill an idle five minutes, or supply material for winter readings. Comic pieces predominate, but the extracts vary from Byron to "Bab," from Lord Lytton to Mark Twain. Other volumes deal respectively with land and water, and present the usual features of plentiful illustrations, with a readable text. The "Cities of the World" (Cassell), pleasantly described by Mr. E. Hodder, flits impartially from Paris to Melbourne, and from New York to Constantinople; while "Sea Pictures" is the latest addition to the Religious Tract Society's gallery of pen-and-pencil drawings. Dr. Macaulay's contribution is one of the least interesting of the series, as the subject has been thoroughly worked before. The Society has not yet exhausted the Continent; why not chronicle the beauties of Scandinavia or Russia, &c.?

Just the same lack of originality is characteristic of the juvenile department, where authors keep to the oft-told tales of schoolboy life, of large and rebellious families, and of daring on earth and sea, while in the picture-books proper artists mainly follow out the different veins happily struck by Mr. Caldecott and Miss Greenaway. Mr. G. Cruikshank elects to tread closely in the former's footsteps when illustrating Robert Bloomfield's old ballad of "The Horkey" (Macmillan), and though he lacks the subtle humour of his model, his sketches are capably drawn and coloured. As the rising generation may not know that "Horkey" means a Suffolk Harvest Home, Mr. Burnand enlightens their ignorance in a preface stuffed with excruciating puns; and Mr. Cruikshank merrily carries out the promise of the introduction. In less careful hands, however, this style of illustration threatens to grow monotonous. Miss Greenaway herself must be warned against this danger, for she peoples the dainty little pages of her "Almanac for 1883" (Routledge) with just the same forms as her pencil has wrought a hundred times. Still the tiny work is so prettily conceived as to atone for repetition.

More originality is shown by another adherent of the same school, T. Pym, whose sepia drawings in "Pictures from the Poets" (Wells Gardner) mark a rapid advance on last year's work. No slight taste and imagination are displayed in the graceful childish groups illustrating British verse. Simple and pretty, too, are the same artist's figures in "More Outlines for the Little Ones to Colour" (same publishers)—a great resource for a wet day. Still all this type of drawing is very slight and sketchy by the side of Mr. W. Crane's beautiful illustrations to Grimm's "Household Stories" (Macmillan), which Miss L. Crane has somewhat needlessly translated afresh. Look at the care with which all is planned in strict mediæval style, from the quaint cover to the tail and head-pieces and the smallest initial letter. In the latter details English books are often far behind foreign editions; but here many of these ornaments are models of delicacy and humour. It is rather damaging to compare with these refined black-and-white studies the illustrations from "E. V. B.'s" designs in another version of an old friend, "Fairy Tales, by Hans Andersen" (Sampson Low). Some are fine specimens of colour-printing; but what can be more awkward than the figure of Gerda in the last plate? Throughout there is a touch of the archaic flatness of the early painters, and the frontispiece might be described as "after Holbein"—only a very long way "after."

The fairy element is specially prominent this year. Continuing his last winter's "Among the Giggles," Mr. Sydney Hodges takes imaginative young people to ramble with equally mysterious beings "Among the Wobblins" (Remington)—much to their entertainment. If, however, these strange creations are likely to frighten timid little ones there are plenty of pretty fairy fancies in "Elfie Under the Sea," by "E. L. P." (Cassell). Most of these romances are as much disposed to point a moral as more realistic stories. Dr. George Macdonald's moral thoroughly adorns his tale of "The Princess and Curdie" (Chatto and Windus), which follows the further fortunes of his old hero, the miner lad, until Curdie is wedded to the Princess, in accordance with tradition. What can be more charming for a child than Mrs. J. H. Ewing's delightful "Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), and her amusing histories of beasts and men, "Brothers of Pity" (same publishers). Readers will certainly fall in love with the queer little lad whose story gives its name to the latter book.—Animal heroes, too, are also temporarily adopted by Mr. Ballantyne, who depicts the wonderful experiences of "The Kitten Pilgrims" (Nisbet) in telling style with pen and pencil.

That there is a Fairyland, too, in Science Miss Arabella Buckley has already taught us, nor has she yet exhausted the wonders of Nature. Her "Winners in Life's Race" (Stanford) takes up the thread dropped by "Life and Her Children," and deals with the great back-boned family. From their earliest form in the tiny lancelet, with its gristly cord, she traces the vertebrate race, through the ascending groups of fish, reptile, and bird to the furthest development in the higher animals and man, and skims the cream of others' researches with skilful hand, putting scientific facts in the simplest terms. Fully illustrated, this work should be in every young student's library, for few writers are so happy in conveying knowledge attractively. Take, for instance, Mr. W. Powell James' "Guesses at Purpose in Nature" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), which, for all its care and study, is prosy, and from its dialogue form has a strong flavour of "Sandford and Merton" on an advanced scale. The story connecting the lectures only distracts the reader from the really well-put arguments supporting the

existence of Design in every phase of Nature. Here again is the crying evil of most of the Society's publications—no index.—Still strolling in scientific fields, no better present could be found for inquiring lads than "Popular Scientific Recreations" (Ward, Lock)—an enlarged version of M. Tissandier's work. Physics, chemistry, geology, astronomy—scarcely a branch of scientific interest is omitted, and, indeed, the treatment sometimes extends rather out of bounds—as in the case of "Solitaire." To impart information in plain and popular style is the aim, and fitly enough the great theme of the day, electricity, occupies a large share of space. So Mr. Ballantyne, also eager to use a topical subject, tries to weave electricity into a story as "The Battery and the Boiler" (Nisbet). But like the unlucky wight between two stools, Mr. Ballantyne comes to the ground betwixt instruction and amusement. The mixture of a history of submarine telegraphs, of love-affairs, and of a piratical episode which irresistibly suggests the burlesque of the *Forty Thieves*, is far too heterogeneous to fuse satisfactorily. Boys will get much more benefit out of "Belt and Spur" (Seeley)—stories of chivalry compiled from ancient chronicles. Planned on exactly the same lines as Professor Church's excellent stories from the classics, and appropriately illustrated from old MS., the tasteful volume maintains the spirit of the by-gone writers, whilst rendering their verse and antique prose into more modern guise.

The remainder of our selection may be catalogued as improving stories, requiring only a passing reference. Further intended for lads are M. Roussellet's stirring record of doughty deeds in "The Son of the Constable of France" (Sampson Low), with its Munchausen-like frontispiece of "spitting" a tiger; the milder exploits of "Home-spun Stories" (Hogg), wherein Mr. Ascott R. Hope happily hits boyish taste, and instructs his readers how to write a story; the entertaining colonial experiences of "Launching Away" (Hodder and Stoughton), by Mr. J. R. Hawthorn, and a reprint of the late Mr. Kingston's "James Braithwaite" (same publisher). Ladies are at home on the subject of reclaiming disagreeable girls—of which Miss Giberne's "Decima's Promise" (Nisbet) is a readable specimen, while in "Yensie Walton" (Hodder and Stoughton), S. Graham Clark provides an American religious story, which frequently verges on cant. The tone of the age is well preserved in "Friar Hildebrand's Cross" (same publisher), where Mrs. M. A. Paull has happily passed out of the beaten track; and three lively childish gatherings are described by Mrs. Marshall's "Rex and Regina" (Nisbet), L. H. Apaque's "Baker's Dozen" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), and "Holiday Time at Forest House" (Marcus Ward). Amongst this feminine literature may be placed Mrs. Grain's handsome "Birthday Gleanings" (Marcus Ward), one of the largest works of its kind, and containing a wide poetical selection.

In these days of artistic improvement it is mistaken economy to use up inferior old-fashioned engravings such as those of "The Children's Pastime" and "Cheerful Sundays" (Wells Gardner). Some of the pictures are really hideous, particularly in the former book, where Miss Séguin has sought with success to provide short stories and poems to interest very small minds. The latter volume is similar in style and object, like "My Favourite Storybook" (same publisher), which is of a better type pictorially. A mass of annuals lie on our table, including "The Boy's Annual," "The Girl's Own Annual" (Leisure Hour Office), "The Union Jack" (Sampson Low), "Sunday" (Wells Gardner), "The Infant's Magazine" and the "Children's Friend" (Seeley), and the "Friendly Visitor," "Family Friend," "Band of Mercy Advocate," "Band of Hope Review," and the "British Workman" (S. W. Partridge).



HAY-DRYING.—It is well known that the hay-drying experiments by means of fans, at Reading, resulted in failure; but it is as well to note that Mr. Jenkin Davies, one of the leading agriculturists of the district, says, "The hay was quite as good in quality as any one had a right to expect, and did not require any spicing to make it palatable, for my horses ate it with avidity; but to expect a prime rick of hay, made even with the natural process of the finest hay-making weather, from the grass cut in the meadow selected for the competition, is an outrage on practical farming."

THE STOCK FARMER.—Cattle are dear, but feed is cheap. It is difficult to buy lean stock at reasonable figures; it is easy to purchase linseed cake and linseed at exceptionally moderate terms. Hay is cheap and plentiful, and quality at least an average. From a year ago there has been a fall of something like 15s. in the price of a load of straw. Maize, on the other hand, is so dear as to be not worth buying by English farmers. If prices go on rising as they have been doing lately this "golden grain" will soon be worth its weight in gold. Already 35s. per quarter is asked as a wholesale price, and retail dealers charge even higher rates. Grinding barley and Swedish and Russian oats, however, are cheap enough. There is still grass in the fields, and cattle generally are in exceptionally good condition.

MR. PEMBERTON, M.P., ON AGRICULTURE.—Speaking at an influential and large gathering of East Kent farmers the other day, Mr. Pemberton said that agricultural prospects were brightening a little, despite the poor yield of fruit, which in East Kent was a serious matter. Since agricultural depression became marked, farmers, like other sick men, had been overwhelmed with suggestions of remedies, some of them of a very fanciful character. His own idea was that the great grievance of the farmer was the unfair burdens thrown upon the land, for they were called upon to pay many taxes from which personal property was exempt. Speaking of the "Farmers' Alliance," Mr. Pemberton said it was a body with a varying and unreliable programme, and he advised farmers to follow him in withdrawing from it.

MAIDSTONE FAIR has just been held, and there was an extensive show of Down and Kent sheep, which found ready buyers at high rates. There was also a good show of horses, which, however, did not realise very good prices. The gathering of agricultural labourers, farm bailiffs, and the lower class of farmers is usually very great at Maidstone Fair, and much money is spent in revelry and jollification of a character Sir Wilfrid Lawson could hardly be brought to approve. This year, however, a soberer tone was noted, for the miserable failure of the hops has damped the spirits of Kentish agriculturists, as well as tightened their purse-strings. There was no actual business done in hops, but the extraordinarily high prices prevailing were much commented upon.

MARIGOLDS.—The cheerful colour of the marigold is especially pleasant in the sombre times of later autumn to which the year has now borne us. Good, well-established French marigolds stand the autumn surprisingly well, and after the recent very heavy rains we have noticed these flowers looking all but as fresh as before the visitation. If they are planted early in spring, so as to become well established before the drought comes with summer, the autumn flowering will be wonderfully profuse. The scent of the French marigold is not agreeable, but this is a matter in which we look to the skill of gardeners to help us. They have added a new perfume to the lily, and have given scent to the odourless camellia, so that we will not believe them incapable of befriending the marigold.

WHEAT is now very cheap, and good bread can be purchased at sixpence the quarter loaf. Since harvest the surplus of English and foreign breadstuffs combined have been very large, so large, in fact, that reserves have been increased by some 1,500,000 quarters. The condition of English wheat deliveries has become very poor again, owing to the persistency of farmers in threshing through the wet weather, together with their desire to make an early clearance of the inferior corn. Most of the foreign wheat is coming from the United States.

ENSILAGE is being a good deal talked about and discussed at the present time, and the word itself, together with the companion word "Silo," forms a puzzle to many persons. Ensilage, of course, is the name of the *stuff*, the preserved fodder and cattle food contained in the silo, or *closed pit*. "Ensilage" is derived from *Ensiliare*, a Low-Latin word still used in Italy, and meaning to preserve. "Silo" is also from the Latin, in which language it means a pit covered over at the top, and set with stakes at the bottom—a hunter's trap-pit in fact. In modern French this meaning has disappeared, and Littré defines a "silo" as "Excavation ou fosse creusée dans le sol où l'on dépose des grains."

EARLY ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.—Artists, architects, poets, and painters have been content to take some "Early English" hints. Why should not our agriculturists do the like? In the earlier Middle Ages hops were unknown.

Hops, Reformation, Bitter Beer
Came into England all in one year.

In those times the clarifying and preservation of malt liquors were largely aided by the use of the ground ivy, an exceedingly wholesome plant of tonic and pepsine qualities. Its taste when added to the malt is not at all unpleasant, and the Dutch use it in some of their favourite spirituous drinks. Six hundred years ago the ground ivy was known in England as the "Gill," and gill-houses is a name for beer-shops which still survives amongst us.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Framlingham Farmers' Club, one of the oldest in England, held its annual meeting a few days ago. There was a capital ploughing competition, a fine show of roots, and an extensive exhibition of poultry.—The swallows have been gone for a long while, but sand martins were observed in Ireland as late as the 22nd of October.—The old toll-house at Yarmouth was to have been removed "for local improvements," but we believe the efforts of Sir John Lubbock will be successful, and that it will now be kept as a local museum. Its architecture is ancient, and considered unique.—The frequent wind changes last week were much remarked. The entire compass was more than once "boxed" in the course of a couple of hours.—Floods have been very destructive in various parts of the country. Our rivers are so badly embanked that two inches of rain always entail widespread misery.

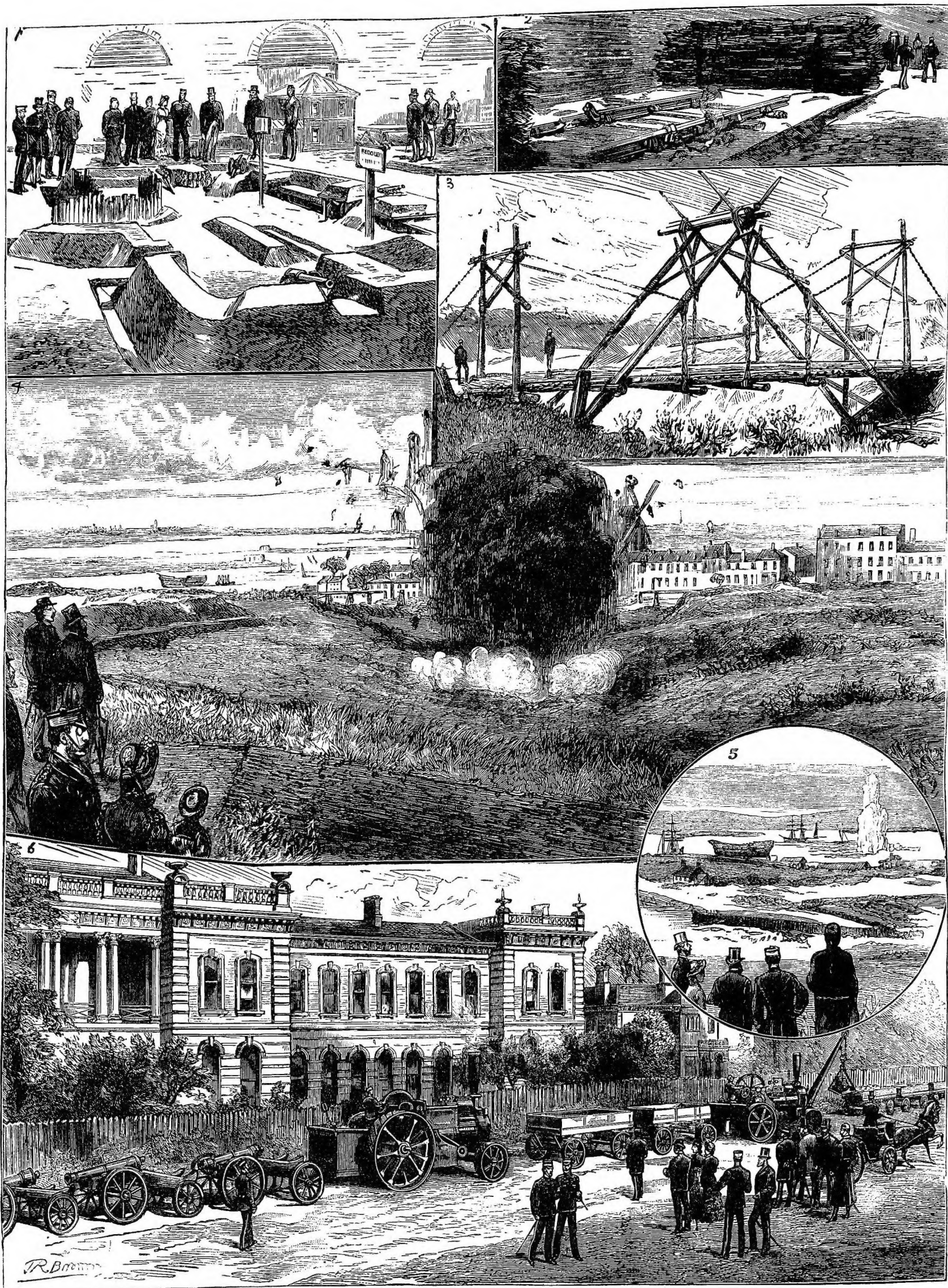


MESSRS. R. COCKS AND CO.—A very devotional song for Sunday at home is "Consider the Lilies," the words from Holy Writ, music by G. Adelman. We can recommend it to teachers, especially in schools.—No. 2 of "Six Popular Pieces for Violin and Piano" is a "cavatina" by Raff, arranged by Giulio Banti.—Two very useful pianoforte pieces for the schoolroom by Francis Thorne are, "Minuetto" and "En Badinant," the latter is the more original of the two, and will often be asked for.—Well contrasted, and very charming little pieces are "Il Penseroso e l'Allegro," by Cotsford Dick. They are brief enough to be learnt by heart, and played after dinner to a mixed audience.

S. SPRAGUE AND CO.—Two right loyal and spirited songs are "All Right!" words by Lewis Novra, music by Antonio L. Mora, and a still more exultant patriotic song, "Victorious," composed by W. C. Levey and Edward Oxenford, dedicated to Sir Garnet Wolseley. Our warriors just returned from Egypt will find this a tuneful song for the barrack-room and the mess-table.—Appropriate as a solo for any of these returned heroes is "The Knight of the Golden Heart," written and composed by F. Wood and A. S. Walter.—A song which will make its mark and win general favour is "A Last Good Night," words by Emily Leith, music by Walter Wesche.

MESSRS. KEPPEL AND CO.—The holidays have had a beneficial effect upon poets and composers in general, to judge from a budget of fifteen songs from this firm, all of which are of more than ordinary merit. "It Cannot Be," is a pathetic poem by Weatherly, music by Frederick Löhr, published in C and E flat.—"For Ever Faithful," words by Vera, music by F. N. Löhr, is of the same sentimental type, for a baritone.—A brace of songs, music by J. Blumenthal, both of which are sure to make a favourable impression, are:—"Our Ships at Sea," the very pretty words of which are by Florence Grover, and "When the House is Still," a sad retrospective poem by Amelia B. Edwards. Both these songs are published in C and E flat.—Messrs. George Fox and Frederic Wood have composed and written two commendable songs, the one, a tragedy of the sea, entitled "Lost and Found," the other a tragic tale of a canine popular street hero, "Uncle Toby," which would take well at a People's Concert.—Of a semi-religious character is "The Gates of Paradise," a very charming song, written and composed by Cotsford Dick, who is one of our best simple ballad writers.—Hugh Conway and A. H. Behrend collaborated with marked success in producing a cheerful love song of medium compass, called "Tell Her From Me," happily it is only published in one key.—"I Loved a Lass" is a quaint and rollicking poem by George Withers, who lived and died between 1588 and 1667. The spirited music is by Wilfrid Bendall; this song deserves to win popularity at this fast approaching festive season.—A meet companion for the above is "The Rustic Wedding," written and composed by T. Steward Abel and Thomas Anderton, a narrative song for a soprano. By the same composer is "The Old Lych Gate," the words of which are by A. Evelyn.—"Never Forgotten" is a very sentimental poem, by F. E. Weatherly, set to appropriate music by Ciro Pinsuti, published in E and C.—Just in time for the coming civic festivities is "Lord Mayor Whittington," a cheery love ditty, words by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. L. Roedel.—Equally *à propos* for the banquets given to our Egyptian heroes is a stirring baritone song, "The Outpost Guard," for which Charles Kowe has supplied the words and Osborne Williams the music; both of which are excellent.—"Life Like Ours" is a neatly-written canon, words by A. P. Graves, music by J. E. Mallandaine.—Two instrumental pieces come in this budget: the one, "Mignon," a bright *valse caprice* for the pianoforte, by Michael Watson; the other a danceable gallop, "The Hettie," by Jonathan Nicholson.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Four Hymns with Tunes," for Christmas, Lent, and Ascension, are simple, and will serve to make a change in the church service, but are not very new examples of their kind; they are composed by Philip Harbord (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—"Believe Me" is the wail of a misunderstood lover who, from his own showing, deserved his fate; the words are by J. S. Murphy, the music by P. Von Jugginer. The former is not equal in merit to the latter.—By the same *collaborateurs* is a more cheerful but plaintive song, "Remembered Yet" (William Dunkley).



1. Types of Field Redoubts to Resist Light Field Artillery, Scale $\frac{1}{8}$.—2. The Demolition of a Railway: 72 lb. Double-headed Rail Broken with an 11-Ounce Charge of Gun-Cotton.—3. A Treble-Sling Bridge, Scale $\frac{1}{4}$.—4. A Mine of Attack Fired by a Charge Equal to 1,000 lbs. of Powder.—5. Explosion of a Submarine Mine in the Medway.—6. A Procession of Steam Sappers before the School.

SKETCHES AT THE "SCHOOL OF MILITARY ENGINEERING, CHATHAM